THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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1928

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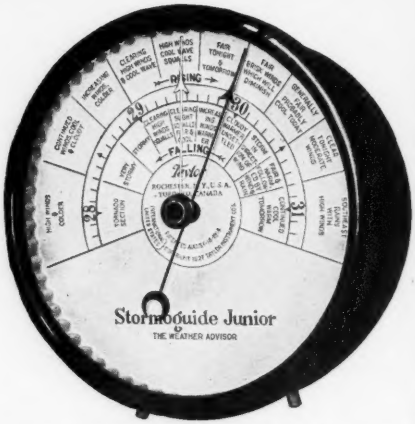

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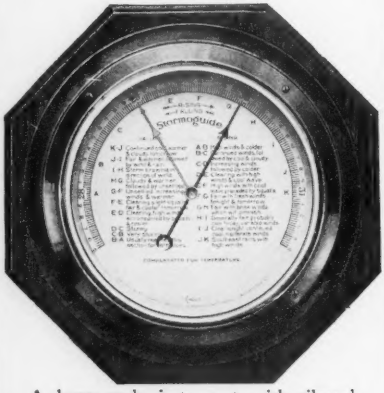

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The best sellers

Here is the latest monthly tabulation of the best-selling novels as sent out by Books of the Month, on information received from bookstores in nearly 100 cities from Maine to California, says *The Boston Herald.*

The Bridge of San Luis Rey, by Thornton Wilder; C. & A. Boni.

Wintersmoon, by Hugh Walpole; Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Red Rust, by Cornelia James Cannon; Little, Brown & Co. (*Atlantic Monthly Press.*)

Claire Ambler, by Booth Tarkington; Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A President Is Born, by Fannie Hurst; Harper & Bros.

Deluge, by S. Fowler Wright; Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche; Little, Brown & Co. (*Atlantic Monthly Press.*)

The Ugly Duchess, by Lion Feuchtwanger; the Viking Press.

Crusade, by Donn Byrne; Little, Brown & Co.

Kitty, by Warwick Deeping; Alfred A. Knopf.

THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

A Blessed Companion Is a Book

The Training of an American: The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, 1855–1913, by Burton J. Hendrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. 8vo. xiv+437 pp. Illus. $5.00.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, a devotee of biography, once declared that the best way to read a man's life — and even perhaps to write it — was to begin in the middle, when he could be depicted at the top of his powers, and then to revert to his beginnings. Good fortune has imposed this method on Mr. Hendrick, whose three former volumes on Walter Hines Page, seen in the noontide light of an international rôle of the first importance, have established him as an American figure with respect to whose long morning of preparation for his work as a world figure there is every valid reason for enlightening the public at home and abroad.

With most biographies the reader must work his way by degrees to the qualities and achievements which justify any record of the subject under consideration. Here, these are so familiar in advance that the reader stands in the position of a guesser of riddles who 'peeks,' and gets his glow of satisfaction from finding with what extraordinary aptness the answers fit the puzzles. His goal is not so much discovery as confirmation.

In the case of Page the confirmations are almost uncanny. It is significant, for example, that among his teachers at Randolph-Macon College, which he entered at eighteen, there was a professor of Greek and Latin who planted and nourished in Page something of his own ardent love for England, a sentiment of powerful effect upon the war-time Ambassador's belief in the coöperation of the English-speaking nations — 'no improvised conviction,' his biographer calls it. This aspect of his training for the work by which he is best known is quite subsidiary, however, to the many influences which made him so heartily and characteristically an American. These, in their interplay with the vigorous native qualities of Page himself, afford the material for a distinctively American biographical study.

Reared in the rigid Methodism of North Carolina, yet so little subdued to it that at twenty-four he was seriously considering the Unitarian ministry as his work for life, he plunged heart and soul at that age into the career of journalism. From this beginning, vastly quickened by his experience as one of the first twenty 'fellows' at Johns Hopkins, he proceeded far — to such influential editorial chairs as those of the *Forum*, the *Atlantic*, and the *World's Work*. In all his writing and editing, in labors of prodigious energy and effectuality, he responded constantly to an inward spur to serve his country and his time — an impulsion no less strongly moral than intellectual. 'Success,' he once wrote, 'has a fast gait; or she flies high; or she yields after a long, hard siege. Use what figure you will, it means struggle, devotion, absorption, enthusiasm, the losing of one's self; and she is won in no other way.' So indeed did Page win his own success.

As one saw him outwardly while he was in the process of winning it, these qualities, however clearly they may have been realized by his intimates, cannot be said to have revealed themselves so unmistakably as they appear in the contemporaneous records of them now to be seen in his assembled letters and memoranda. If he was then a man with a mission, he was also — and this volume confirms it — a man with plenty of time for all the amenities of genial human relationships. Now that his days are chronicled, the wonder is only the greater that he could seem for so much of the time so little harried and driven by the day's work.

His credo as editor and publisher, read in the light of later manifestations in magazines and books, is a declaration of faith which ought to be reread from decade to decade. The fruits of this creed — for actualities concerned him more than theories, as the results of his interest in Southern education attest — were the very fruits to be expected of an intrinsically liberal and democratic citizen, whose sympathies with Woodrow Wilson, through the many years preceding their few of unhappy divergence, were but the most natural expression of his spirit. Once more, be it added, Mr. Hendrick shows himself a sympathetic and skillful interpreter.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard, by Elinor Wylie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. 12mo. xviii+256 pp. $2.50.

To the present reviewer it seems odd and not a little sad that so many readers of *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard* have experienced curiosity as their uppermost emotion. They seem baffled and reproachful, like children who are asked to guess riddles beyond them or like amateur detectives whose promising clues have disputed themselves. Apparently unwilling to accept the word of the author, who in the preface of her book assures them that it is 'not a disguised biography but a brief, symbolic romance of the mind,' they persist in proclaiming, orally or in print, that Mr. Hartleigh is assuredly Leigh Hunt and Mr. Hazard, Shelley, or at least a composite of him and his romantic contemporaries.

Perhaps the curiosity in itself should not be

disappointing; it could hardly be unexpected after *The Orphan Angel;* but to one reader at least the knowledge that in many minds it triumphed over that complete satisfaction which was, and is, her own was more than a little disillusioning. Curiosity intruding its high, insistent voice above a delight in humor, which ranges from mere absurdity to the subtlest irony, in word and sentence rhythms, in the most delicate of imagery, in a wealth and beauty of figures, in the most soothing and reassuring of conceptions? Curiosity not put to ignominious rout by a character more true than truth?

There will doubtless be many, however, besides the curious, who will hold the phrase 'completely satisfying' to be misplaced, superlative, and absurd. Among this number will be all those who demand that a story 'mean something' and 'get somewhere,' they themselves being all the while supremely unconscious that the *meaning* and the *somewhere* are alike beyond their grasp and reach. They will never see that the excellent Annamaria is funny rather than stupid, or that the momentary and desperate laughter of poor Mr. Hazard, watching the sweating Mr. Hodge pack his heavy books for him, is in reality that mirth which has its wellspring in Eternity and is, in the end, free from the troubling of all surface waters. Nor will they, it is to be feared, revel in the rhythmic vision of soap bubbles, 'created out of childish breath and a basin of cloudy water, floating upward with the tints of a pigeon's wing upon their curves, melting in light against a sapphire sky'; nor in the delicate tracery of the silver and crystal pattern which holds this book together — willows silvered in the wind, the crystal chalice of Allegra's face, her blue and silver arrow; nor yet in the exquisite, frail reality of the figures, a dragon fly like a driftwood flame, Tristram's laughter, 'cold and bright as sleigh bells in the summer air.' As they cannot sense the mirth of Mr. Hazard, so will they never sense his triumph, which is the pain-ridden yet eternal and unassailable triumph of the intangible over the tangible, of the unsubstantial over the material. And finally Mr. Hazard himself, 'the sort of man who saves a commonplace woman from a burning house at the casual cost of his own life, but is spiritually exhausted by a quarter of an hour's conversation with her,' will hardly prove engrossing or yet convincing to those who like 'a good story with something doing.'

And yet we cling stubbornly to our own phrase. *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard* is a completely satisfying book to those for whom the author doubtless wrote it. It brings back from here and there other completely satisfying pages: Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough by the river in the early morning; Euripides' picture of the sad sisters of Phaethon weeping tears of amber into the clear waters of Eridanus; Tess and Angel Clare in the crystal mists of Talbothay's dairy farm; the sunny dome and caves of ice of *Kubla Khan*. Such comparisons as these, which spring almost instinctively to the mind, would suggest that it is to be read more for its imagery than for its incongruities, its pathos, its irony, its 'silver scorn.' One is tempted to say that such must be the case. If not, why that delicate and shimmering pattern, and why those charming chapter headings culled from the romantic poets?

MARY ELLEN CHASE

La Fayette, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. 8vo. xvi+433 pp. Illus. $5.00.

THIS pleasing volume has its special timeliness today, when a war-worn world is looking askance at democracy, and indeed at all generous impulses in public life. For La Fayette, who left a deeper and more enduring impression upon the imagination and the affection of our country than any other foreigner who has ever visited our shores, incarnated beyond most characters in history the civic virtues that have lasting worth.

'Flaming youth' is a tepid term to apply to the young champion of freedom who, before his twentieth birthday, abandoned the luxuries and graces of the world's gayest capital, the sunshine of royal favor and the brilliant prospects of advancement that this implied, and a child bride whom he adored, to share the uncertainties, privations, and perils of the patriot cause in America. Mixed as may have been the motives that impelled him to this action, for hatred of England and a spirit of adventure contributed a part, his whole after life testifies to the fact that an ardent love of human liberty dominated all others. La Fayette was touched by the enthusiasm that gives divinity to men.

Those earlier chapters in which the author describes, or lets the letters of his hero describe, the associations and incidents of the Revolutionary campaign will naturally appeal most strongly to Americans. But beyond their purely national interest for us, they convey something of the charm of one of the most engaging personalities who has adorned our public annals. It was no ordinary attraction that during La Fayette's critical illness in 1778 drew Washington daily from army headquarters eight miles away to his bedside, where the Commander-in-Chief, 'with tears in his eyes,' bade his personal physician care for the young patient as if he were his own son. This affection was shared by the troops whom La Fayette commanded and by most of those with whom he was brought into personal relations; and it was inspired not only by the social graces and the winning traits of a generous and high-minded youth, but also by the respect that his prudence and ability in the field and in council exacted. Incidentally, these early chapters will disclose to a large number of readers new aspects of the Revolution, and especially of the difficulties that beset coöperation between the French and the Colonials, who had so recently been fighting them.

After the scene shifts to Europe, dramatic experiences, of which enough for an ordinary

lifetime had already been crowded into the very dawn of La Fayette's manhood, multiply with accelerating rhythm. For a time the idol of the Paris revolution, and lifted to a post that might easily have made a more selfishly ambitious and less scrupulous man the nation's dictator, he tried vainly to implant in his native soil the political ideals he had brought from the home of Washington. In this he failed. Exile and five years' imprisonment in Prussian and Austrian fortresses, where his privations were lightened somewhat by financial succor from grateful America, were followed during Bonaparte's ascendancy and the Bourbon restoration by congenial retirement upon his country estate in France. His triumphal tour of the United States in 1824 seemed to have crowned the long career of the now aging statesman. Then came a new revolutionary crisis, in 1830, when his country for a second time virtually placed her destinies in his safe-keeping.

So much for the incidents of this eventful life. The author relates them with restraint and without undue eulogy. The numerous contemporary estimates of La Fayette's talents and character which he quotes miss the clear definition of a portrait. Perhaps this is because La Fayette was preëminently a man of character, both morally and physically courageous to a fault, inflexibly loyal to high civic ideals, but not blessed or burdened by the supreme qualities of intellect or will that line the features of the greatest men in history. His life was not tragic for himself or for others. The youthful Don Quixote matured into the good citizen par excellence. Upon the whole he rode his surf board well through the most turbulent political breakers of his time.

VICTOR S. CLARK

The Man Who Knew Coolidge, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. 12mo. x+264 pp. $2.00.

A FEW months ago, in one of our well-known magazines, Mr. Lowell Schmaltz — he explained that his name 'is n't German at all, but Pennsylvania Dutch, which is almost the same as saying New England Yankee' — rambled through a lengthy monologue that occasionally touched upon the subject of his asserted acquaintance with President Coolidge, and mostly reflected his opinions on prohibition, filing cabinets, night clubs, radios, and kindred topics. The sketch attracted attention. Mr. Schmaltz's creator set him talking on other themes: poker parties, women, relatives, motor trips, and 'the basic and fundamental ideals of Christian American citizenship,' all of which furnish opportunity for the satirical portrayal of one of Mr. Babbitt's fellow citizens, against a background of some of the more glittering and brittle surfaces of contemporary life. These monologues form the book called *The Man Who Knew Coolidge.*

Be it stated at once that Mr. Lewis has not lost his cunning. As a mere feat of virtuosity the portrait of Lowell Schmaltz exhibits all of the skill evinced in earlier triumphs. The sentences catch the very rhythm and accent and turn of phrase characteristic of hundreds of thousands who hum over our concrete highways, clamor at roadside stands, and hold forth in the smoking compartments of Pullman cars. Their habitual self-complacency, their arrogance and braggadocio toward the weak and their wheedling cowardice in the presence of more powerful men, the emptiness of their minds, their perpetual mouthing of second-hand opinions, their pathetic reliance upon peptonized information, their alcoholic good-fellowship, and their incoherent talk — all are noted with merciless accuracy. Of course the individual is lost in the type, but that is the point of the satire. The man who boasts of his 'dandy little Italian villa-style bungalow, with a Spanish mission entrance,' who admires Mr. Coolidge because he is safe, and would not like to live in New York although it is an interesting place to visit, would be indistinguishable in a crowd. In his mind the interests and obsessions of the crowd to-day are mirrored: psychoanalysis, community chests, illicit gin, service for profit, scientific efficiency, high-powered salesmanship, and hatred of Bolshevism, atheists, foreigners, radicals, and Germans — 'But same time you got to hand it to 'em — they certainly have buckled down to work ever since the War. Be a good thing if *our* workmen worked like that, 'stead of watching the clock and thinking about a raise all the time.' Mr. Lewis has recorded certain phases of American life and character with astonishing fidelity and gusto.

And yet something is lacking. The criticism of our civilization is not quite convincing — possibly because the book, which in its nickel-plated efficiency is as mechanically perfect as the plumbing that the author scorns, is wanting in the individualism and penetration of art. The methods employed are as standardized as the people that are ridiculed. The heart of the difficulty is revealed when one tests the promise of the subtitle by the performance that follows. The subtitle reads: 'Being the soul of Lowell Schmaltz, constructive and Nordic citizen.' But Mr. Schmaltz has no soul. Possibly his creator planned this deficiency as a vital part of the satire. But the conception is none the less inadequate, if intentional. Even the basest citizens, though they be Nordic, have souls; shriveled, it may be, atrophied, but still living, however feebly. That is why they are pathetic. That is why they are worth saving. Mr. Lewis realized this high truth in *Babbitt.* By failing to attain to it here he has given us undeniably clever but inferior work.

GEORGE B. DUTTON

Possible Worlds and Other Papers, by J. B. S. Haldane. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. 8vo. x+305 pp. $2.50.

THIS is not a book for those who are afraid to think, for they will find it disturbingly

provocative of thought. Its author is a distinguished English biologist richly endowed with the scientific imagination, which here ranges like a searchlight over many fields. *Possible Worlds* is a collection of thirty-five papers dealing with a wide variety of topics. Probably no one is better equipped than Mr. Haldane to 'humanize' the latest facts and conclusions of biological science, and rather more than half these papers deal engagingly with subjects in this field. One learns why for every animal there is a most convenient size, and why a hare could not be as large as a hippopotamus or a whale as small as a herring. Why an insect is not afraid of gravity, but in great danger when going for a drink.

Then there is the artificial 'cell' which absorbs a glass thread covered with sealing wax, removes the wax, and spits out the thread. We are told of enzymes, which can break up to simpler compounds more than a million times their weight of sugar, and of vitamines, about which 'a very large amount of nonsense is written.' Under the heading 'Man as a Sea Beast,' we learn many surprising and suggestive facts about 'the hundred million million cells whose coöperation is our life.'

One's interest in biology is further quickened by many curious examples of food control in insect societies, and of the relations of water and salt and oxygen to the human system. The lure of biology as a profession for the timorous is not increased, however, by the vivid descriptions of the author's sensations during the experiments in which he substituted himself for the usual rabbit, and thereby learned how tetany in babies might be relieved.

Still other papers of the biological series deal with subjects of such important and immediate interest as cancer research, the nature of immunity, blood transfusion with the curious relations existing between donor and recipient, the encouraging results of the fight against tuberculosis.

The few brief sketches of a biographical sort included in the volume are less satisfying, but most readers will find ample compensation, if not, indeed, the chief significance of the book, in the numerous papers in which the author gives rein to speculation and takes hurdles before which many of us pause. He sees no limit to human progress, provided only that man will take his own evolution in hand. Should he fail to do so, man and all his works will go down into oblivion and darkness. Then the enterprising rat may have his chance to evolve toward intelligence.

There is much to challenge interest and arouse discussion, if not controversy, in the papers entitled 'When I Am Dead,' 'The Duty of Doubt,' and 'Science and Theology as Art Forms.' Many will agree with the opening statement in 'Eugenics and Social Reform' that 'perhaps the greatest tragedy of our age is the misapplication of science,' but it brings the shock of surprise to be told on such high authority that in America the science of heredity is being used 'by some of the most ferocious enemies of human liberty.' Whether one agrees or not with this and many other of the author's dicta, *Possible Worlds* is warmly recommended to all courageous souls who would 'let the mind be a thoroughfare for all thoughts.' ARTHUR D. LITTLE

Kit Carson: The Happy Warrior of the Old West, by Stanley Vestal. Boston, New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. 8vo. ix+297 pp. $3.50.

MR. VESTAL'S book will be the final step in securing for Kit Carson permanent claim to the renown he has always had as the 'Hero of the Prairies,' the most romantic and heroic figure of the Old West. Little objection can be made to this final immortality; for once, the hazards of reputation have selected a man who was just about all he is supposed to have been. Certainly no more than three or four mountain men ever attained Kit's mastery of the great craft, and whether one or two surpassed him in it is a matter of opinion merely — and of opinion too retrospective to be valuable. Among American trappers, Jedediah Smith was an abler captain than Kit and far more of a trail breaker, but Smith died young, before the great days were more than begun; Jim Bridger, Lucien Fontenelle, and Thomas Fitzpatrick were more successful than Kit as partisans; and Bridger and Fitzpatrick were at least his equals in all departments of the craft. A student of those roaring days might perhaps regret that Bridger and Fitzpatrick have lost the verdict of posterity, for not only were they Kit's equals, but also they had more of the gaudy 'maleness' and humor of the West.

Mr. Vestal's biography is an excellent bit of imaginative realization. More than any other book of recent years it understands and presents the Old West, those fleeting decades of unimaginable vigor and energy and almost unimaginable adventure. It will be, perhaps, more effective for the student of the West than for the uninformed reader, since it takes for granted much that can hardly be so taken, and neglects to explain much that, for the uninitiate, should be explained. It presents Kit admirably; it hardly presents his environment and the life that made his career possible; for that the interested must still go to Sabin's *Kit Carson Days* or to less well-known accounts of the fur trade.

There is just a little shock in one's first realization that the conjectural method of biography, hitherto devoted to exalted personages, is here portraying a man of sunburn and rawhide. The shock fades, however, before Mr. Vestal's undoubted success with his method. His narrative moves confidently, and it has in full measure the gusto that books about the West must have if they are to be true. It presents Kit as he was, a remarkable man in a remarkable place and period. It dissents a little from the pious tradition that has gathered about him (an increment from the incredibly moral penny thrillers whose reputation for immorality so amazes Mr. Pearson), but makes plain that there was nothing in Kit's life from which any contrary tradition

could have germinated. It contributes much new material to the study of Western Americana, in particular from Indian legends about Kit — a source which Mr. Vestal taps for the first time. And throughout it is instinct with the movement and delight and violent color of the days that were, on the whole, the most adventurous of our national experiences. BERNARD DEVOTO

The Closed Garden, by Julian Green. Translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: Harper and Bros. 1928. 12mo. ix+398 pp. $2.50.

THE lonely soul is fertile ground for obsessions, and the seed may be planted and tended unawares. Adrienne Mesurat was marked for solitude by the circumstances of her middle-class life in a small French town, and by the austere independence which she inherited from the Mesurats. Her mother was dead; her father was a household tyrant and her much older sister had no sympathy. *The Closed Garden* is the story of an obsession. Adrienne encountered a stranger on the road one day; he bowed to her as a matter of provincial courtesy, and her life converged upon this memory as a focus. The rest of existence receded and became insignificant. One by one her acts were directed by her thought of him. She secretly returned each day to the place where she had seen him; she watched for him from the window hour after hour. Learning that he was a doctor, she put her arm through the pane in the hope that he would be called in to dress the wound. When a friendly word or a single interest in life might have cured her, they were not offered. She encouraged her sister to run away from home, knowing that her sister's room had a better view of the doctor's window. Her father became suspicious and threatened to intervene; and in a sudden fury she pushed him downstairs to his death. Her solitude increased. She was unable to reach out for the contacts that would make her whole again. It could end only in a death of the mind more tragic and conclusive than the death of the body.

Julian Green is a psychologist in tracing the finespun course of Adrienne's obsession. He is an artist in presenting it through the medium of minute outward details. The motion of an eyelid is noted for its comment on the thought within; every sigh must be recorded, each telling gesture plotted. The setting, too, has a complete reality built of the same careful observation.

This concentration is the strength and weakness of the book. Even more than in his previous novel, *Avarice House*, the author sets his characters apart and cuts them off from normal life. They live in a walled precinct in which their obsessions become plausible and their absurdities have a logic of their own. Here they can sit absorbed in their desires, without intrusion from the world outside. He makes one feel the terrible importance to Adrienne of such little acts as passing the doctor's closed gate at a certain hour, or watching for his lamp to be lighted. These are the meat and drink of the obsession. Within its own precinct it thrives and has impressive strength; but a touch of the natural world would destroy it. The story is no less true on this account, but it is less important. Julian Green's powers of observation have now been proved, and he has asserted his full command of one human category. His knowledge of a wider range of emotion remains to be tested.

It is to be hoped that the merits of *The Closed Garden* will not be falsified by the circumstances under which it comes to America. Those who are impressed with paradoxes will not be able to forget that Julian Green is a Frenchman of American parentage who might as well have chosen English as French for his language. France has been flattered by his choice, and the echo of French praise for his work is already loud in America. Now the judges of one of the large book clubs have named *The Closed Garden* as the monthly choice for their seventy-five thousand members. Whatever such readers may think of this girl who murders her father and goes mad for love, they should be held by the force of the details and the spell that inheres in a morbid subject skillfully handled. MARSHALL A. BEST

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board: —

Tammany Hall, by M. R. Werner — DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO. Illus. $5.00
The critical history of a political but very human machine

Present Day Russia, by Ivy Lee — THE MACMILLAN CO. $2.50
The ten-day impressions of a businesslike visitor

Maker of Modern Arabia, by Ameen Rihani — HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. Illus. $6.00
How a cultured Syrian made his way into the strongholds and secrets of the Arabian chiefs

Stonewall Jackson, by Allen Tate — MINTON, BALCH & CO. Illus. $3.50
The story of a soldier who was devout, brilliant, and beloved

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1928

WHITE MAGIC

BY RALPH LINTON

I

TSIOMBÉ is a typical Madagascar frontier post, with the inevitable clay fort and prison, two or three houses built in European style for the use of the French officers, and a number of dilapidated shacks housing Hova and Betsileo traders. Aside from the fort, the most pretentious structure is the house of an Arab merchant, a big square building that looks more like a blockhouse than a dwelling. Its owner established himself here several years before the coming of the French and is now a very rich man and a power among the local natives.

The day following my arrival was the official market day, but when I reached the square I saw few signs of life. About a dozen dispirited-looking native women crouched behind little piles of sweet potatoes or melons, but the only crowd was around the butcher's booth, where an ox had been killed. The Antandroy did no take kindly to the market idea, which was new to them, and although the Commandant had ordered each clan to send in a certain amount of produce, or an animal to be killed, they seemed to shun the place themselves.

As I was returning to my quarters, I met the Lieutenant's little daughter out for her morning walk. She was not more than three years old, had frightened brown eyes and skin of the opaque whiteness one often sees in persons who have a touch of dark blood, and was dressed in the French style, with a vestigial skirt that stood out from her waist like a frill. With one hand she clasped a large pink-and-white doll to her bosom, while the other firmly gripped the middle finger of her nurse, a gigantic, very black young man, nude except for an embroidered loin cloth and heavy silver bracelets. A white canvas cap with a large 'P' stenciled on it was set jauntily on the side of his head, sole indication that he was a prisoner. When the child saw me she hung back, and he swung her into the curve of his arm and carried her past, explaining with a laugh that she was afraid of strange white people.

The man's face stayed with me, for his features were as regular as those of a classic bronze, but marred by a certain hard recklessness and by wild eyes that made me think of a thoroughbred stallion. That evening, when I had tea with the Lieutenant and his wife, I saw the pair again. They were sitting opposite each other across an elaborate drawing in the sand, and were so deeply

engrossed that they did not even look up when I paused beside them. The drawing represented a native kraal, and they were playing family, with a long splinter of red glass for the husband and buttonlike beads of different colors for the wives. At the moment they were discussing — in Antandroy, of course — the advisability of another marriage. The child was urging it, but the man seemed to think that the three wives already provided were quite enough.

When he noticed me he nodded in a friendly fashion, but made no move to rise or salute. The Lieutenant told me that he was a chief's son, then doing his third term for cattle stealing, and that he had been the child's nurse, with a short break when he was discharged at the end of his second sentence, for over two years. His present term would be up in a few days, and the little girl's mother was in despair at losing him. Of course, she said, he would be back in jail in a month or so, but she would have a hard time in the interim. The servant situation was serious, for hired ones were hard to get and quite unreliable, while prisoners were usually released about the time you got them properly trained.

The talk naturally turned on cattle stealing and the Government's efforts to stamp it out, which had so far been quite unsuccessful. Among the Antandroy ordinary theft is regarded with horror, and the habitual thief is punished with disownment and expulsion from the clan. This penalty is worse than death, for it condemns a man to vagabondage and beggary, here and in the next world. Cattle stealing, on the other hand, is a legitimate occupation favored by young men of spirit. In the good old days, say fifteen years ago, it was customary for whole villages or even clans to engage in cattle raids. The raiders would lie hidden near a village until the herd was driven out at dawn, then swoop down upon the drowsy guards, and drive the cattle off to the accompaniment of a lively rear-guard action in which much ammunition was wasted but few lives lost. Now the thief plies his trade by stealth, creeping up to the kraal under cover of darkness, quietly cutting a hole in the fence, and driving out as many cattle as he thinks he can get away with. If he succeeds in taking them to a place of safety, he is a winner by the established rules of the game, and his glory is only slightly dimmed if the Government takes them from him afterward. That he should be jailed as well is only another evidence that the mental processes of the *vazaha* (white man) are inexplicable. Everyone wishes him better luck next time, and even the loser will rarely appeal to the Government, for he usually knows that his own record in that line will not stand too close inspection.

The Commandant told of one occasion when he had picked up a young man who was driving eighteen head of stolen cattle, the rightful owners having given up the pursuit. The thief confessed at once. 'Do you know,' said the Commandant, 'when that man had served his sentence he came to me and wanted a government certificate to show he had eighteen cattle when I caught him. Said he wanted to get married when he went home, and it would give him the pick of the girls in his village. *Espèce d'un cochon malade!*'

II

I remained at Tsiombé over a week, working with native informants and planning the next leg of my journey with the help of the Commandant. To the south and west of the post lay a long stretch of practically unknown country, crossed, near its western end, by the vague and once bitterly disputed

march between the Antandroy and their neighbors the Mahafaly. The clans of this region were reputed excellent fighters and, although they had nominally submitted, the Government had not tried to bring them under real control, thinking it better to let sleeping dogs lie. There was a rough map of the territory, drawn from native reports, but experience proved this to be worse than useless. After some discussion I decided to make a day's march due south to Faux Cap, a settlement on the coast which boasted an abandoned fort, a few fishermen's huts, and a miniature harbor safe for very small craft. From there I would go westward along a broad valley which paralleled the coast, four or five miles inland. Another day along this would bring me into the unexplored territory. It seemed unwise to try to take soldiers into this region, so I left my guard at the fort.

Trouble threatened at the very outset of the trip, for the bearers were unusually slow in coming in, and the Commandant seized the son of one chief who had failed to send in his quota and pressed him into service, insisting that I use him on my own *filanzana* (sedan chair). The chief threatened reprisals, and after talking it over with the boy I agreed to let him go if he would provide a good substitute. Another bearer pleaded to be released on the grounds that he was a minstrel by profession, not a *borijano* (laborer). He had his instrument with him to prove it — a clever imitation of a European violin, hollowed from a single block of wood and with a row of dancing figures carved along the back. The chief of the village where he was staying at the time had pressed him into service as a vagrant without visible means of support, from which I gathered that the lot of the artist is as hard in Madagascar as it is elsewhere. I could not let him go, but promised to give him an extra gift at the end of the trip if he would fiddle and sing to keep the men in good spirits.

The Commandant himself was going as far as Faux Cap on a tour of inspection, so we set out together. After two or three miles the chief's son's substitute appeared, and I thought he had kept his promise to provide a good one, for the man was the largest native I had ever seen. He might have stood as a model for Hercules, complete even to the thick curling beard and oxlike expression. The young chief dived into the brush without as much as a nod of farewell, and I saw that the Commandant was not sorry to have him go. It soon developed that the substitute, although willing enough and as strong as any two of the others, was feeble-minded and had to be manœuvred somewhat as one would handle an elephant.

We passed a number of villages, and I wondered what the people found to live on, for we saw no cultivated fields and the soil was a fine white sand. At one of these we found everybody busy building a new tomb, a big platform of rough masonry at least forty feet square and five feet high. A long line of men and women came trotting out of a sort of tunnel in the brush, moving in single file and carrying big gray stones on their heads. As each reached the tomb he placed his stone and trotted on, disappearing down another tunnel. Although we halted and watched them for several minutes, the line was never broken and they paid no attention to us, going about their work as steadily as big ants busy about their nest.

A little later we came to a place where narrow pits, about two feet deep, had been dug across the road to catch young locusts. The bearers explained that though the locust swarms traveled on a wide front they were always thickest on the road, where the

bare ground made travel easy. In all the villages we passed we found quantities of the insects laid out on mats to dry, and late that afternoon we caught up with the swarm itself, a seething mass of dark brown wingless hoppers about an inch long. The bearers fell upon them gleefully, scooping them up in their hats and packing them away in their *lambas* and rice bags, so that for the rest of the day we moved in an aroma of crushed grasshoppers. That evening my cook came sidling into my room with a grin and presented me with a bowl of dark brown fluid, crusted an inch deep with them — locust soup. It proved too highly flavored for my taste and I threatened to throw it at him, at which he fled, laughing.

As we approached the village where we had planned to halt for lunch, we heard shouting and the sound of drums and conches. A ceremony of some sort was going on, and the bearers began to grin and talk about *hena* (fresh meat). When we entered the clearing we saw a herd of at least two hundred cattle milling about, and farther on a mob of yelling men who surged back and forth, the sun gleaming on the heads of their spears. When they saw the Commandant the shouting stopped suddenly, and after a moment of confusion the chief came forward with a rather sheepish greeting. Theoretically his people had been disarmed, and he knew that the Government could make trouble for him if it wished. The Commandant put him at his ease, and after a few minutes' friendly talk about the crops and the birth rate, during which the spears disappeared as if by magic, asked what was going on.

It appeared that they were trying to drive off a malevolent ghost which had frightened away a man's soul and was consuming his body. The chief led us to the sufferer, a tall, yellow man in the last stage of some wasting disease. His skin had shrunk tight to his bones and his face was the face of death itself. He hung limply, with sagging knees, in the arms of a young woman who watched him solicitously and sprinkled him from time to time with water from a little bowl. We told them to go on with the ceremony, and the men formed in a crescent about twenty yards from the sick man, then came charging down, shouting, waving clubs, and yelling threats against the ghost. When they reached the victim they stopped short, stamping and howling, but he did not even notice them. The girl tried to lift his head, but it fell forward again the moment she took her hand away. Time after time they reformed and charged, but he gave no heed. At last the men began to straggle off to their food. The girl carried him away, his feet trailing, and laid him on a mat in the shade, seating herself beside him. Whenever I glanced in that direction I saw that she was still there, quiet as a statue except that one arm moved steadily and mechanically, fanning away the flies.

When we had eaten and were ready to go, the chief came to us hesitatingly. Their own magic had failed, but should we be willing to fire a volley from our guns to drive the ghost away? Ghosts were very much afraid of guns. 'Certainly,' said the Commandant, crisp and businesslike. 'Tell your men to get their spears, and we'll drive it away once for all. The man may not get well, for I can see that his own soul has been away for a long time,' — at this the chief nodded, — 'but we'll teach that ghost to obey government orders.' The chief shouted and the woman dragged the sick man to his feet. If it had not been for the looseness of his joints I should have thought him already dead. The warriors came running with their weapons, and the Commandant marshaled them into a ragged line,

a little farther off this time, to get a better start. I passed my gun to my interpreter, drawing my pistol, and the three of us took the centre. 'Allons!' cried the Commandant, and we charged down, feet pounding, spears waving, and all of us yelling at the top of our lungs. Within a yard of the sick man we pulled up short and fired a volley into the air. Somehow it broke through. He straightened, shook off the woman's hands, took a single wavering step, and then began a hideous dance macabre with tight-shut eyes, and yellow teeth gleaming between his shriveled lips. Round and round he spun, his head waggling horribly and his skeleton arms and hands flopping as though they had been disjointed. Round and round, while the warriors yelled and clapped in a frenzy and something like a cold wind touched the roots of my hair. Then he crumpled suddenly, as a man falls when shot through the brain. . . . Looking back as we rode away, I saw him lying on the mat with the girl beside him, fanning away the flies. I suppose he died that night, but ghosts and men alike had been taught the power of the white man.

We had lost a good deal of time at the noon halt, but the bearers were quite willing to push on to Faux Cap that night. They had all got a share of the oxen that had been sacrificed, and were in high spirits. When the sun began to sink they struck up a song, with a fine deep-throated chorus. The Commandant played orchestra conductor, keeping time with wide flourishes of his walking stick, and the minstrel trotted up and down the line making inconsequential noises on his fiddle. A red sunset flared up and died almost as quickly as the light from some great explosion, and a flat, blue-white moon rode overhead, so bright that it pained the eyes to look at it. Its cold, fierce light struck furtive gleams from the sand underfoot and filled the brush with hard, clear blacks and an infinite variety of grays that hinted at richer tints, as though they were the ghosts of dead colors. As we went southward the brush grew thinner, the massed thorn giving place to low bushes, stunted trees that leaned all one way, and coarse dry grass that squeaked underfoot. There was a steady wind in our faces, faint at first, but growing stronger as the hours passed. Looking down from the filanzana, I could see that the whole surface of the ground was moving in little whirls and eddies, like deep, swift waters seen from a bridge. The bearers still chanted, but under and through their voices I began to catch another sound, faint but insistent as the drones of a bagpipe — the whisper of the moving sand.

A line of gleaming white appeared where the pale gray earth met the blue-gray sky. It mounted slowly, and little indentations began to notch its top. Up and up it went, until we stood at the foot of a great rampart of dunes, the land's defenses against the sea. The bearers toiled upward, sinking to the ankle at every step, with no breath left for singing. A deep throbbing note began to mix with the dry rustling of the sand, coming in sudden puffs, then dying away again. We topped the crest, and for a moment I caught the full roar of the sea and saw a long line of spouting reefs, then we dipped down into a grove of ironwoods, planted long ago to guard the fort from the sands. We plodded through these, over ground laced with shadows as fine as spider webs, and came out on the upper platform of the fort. The guardian was on hand to welcome us, and I slept that night in one of the old casements. This was ordinarily used as a shed for drying fish, and smelled accordingly, but I was too tired to care.

III

I had promised the bearers a day's rest, because of the hard trip ahead, and passed the time in strolling along the beach and bathing in a pool shallow enough to be safe from sharks. The little harbor had a natural breakwater, a long ledge of rock which rose two or three hundred yards offshore and ran parallel to the beach for nearly a mile. A single narrow break at the eastern end gave access to the quiet water inside. The wind was still blowing a gale, and the great rollers came marching in from the south in orderly procession, striking the reef with a noise like artillery and throwing up great columns of white spray. The harbor seemed to be several feet lower than the sea outside, and water was pouring over the barrier in a steady clear cascade. The beach was the color of ivory and the harbor water a clear, cool green, barred at one place with rays of light that seemed to strike upward from the bottom. As I walked, I picked up tinted shells and wave-worn fragments of giant eggs, while little gray sand crabs fled like puffs of dry seaweed driven along by the wind.

To the west of the harbor I came upon a mass of piled-up rocks jutting out into the ocean. Flying sand had carved them into shapes as fantastic as the mountains in a Chinese landscape, and I soon found a nook where I could sit sheltered from sun and wind and renew my acquaintance with the sea. Waves were breaking within a few yards of me, and I wondered again why only the Japanese have been able to see and draw them properly. I watched how each wave mounted up, curving like a drawn bow, then crashed, not into the ineffectual white fluff our artists show, but into a strange glassy foliage, thin flying sheets of water notched at the edges and pierced with holes, like gigantic lichens. I suppose that few white people ever find time really to look at the sea, but simple races who live with and by it are more fortunate. I knew a girl in Tahiti once whose name, a single short and musical word, meant: 'The thin white line that runs quickly along the crest of a wave at the instant it begins to break.'

When the waves began to pall a little, I turned my attention to the rightful owners of the rocks, a cohort of olive-green crabs. They had all taken cover at first, but as I sat perfectly still they concluded that I was harmless and might even prove edible, and began to come out one by one. The younger members of the community were, as usual, the more daring. I watched one little fellow crawl cautiously to the mouth of his cave and stand there poised for retreat. His black button eyes were thrust up to the very limit of their stalks, and his mouth worked furiously. After watching me for several minutes he concluded that one eye was enough for that, and while his right held me with an unmoving stare his left began to revolve slowly, sweeping the horizon for other dangers. Convinced that the coast was clear, he began to sidle toward me, with many halts, and had almost reached my foot when a sudden fit of nerves sent him scuttling back to his doorway. He recovered almost at once and began another advance.

A number of his neighbors had come to their own doors by this time, although none had ventured into the open, and I suspected that from their coigns of safety they were cheering the hero on in quite human fashion. He reached my foot and stood there, apparently straining his eyes to see the top of this enormous white object, then slowly reached out a claw and gave my toe a judicious nip. I knocked him two or three feet with a quick

movement, and he landed on his back, spun around for an instant with his legs waving frantically, flopped over, and fled in such panic that he tried to enter the wrong house and received a warm welcome from the indignant owner.

The others had all ducked under cover at the movement, but were soon out again. As I did not assume the offensive, they slowly moved away from their holes, taking care to give my foot a wide berth, and began to go about their regular business, sidling jerkily over the green slime that coated the rocks just above water line. Two or three of the larger waited until full normality had returned, then came out and calmly drove their smaller relatives from the best feeding places. At last even the hero appeared, but he seemed to be suffering from shell shock, for the least commotion sent him rushing home.

A glint of red drew my eyes to a hole just below tide line, its opening almost blocked by a large bright-colored claw that opened and shut hungrily. I went to investigate, thereby throwing the green crabs into spasms, and found that this individual was a regular anchorite, walled up alive in his cell. When I presented a small stick, by way of visiting card, he nipped it cleanly in two. I soon convinced myself that I should need a cold chisel to make his closer acquaintance, and as there was none within forty or fifty miles I strolled back to the fort, chuckling at the ramifications of crab society. I should have laughed more heartily if I could have rid myself of an uneasy feeling that we probably appeared equally humorous to some large intelligence sitting quietly in the background.

The fort had been built to guard the harbor in the days of small wooden sailing ships. It had been a part of those magnificent plans which once gave France, on paper, the largest colonial empire in the world. Its usefulness had always been doubtful, and it had now been abandoned for many years. On the seaward side it towered at least fifty feet above the beach, a sheer wall of creamy-coral rock, etched and pitted by the sand. Elsewhere the dunes had encroached until they threatened to overwhelm it. There were no signs that it had ever been bombarded, but the years had reduced it to a half-ruinous shell in which only two or three rooms were habitable. The guns had long since been removed, and most of the wood and metal stolen by the natives. The only regular resident was a huge tortoise who, I was told, had lived for many years on the old gun platform facing the sea. I found him strolling along the parapet with the leisurely dignity of a general. He ignored my advances, even when I tried to stop him with my foot, and proved amazingly strong. Finally I managed partially to anchor him by sitting on him, but even then he seemed indignant rather than frightened, conscious, no doubt, of the rigid taboo that protected all his race among the local natives.

I turned in early, but found myself unable to sleep because of the wind. It blew steadily, sweeping through the empty walls with a deep vibrant note that tightened the nerves to snapping. At last even my bed began to quiver to it, and in desperation I dressed and went out into the moonlight. Everyone else, including the tortoise, seemed to be asleep, but as I paced up and down on the gun platform a quavering voice hailed me from somewhere in the shadows. My cook wanted to know whether I really was up at such an unearthly hour or whether he was seeing my ghost, which, as everyone knows, goes its own way while the body is sleeping. I reassured him and continued my walk, reflecting that the setting

deserved a ghost of some sort. It was strange that no earth-bound spirit haunted the empty casements. There must have been passions enough here once, for I could imagine the horrors of garrison duty in such a place, and the hates and intrigues that must have coiled like a nest of serpents among that handful of men cooped up between the hostile desert and the sea, and dependent even for food on ships that might come once a year. The wind began to die at last; I went in and slept fitfully until dawn.

IV

The next morning I said farewell to the Commandant with real regret. Like most of the officers of the French Colonial Army whom I have known, he was an honest and gallant gentleman who tried to deal justly with the natives and had their best interest at heart. He had won their respect and liking, and it grieved me to think that as soon as the work of pacification was done he would be sent to some other frontier, leaving these people, who had learned to honor France in him, to the tender mercies of civilian administrators, many of whom were men of a very different stamp.

I had found it impossible to get a guide for the whole trip, the natives explaining that the people of each clan remained in their own territory, except for occasional cattle raids against their neighbors. Finally a young man volunteered to take me a day's march west; beyond that I should have to trust to luck. However, I anticipated little difficulty in getting myself passed on from village to village, as I knew each chief would be anxious to make my stay in his territory as brief as possible. Even the guide was late in coming in, and it was nearly nine o'clock before we got under way.

The great storm which I had encountered earlier in my trip had swept across this corner of the island, bringing the desert to life here too, and I was amazed at the number and variety of the flowers. Both sides of the path were lined for miles with almost solid banks of some low shrub or bush which was studded thick with phloxlike flowers of yellow, salmon, or clear pink. The plants were so close and regular that it was hard to believe that this was not a planted border. Little blue-flowered vines sprawled across the path itself, and the big cactus bushes were ablaze with yellow and orange bloom. Here and there larger trees rose above the scrub, their dark green splashed with orange clusters of long tubular flowers not unlike those of the trumpet vine.

In several places I saw colonies of large white snail shells hanging from twigs two or three feet above the ground and swaying gently in the wind. I thought at first that it might be some curious hibernation habit of the snails themselves, but found that they were all dead shells which had been taken over by spiders, and that the filaments which suspended them were spider silk. The spiders I found in them were small, although certainly adult, and I still cannot imagine how they lifted these ponderous mansions, which were forty or fifty times their own weight. As I rode on through the banked flowers I had a vague feeling that something was lacking, and realized at last that there were no butterflies and no birds. The only wild things we saw that day were two or three huge tortoises, which my men carefully avoided, and little lizards which scuttled away half erect, their front feet clear of the ground.

After four hours' travel through a maze of cattle paths which became less and less distinct, we came to a little village, half a dozen tiny wooden huts in a small clearing. The people were friendly, but had no food they could

offer the white man, not even a chicken. At last I asked whether I could get fresh milk, and a cow was driven up in haste. A small boy led up her calf and held it in front of her, where she could lick it occasionally, and a girl rubbed her under the tail while a man milked. I had wished them to use one of my pans, but there was some taboo against this and we compromised on a new gourd. I dined well enough on milk and cactus fruit, but the bearers had only a few spoonfuls of sour milk apiece and grumbled considerably. Most of their wrath was directed against the guide, who had promised to bring us to a large village and now confessed that he was completely lost. The villagers offered another in his place, and I let him go with a reprimand.

As we went westward I began to understand why the country had remained unexplored. The thorny scrub was the thickest I had seen so far and was threaded by a network of narrow twisting trails, all of which looked unused. It was almost impossible to travel by compass, and unless one had the help of the natives one might wander for days without striking a village or water hole. Our new guide picked his way unerringly and brought us, late in the afternoon, to a town of about thirty houses. The chief, an intelligent-looking young man, ordered the women to bring food for the bearers, and they were soon gorging themselves from big bowls filled with a mixture of fresh milk and curds. He also presented me with two chickens, manioc, and melons, and indignantly refused payment. 'The vazaha,' he said, 'is my father and mother [a common form of courtesy]. If I feed his slaves for nothing, how can I take pay from him?'

One of the young men had an almost clean loin cloth, which at once caught my eye, and when I saw that he wore his hair cut short I concluded that he must be a newly released long-term prisoner who had not had time to acquire the usual coat of dirt. When he saw I was looking at him he went into his house and came out wearing a trench helmet and a Croix de Guerre hung around his neck on a string. Advancing to within three paces, he came to attention, brought his bare heels together with a slap, and saluted smartly. I returned the salute and gave him 'At ease,' then inquired his regiment. He had served in France for three years, been wounded and decorated. 'I was a volunteer,' he said proudly; then, as he saw my look of surprise, 'There was no fighting here. I heard there was a great war *andafy* ["over the way," everywhere outside Madagascar], so I went.' When he found that I had also been a volunteer and that we had fought in the same battle in Champagne, he dashed back to his house and brought me three eggs, which he put into my hands. He accepted a cigarette and lit it with one of my matches, to the whispering awe of the other villagers, after which we were friends for life. By this time the chief had become restive, and it was plain that there was no love lost between himself and this seasoned man of the world. I did not dare to offer him a cigarette, for he would certainly have muffed it, but I let him fill his pipe from my pouch and lit it for him, thus reestablishing his supremacy.

The three of us strolled about the village until we came to a hut which was considerably larger than the rest and set somewhat apart. To the east of it stood a clump of heavy pointed posts about five feet high, relics of past sacrifices. This was the house of the village *ombiasy* (medicine man) and we found him inside, a withered, red-eyed old fellow, who crouched in the darkest corner and watched me like a trapped animal. He had heard that his trade

had been forbidden by the Government, and was afraid that I had come to arrest him. At first he would only grunt, but I finally reassured him, and then put him at his ease by proving to him that I was myself a member of his craft. I tried to question him, but he soon turned the tables on me, cross-examining me on European doctors, their methods, and particularly their fees. The soldier had brought back tales of their marvelous cures, done for nothing, and he felt that his own business might sometime be threatened. When I told him that only soldiers were treated free and that our doctors charged other people as much as they could pay, quite as in Madagascar, he seemed relieved.

I gave him some practical advice on the treatment of wounds and a little quinine to use for fever, after which he sold me several charms at professional rates. The talk finally shifted to religion, and he asked me whether it was true that the white man's God was satisfied if you prayed and sang to him, and did not demand sacrifices. He had heard rumors to that effect, but was much too shrewd to believe them. I finally convinced him that such was the case, and he remarked that it must be a cheap religion, but very poor picking for the priests. He then asked whether I was a priest myself, and when I denied it he nodded wisely, saying: 'I thought not. You are too fat.'

We started on at gray dawn, while most of the village slept. Only the chief and the soldier came to see us off, but I noticed that several of the older women were up, beating the bushes over gourds to collect the heavy dew. The nearest drinkable water was four hours' march from the village. Just as we were leaving, the soldier, speaking casually and in French, warned me to be on my guard at the next village, as there were bad people there. As I knew they belonged to another clan, probably hostile to my hosts, I thought little of this.

When we had covered two or three miles I began to hear a faint, rather high-pitched *tonk, tonk, tonk*, as though someone a block or two away were beating a large tin can with a stick. It was plainly a drum of some sort, but the rhythm was broken and irregular, quite unlike that of ordinary dance drums. It was impossible to tell its direction, and although it went on for nearly an hour, while we traveled steadily, its volume never seemed to vary. During an interval I thought I caught another and fainter drumming, but could not be sure. The bearers professed ignorance with such unanimity that I knew it must be something important and concluded that it was a signal drum, sending ahead word of my coming. I was rather elated at this, for 'drum talk' had never been reported from the island, and it was another proof that I was getting into the unknown.

V

The village where we halted that noon was even larger than the one where we had spent the night, and the people of very different temper. Nearly all the men carried spears rather ostentatiously, and the chief had to be sent for. There was a quarter of an hour's delay, and when he did appear he declared insolently that there was no food in the village, although I could see several chickens walking about and manioc drying on the roofs of most of the huts. His men began to grin and a number of them collected about my baggage, making sneering remarks to my unarmed bearers. The situation called for quick action, so without further parley I drew my pistol and shot one of the chickens, ordering my cook to go and pick it up and to help himself to as much manioc as he needed. The

chief started to take to his heels at the report, but came back meekly enough when I called him. I gave him a rather large price for the food, telling him to pay the owners later, and suggested that it would be better for him to stay with me during the balance of my visit, in case I needed anything else. He agreed readily, and seemed considerably impressed both by the size of my .45 and by the ease with which it came from its holster. The French usually carry diminutive popguns, strapped in.

There was no further trouble, but I cut the noon halt as short as I could without loss of dignity, and was glad when we were well away from the place. I took the chief along for the first hour or so, as a precaution against attack. The houses here were of a new type, wickerwork plastered with cow dung, on which designs had been modeled.

Fortunately, the guide whom we had gotten that morning knew his way to the next village, although it was a long march. A few minutes after we started I caught the throbbing of the drums, and knew that our late hosts were broadcasting an account of the visit. I could only hope that they were not arranging an ambush of some sort, for the country was ideal for it. The trail was so narrow that the filanzana men found it difficult to walk abreast, and twisted in and out through the impenetrable thorn scrub until I lost all sense of direction. When I finally released the chief he was somewhat the worse for wear. I had requested him to walk to the right and a little ahead of me, and the filanzana bearers took delight in shouldering him into thorn bushes.

The sun went down with tropical suddenness, and the men were soon struggling along in almost complete darkness. The bearers began to wish loudly for a light, and I debated whether it would not be wisest to halt and wait for moonrise. Remembering that the chief had probably got home by now and might be organizing trouble of some sort, I decided against it. The men were having so much difficulty that I finally brought out a strong electric flashlight, which I reserved for serious occasions, and threw the beam ahead. I wondered what they would make of this new proof of the white man's magic, but the effect was disappointing. Even the wild guide took the cold light as a matter of course and danced before it, flapping his lamba and laughing at the grotesque batlike shadow he cast. All felt that it was natural for the white man to meet an emergency adequately, and would have been more surprised if I had failed them. A flare of yellow light behind us told me that my interpreter had also proved equal to the occasion. He had taken off one of his socks, thrust a candle into the toe, and lit its wick through one of the holes. In a few minutes the whole end of the sock was grease-soaked and ablaze, making a very serviceable torch.

At about eight o'clock, distant shouts told us that we had been sighted from the village. The brush had become thinner, with open glades, and I soon made out a bobbing mass of lights which was moving toward us. This set my mind at rest, for any attack would have been made in darkness. A few minutes later we were surrounded by a crowd of natives, men and women, who waved torches, danced, and shouted. It was a wild scene, with the flickering light reflected from the glistening black skins and throwing sudden gleams when it caught on some spearhead or knife hilt, or on the silver plaques the women wore on their breasts.

One man, whom I took to be the chief, shouldered his way through the press and dropped a live chicken into my lap. He had forgotten to tie it, and although I made a quick grab it dived

earthward, instantly becoming the centre of a regular football scrimmage. Finally the chief brought it back, squawking dismally and minus most of its feathers. I gave him a coin, and after much shouting and arm waving he managed to silence the crowd and to marshal them into two lines, one on either side of the path. Then he gave an order and they began to sing and clap, while three or four young women danced ahead of us toward the village. My interpreter said that they had heard the incidents of the noon halt, to the last detail, and were delighted that I had called the chief's bluff. The two villages were hostile, hence the warmth of my reception.

The largest house in the village had been hastily cleared out for me, and after I had eaten, the chief and two or three old men paid me a visit. He began by offering me company for the night, which I politely declined, pleading fatigue, and then launched into a long and complicated speech for which I had to summon the interpreter. The gist of it was that he and his people were much pained by the insult which the chief of the last village had paid the *fanzakana* (Government) in my person, and if I could spare two or three days we could go back and clean that village up. He had plenty of young men, and with a vazaha to lead them there could be no doubt of the outcome. I declined, showing the proper amount of regret, and basing my refusal on imaginary orders to go through this territory as rapidly as possible, without halting for private wars. My visitors sighed, for they had hoped for a profitable cattle raid under government auspices, but they understood that orders were orders, and we parted the best of friends. Next morning the whole village assembled once more and gave us a grand send-off, accompanying us singing and dancing for two or three miles.

The bearers had been well fed and were in high spirits. They did most of the morning's march at a dog trot, but when we came to the noon halt I found the village ready and waiting for us. The drums must have been at work again, although this time I had not heard them. The streets of the little town were swept clean, food was laid out for the bearers on mats, and the chief and medicine man were waiting outside the gate of the cactus stockade to receive me.

The chief, a dignified, middle-aged man whose hawk nose and light color proved some far-off mixture of Arab blood, carried his lamba over his arm, to show he was not concealing a weapon. He greeted me gravely, raising his right arm in the old Roman salute, and welcomed me to his village. I found it hard to give him my full attention, for the medicine man was the most amazing object I had so far encountered. He had somehow got the remains of two pairs of trousers, of very different size and material, and wore one leg of each, the balance being wrapped sash-wise around his waist. His shoulders were covered by a short cape, cut from an old green blanket and fastened in front with an enormous iron cinch buckle, and his hat was a clever imitation of a French trench helmet, woven from stiff grass and stained blue. Around his neck hung the red-lacquered can of a well-known brand of American pipe tobacco, and he leaned nonchalantly on a wooden spear and what I at first took to be a flintlock musket. Closer inspection proved this to be made of wood, sheathed in tin from old cans, but I was amazed at the cleverness of the reproduction. Even the lock was exact.

When the chief had finished, the medicine man strutted forward and began a long oration. From time to time he lifted the tobacco can and

flashed the sun into my eyes with it. Although I could only understand part of what he said, I gathered that he was comparing me to the sun in terms by no means complimentary to the latter. My interpreter whispered that he was an ombiasy of great power, but a little mad, like most people who have been on too intimate terms with spirits. After perhaps ten minutes of this he opened his tobacco can, drew out a folded paper, and presented it to me with a flourish. '*Taratasy volamena* [gold paper],' he said solemnly, and stepped back to watch the effect. It was a single page torn from some jeweler's colored catalogue, and showed watch chains on one side and bracelets on the other. I could imagine its effect on his countrymen, who believe gold is a supernatural being and consider all printed matter government orders.

I pretended to read it, returned it to him, and shook hands, then asked where he had gotten the can. He said it had been brought to him by his magic, and, remembering my early efforts to get American tobacco, I was inclined to believe him. Out of curiosity I asked whether he would sell it, and he offered to let me have it for two cows. The paper he would not part with on any terms, and I found that he had been exhibiting it for many years as an official permission to practise sorcery.

Formalities ended, we entered the stockade. The bearers dived for the food, but my cook kept them off until he had selected the two best melons for me and a bowl of curds and milk for himself. The last was a lengthy process, as he had to shake all the bowls, one after the other, to see which had the most curds. The moment he had taken my share, the men produced spoons and fell to. While they were eating I strolled about the village with the chief and medicine man. The women and children had taken cover in the houses and I could see them watching me from doorways and around corners, but they refused to be enticed out. The chief explained scornfully that they were afraid, having never seen a white man, and offered to order them into the open, but it seemed best not to press the point. In one corner of the enclosure we came upon the signal drum, a wooden cylinder about four feet long with a slot in the side, but when I tried to get some details of the method of signaling my guides professed complete ignorance. It was plain that they did not want to have any foreigner listening in.

VI

At last we reached the medicine man's house and he invited me to enter, which I did with difficulty, lying down and wriggling through the tiny door. After the glare outside I could see nothing for a time, then I made out row after row of weird figures which lined the walls from top to bottom. He had carved these, he said, to represent things the ghosts showed him in dreams. Most of them seemed to be human beings or animals, but their attitudes and combinations showed a sort of insane humor that made me think of Goldberg's comic drawings. The effect was heightened by the outlandish colors with which they were smeared, and the light of the fire, on which he had thrown a handful of dry grass, made them waver and dance as though alive. I fancied that one glance at them must have been enough to put his clients in the proper frame of mind.

Across the rear of the house there was the usual shelf, piled high with odds and ends, but when I stretched out my hand toward it he warned me hastily that a spirit lived there and might injure me. He spoke to it, explaining who and what I was, and a faint whistling and cheeping seemed to come from

high up in the shadows, probably a clever bit of ventriloquism. Then he exhibited the contents of the shelf with the true pride of a collector. His most prized specimens were a broken mousetrap, an old hatbox of sole leather, which bore the nearly obliterated name of some English firm, and a celluloid collar. When I explained the use of the latter he put it on over his cape, tying the ends together with a bit of string. He explained that, knowing the power of the white men, he had procured as many of their things as he could. I asked whether any of them had ever visited the village, and he said no, but he had seen one once, when he made a long journey to the north.

When we had emerged from the hut I felt that the circumstances called for a little magic of my own, so I filled my pipe and lit it with a burning glass. Both the chief and he carried pipes of some translucent green stone that looked almost like jade, and when they had filled them from my pouch I offered to light them in the same way. The chief hesitated, but his young men's eyes were on him and he stepped forward manfully, although his hand shook so that I found it hard to focus on the bowl. The medicine man came next and took it nonchalantly, quoting the old native proverb: 'If the white man could raise the dead, there would be no difference between him and God.' The other men then pressed about me, producing their pipes, but although I gave them tobacco I refused to light for them, saying the sun fire was too sacred for common people to use.

The chief asked, with some trepidation, whether I expected to stay overnight, telling me that at another village, only three hours away, there was a new house that would be free from vermin. He would provide a guide, and we could make it before sunset. I agreed, and after lunch we started on again. When we had been traveling for about an hour the guide told me that it would take four hours instead of three, and finally raised the estimate to six. When darkness came he confessed that he had lost his way, but was sure he could find it again in daylight. I put him under guard, in case he had deliberately tried to lead us astray, and we made a dry camp in one of the glades.

The men did little grumbling, and from their talk they evidently thought the mistake was a real one. In any case they were now too far from home to bolt. I still had a melon and two or three carefully kept cans of meat, and the men had hoarded a little dried manioc, which they now boiled in cactus juice, taking turns at my aluminum cooking pots. They built half a dozen big fires to keep off the chill, and squatted about them, chattering contentedly. The minstrel even played and sang for them. I knew it would be bitterly cold before morning and did not try to put up my bed. Instead I scooped a hole in the still-warm sand and rolled up in my blankets.

As I lay there looking at the sky I could make out the faint cone of the zodiacal light away to the westward, and wondered idly whether our earth really wore a ring like Saturn's, and thought of the cold, silent immensity of space. Far to the north I could see Orion swinging low, but the other stars were all strangers. A wave of loneliness swept me, sudden and blind as the first terror of a trapped animal. I wanted to go over and squat with the bearers, to join in their sleepy chatter, and to hear again of little intimate things, wives and children and the gossip of village loves and hates. Then I remembered the words of the old ombiasy: 'If the white man could raise the dead, there would be no difference between him and God.' He had said it without a hint of jest or mockery, quietly, as one states a

well-known truth. I thought of all the men of my race who had labored and died to fix this rôle upon me, and knew that I must play it through or prove a traitor to my own blood. Poor, toiling, lonely gods, I hoped no memories came to break their rest, no dreams, no larger vision. They had been so blissfully certain, those who thought at all, of the value and virtue of their work, that the gift of clear sight would have been the crowning irony.

The grass rustled as my interpreter came up. Two of the bearers had touches of fever and needed quinine. By the time I had attended to them the mood had passed, and I slept soundly until the dawn chill wakened me.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

WITH all her brilliancy and power, America's effort to cope with the ugly problem of crime has been for the most part tragic failure. A committee of the American Bar Association appointed to study existing conditions reported that 'the criminal situation in the United States so far as crimes of violence are concerned is worse than in any other civilized country.' According to the figures given by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Prison the average homicide rate for 1911–1921 for England and Wales was .76 per 100,000 of the population, for Canada .54, for Australia 1.88, for South Africa 1.79, for Holland .31, for Norway .82, for Switzerland .18; for the United States, in the registration area covered, it was 7.20. More robberies and assaults with intent to rob are committed in the single city of Cleveland each year than in the whole of England, Scotland, and Wales. A recent investigation showed that during the year the number of automobiles stolen in Liverpool, one and a half times the size of Cleveland, was 10; in London, ten times the size of Cleveland, 290; in Cleveland, 2327.

The actual present cost of crime in the United States has been conservatively estimated at two and a half million dollars a day. In a single year the property loss from thefts in the city of Chicago alone is reported to exceed $12,000,000. Since the war the losses paid by burglary-insurance companies in the United States are said to have grown from $1,686,195 in 1916 to $5,670,760 in 1919, and to $10,189,853 in 1920.

The United States Census Bureau recently stated that, in the returns received from 31 states, 'there has been a steady increase in the number of prisoners in state prisons and reformatories. . . . The number of prisoners in confinement per 100,000 of the general population increased from 66.6 on January 1, 1923, to 84.1 on January 1, 1927.' Although reliable statistics are difficult to secure, it seems apparent that each year crime is eating deeper into our civilization.

There is a popular tendency to dismiss all social responsibility by blaming the law and turning to the lawyers alone to work out much-needed reform.

I suspect that our shortcomings in home training, in our schools, in the church, in our use of religion, have more to do with the increase of crime than the shortcomings of the law. Moral standards cannot possibly be created by law. Yet our legal machinery cannot escape a heavy share of the blame. The administration of criminal justice is not what it should be.

Largely as a result of the frequent and generally well-meaning attacks upon the law, there has arisen a widespread popular conception that the existing form of our criminal law, developed to meet the needs of a society profoundly different from our own, is a present-day anachronism, and that all the problem needs is men with sufficient courage to storm the strongholds of entrenched judicial conservatism and with sufficient brains to frame a modern, adequate penal code, and the trick will be turned. Unhappily, the problem goes far deeper than that.

I

In the first place, let us not forget that in the prevention of wrongdoing the part played by the law must at best be pitifully small. For instance, the corruption of an adolescent's character constitutes the gravest kind of social injury; yet no law has ever punished such a crime. Even in those forms of wrongdoing which have become stereotyped as traditional and well-defined crimes, only a small fraction of wrongdoing can be covered. Not every wrongful killing is punishable as homicide; the predatory crimes allow some of the most heinous forms of theft to go unpunished; the sex crimes fail to touch some of the vilest outrages. In the words pronounced by the court in a famous English case where a husband was tried for the murder of his wife, whose death he had only too clearly caused: 'Mere unkind or unhusbandlike usage is not enough, and there must be violence, physical or corporeal. If the being treated so and turned out of her home had preyed upon her spirits and broken her heart, it is not a case of manslaughter; and human tribunals can take no cognizance of it as a criminal offense.' Those manufacturers who sweat and exploit labor and then fling it aside, broken, to spend the rest of its days at public expense in the poorhouses and city hospitals; the high financiers who make their fortunes on Wall Street by first securing voting control of large corporations and then proceeding to manipulate them at the expense of the other stockholders for their private gain — these are often of the worst type of predatory criminals; yet the law, because of its inherent limitations, can seldom touch them. Again, the ruffian who overpowers a girl and works his will on her is rightly given a heavy sentence; but he who not only gains his way, but also succeeds in so debasing her character as to win her consent to the outrage, ordinarily goes unpunished.

Under no possible scheme of reform can general wrongdoing be made, in the world of fact, legally punishable. The deepest wrongs are quite generally unsusceptible of proof, or too subtle for precise definition and official detection, or too much a matter of individual conscience to make possible common agreement as to their punishment. At best all we can hope to do is to concentrate our efforts upon the commonest and starkest forms of social injury, realizing always that much outrageous and open wrongdoing must remain forever untouched by the law.

Even within the confines of this narrowly restricted field the law can never be free from what the layman

must consider amazing and pettifogging technicalities. For instance, Jim Jones, mistakenly believing that a certain opal ring in Mr. Scott's house belongs to him because of Mr. Scott's having promised it to him before they quarreled, decides to take the law into his own hands; and one night he breaks and enters into Mr. Scott's house and steals the ring. Next morning he discovers that the ring he stole is not the opal ring which he thought his, but Mr. Scott's diamond ring; nevertheless, he determines to profit by the situation, and proceeds to sell the ring and pocket the proceeds. At common law, and, indeed, under the statutes of many states, Jim Jones has committed no crime. It is not common-law burglary because the breaking and entry into the house was not with the intent to commit a felony therein; for the same reason it is not an attempt to commit burglary; nor, unless the very questionable doctrine of 'continuing trespass' is applied, is it common-law larceny, because there was no intent to steal at the time of taking the ring into his possession. Consequently, in spite of Jim Jones's very evident wrongdoing, in spite of his clearly manifest criminal propensities, so far as the common law is concerned, he goes unpunished even though society would seem to suffer precisely the same harm at his hands as at the hands of the ordinary thief. Or again, the burglar who enters by pushing open an unlatched door can be punished in many states by imprisonment for a substantial part of his life; but if he chanced to enter through a door left partly open, without further opening it, in most states he cannot be convicted of burglary at all. Can this be justice? If we are to go to the heart of the matter, must we not sweep away altogether the arbitrary distinctions and harassing technicalities of the law?

Ideas of this kind are widespread. The following extract from a letter published in the *Boston Herald* at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is typical of a large current of thought. 'Let us suppose, for the moment,' says the writer, 'that the two men now under sentence are not the ones by whose very hands the actual murders were accomplished; they were done by some ones who had the same objects, the same ideas of social life, the same beliefs and purposes in general. . . . In a word they were potential murderers all. . . . Then let the sentence be carried out without fear or reproach.' They were thoroughly bad men; therefore they should be convicted. Let's have done with technicalities and strike for justice.

Justice without law has ever been an alluring conception. It permits a judge to sacrifice ultimate principles to immediate ends; and this is always of popular appeal. Yet while it is true that justice without law has played a serviceable part and proved a liberalizing element during transitional periods in the development of law, nevertheless in our present society, except in the case of quite minor offenses, justice without law is unthinkable. Our modern economic interests are too vast, our society is too complex, to make it possible to entrust our liberty and our property to the caprice of individual judges unrestricted by law. Law is the price of liberty. Without it the fate of a Daugherty and a Fall would depend largely upon the political stripe of the judge who tried them; the liberty of every capitalist or laboring group without it would depend largely on the conscious or unconscious class bias of the particular judge before whom each might be made to appear.

Once we admit that criminal justice must be based upon law and established standards, how practically shall

individuals be singled out for penal treatment? Theoretically such a selective process should be based upon the results of exhaustive physical, psychiatric, and behavior examinations revealing defects of character, of body, or of mind. But science has not yet progressed to a point where the mentally and morally defective can be picked out with unerring or even substantial accuracy by means of clinical examinations. In the rough and tumble of our workaday world, therefore, the only selective process practicable is a judgment based upon isolated acts and a determination as to whether such acts, when combined with a certain kind of intent, do or do not violate fixed standards which we call law. To accomplish this we must establish in advance certain categories of forbidden acts known as crimes and convict all those who with criminal intent commit such acts. Conversely, if the law is to have certainty and freedom from the bias of the particular judge, everyone who abstains from committing such forbidden acts must be allowed to go free.

That is the 'pigeonhole' system of criminal law. It necessitates the precise definition of every crime. When one's life or liberty depends upon whether one's conduct falls within or without the line, justice according to law requires that the line be sharply drawn. Should one's conduct fall but a bare one thousandth of an inch outside of the line, a law of fixed standards must bar conviction. The murderer whose victim dies of the wound within a year and a day of the mortal blow is punishable for the homicide; if the victim dies a year and two days afterward, so far as the homicide charge is concerned, the killer goes free. One day makes the difference between life and death. The result may seem technical and highly arbitrary. But if we are to have justice according to law and are to follow the pigeonhole system of criminal law, such arbitrary lines are absolutely inescapable. They constitute one of the fundamental features of the system.

Once the inherent and fundamental difficulties of the pigeonhole system are recognized, the evils resulting therefrom can be materially reduced. In the first place, one can redefine crimes so as to eliminate arbitrary and unmeaning lines drawn in the infancy of the law. Centuries ago, when the crime of theft was evolving, since land could not be carried off, larceny was confined to the taking of personal property of value. As a result no one could be convicted at common law of the larceny of growing crops or fruit picked from another's orchard or gold nuggets picked from another's mining claim, and such still remains the law in those states where change has not been wrought by statute. Since the early lawyers made the loose generalization that animals were property of value only if they were fit for food or domestic work, the crime of larceny did not include the theft of dogs or cats. An American case accordingly held that the defendant could not be convicted of larceny for having stolen a valuable dog unless the dog was wearing a collar. Thefts of electricity have given the courts considerable trouble. In truth, the common-law pattern of larceny is so out of date that in most jurisdictions it has had to be redrawn. The limits of other common-law crimes are similarly too cramped and narrow for present-day needs. Partly because of changed economic and social conditions, partly because of new forms of wrongdoing evolved by the inventive genius of the twentieth century, the pattern of each separate crime must be given fresh consideration, so that by simpler and more generalized

definitions the substantive law may be made more adequately to meet modern demands.

In the second place, certain analogous pigeonholes may advantageously be combined into single generalized crimes. Growing law always begins by a minute and particularized catalogue of forbidden and unrelated acts. Gradually related groups evolve into definite crimes. But the haphazard growth of the criminal law leaves much of the early tendency to particularize still apparent; it is only when law reaches a mellow maturity that large generalizations come. For example, since larceny was the crime of taking property out of the possession of another without the other's consent, it was held not to cover the case of the agent or factor who stole the goods which his principal had entrusted to his keeping; neither would it embrace the obtaining of another's goods through consent gained by misrepresentation and fraud. To cover the gaps thus left by the law of larceny, the separate crimes of embezzlement and obtaining property by false pretenses grew up. Many indicted for larceny escaped conviction by proving that they had committed embezzlement instead, and vice versa. Justice was thwarted, and courts and prosecuting attorneys placed under a serious and unnecessary burden. All three crimes are essentially of the same character and should be generalized so as to form a single pigeonhole. Many states have already effected this generalization; but others still retain the three separate crimes.

In the third place, and most important of all, many of the underlying doctrines and principles of criminal law need further study and development. For instance, with the growth of large corporations as the chief actors in the business world, it is of great importance that they, like the individuals who carried on the business before them, be subject to the restraint of criminal law; yet the doctrine of corporate criminal liability has markedly failed to keep pace with this growth, and its limits to-day remain in the greatest uncertainty. The doctrine of criminal liability for the acts of an agent similarly needs development and precise formulation. Industrial conflicts have pushed the doctrine of criminal conspiracy into one of major importance; yet there is wide disagreement as to exactly what constitutes a conspiracy or what are its limits. Married women still escape criminal punishment in many places through the presumption that they act under the coercion of their husbands. One of the elementary requirements for criminal liability is a criminal intent or *mens rea;* yet courts are still groping to find exactly what constitutes this requisite intent. Courts are waiting for legal scholars to prune away such features of the old as are outworn, to rear on foundations which experience has shown to be solid such modern forms as are needed, to work over and develop and, at certain points, reformulate the existing vast body of legal principle and doctrine.

II

No one must suppose that the mere perfecting of the substantive law will very materially reduce crime. At best it is only a beginning. Of considerably greater importance at the present time is the reform of criminal procedure.

The essence of effective criminal justice is to make conviction following the crime swift and certain. In America to-day it is neither.

The usual procedure for the trial of felonies involves three distinct steps: first, a preliminary examination by a

magistrate; second, an entirely new examination by the grand jury; and, third, a trial of guilt before a petit jury. Each one of these quite separate stages necessitates delay; and a clever defense attorney can protract such delays to interminable lengths. Delay means loss of public interest, the fading away of the state's evidence, opportunity for fresh crime. Furthermore, each stage affords to the professional criminal increased opportunities to escape punishment through legal technicalities, through the indifference of public officials, through political or other outside influences.

The startling fact is that inherently these three separate steps are not necessary, but are largely reduplication and waste effort. The grand jury is a historical survival coming down from the Assize of Clarendon of 1166. Although under very different social conditions it formerly proved of inestimable value, in modern times it has degenerated into something very like a rubber stamp to validate the opinions of the prosecuting attorney. Its one-time function of preparing the accusation to be tried by the petit jury can far more efficiently be performed by the prosecuting attorney, who does the actual drawing up of the bill of indictment even under the grand-jury system; its function of determining whether probable cause exists for holding the defendant for trial can far better be performed by a trained judge or by the prosecuting officer himself. Although it may usefully be retained for investigating widespread criminal conditions or corruption, — the 'presentment' of the common law, — the grand jury, as a necessary step in felony procedure, has been abolished in eighteen states, and only good results have followed.

The preliminary examination by the magistrate was unknown to the early common law. It was a step introduced at later times to avoid the hardship of holding one accused of felony until a grand jury was in session or could hear the evidence. Under rural conditions, when the grand jury sat only at stated periods, it relieved the defendant of considerable hardship. But the unfortunate result of its past development is that it remains to-day completely divorced from the later trial proceedings. It is ordinarily conducted by entirely different judges, by different prosecuting officials, generally with a totally different objective. In many places the oral testimony taken at the preliminary examination is not even preserved for the trial, which may occur months later. When the time for trial is finally reached evidence which might have been easily secured when the case was fresh has been allowed to leak away. A new prosecuting attorney, a stranger to all the initial proceedings, steps in to gather again the various state's witnesses for the trial.

The ineffectiveness of such procedure to gain either speed or certainty of result must be apparent on its face.

When it is remembered that in cases passing through these three separate steps the state's witnesses are made to appear and personally give their evidence on three separate occasions, that the serious difficulties of securing intelligent jurors are doubled by requiring examination of each felony by both a grand and a petit jury, that weeks and often months are allowed to elapse between the preliminary hearing and the first trial of guilt, that the costs and the growing evils attendant upon the bail system increase with every delay, when the slow-moving, cumbrous machinery, designed for an earlier age, is watched in actual operation, creaking and groaning and on countless occasions

missing fire, one begins to wonder how the results can be as good as they are. An actual count of some 4000 felony cases in Cleveland in 1919 showed that out of every 100 felony cases beginning in the Municipal Court 26 were nol-prossed, discharged, or for some reason failed to survive the preliminary examination; that out of the remaining 74 cases 16 never got beyond the grand-jury room; that out of the remaining 58 cases put on trial 21 defendants secured a nol. pros. from the new prosecuting attorney, were acquitted, or in some other way escaped sentence; that out of the remaining 37 found guilty and sentenced eight managed to secure a suspended sentence. Out of the original 100 cases, therefore, only 29 defendants actually were made to serve a sentence; and, of these, seven got off with a fine, seven with short-term imprisonment in the workhouse, and only 15 were sent to the state penitentiary or reformatory. In other words, a professional criminal in Cleveland might know that, even if he bungled so as to be caught and forced into court, in only 15 per cent of the felony cases would the defendant have to go to state prison. Who would not take the chance?

The Cleveland statistics do not stand alone. The Minnesota Crime Survey reported that for every hundred automobiles stolen in the city of St. Paul only five convictions were obtained (although, it is only fair to say, a high percentage of automobiles were recovered). The statistics collected by the New York Crime Commission showed that 'of all felony cases originating in arrests in New York City, about 2 per cent are eliminated by the police, 57 per cent in the preliminary hearing, 12 per cent in the grand jury, 8 per cent in the trial court, and 5 per cent after guilt is established. Putting it another way, if we start with 100 per cent of arrests . . . 15.42 per cent are actually imprisoned or fined. . . . While it is not wise to use these percentages as measures of "efficiency," it is nevertheless true that either we are arresting many innocent people, perhaps altogether too many, or we are permitting altogether too many guilty people to escape through the meshes of our criminal procedure.'

A professional criminal might also know that the more serious the crime, the smaller the proportion apparently of those actually punished. In the words of the recent report of a New York State Joint Legislative Committee, 'for every ten murders committed in London, 160 are committed in New York City; and seven out of London's ten are hanged while only one out of New York's 160 is executed.' In the face of actual facts can anyone claim that criminal justice in America is either sure or swift?

Fruitful results probably depend as much upon corrective changes in the details of criminal administration as upon changes in the large. Space forbids discussion of such details, for these differ in every state. There are still jurisdictions where justice can be thwarted by simon-pure technicalities. There was a time when a California court set aside a conviction because in the indictment the letter 'n' was accidentally omitted from the word 'larceny'; a Texas court held fatal the omission of the word 'to' in the expression 'intent to kill and murder.' Such miscarriages of justice still occasionally occur. In most states the defendant has the right to delay the trial and increase greatly the difficulty of securing competent jurors by an excessive number of peremptory challenges. The not infrequent practice of requiring a new bail bond at every new stage of the case

exaggerates the evil of the professional bondsman who preys upon the innocent but stands ready as part of the 'system' to lend every assistance to the professional criminal. The surprising laxity in the enforcement of forfeited bail bonds bears evidence of the inefficiency with which we operate our criminal machinery. A careful examination revealed that in Cleveland only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the forfeited bail bonds were actually collected.

The privilege of a criminal defendant to refuse to give testimony survives from the days when in civil as well as in criminal actions a party was incompetent as a witness and when in felony trials the defendant was not allowed the benefit of counsel. Whatever may have been its merits at a time when torture was still in use in Scotland and on the Continent as a means for gaining self-incriminatory evidence, it is a privilege which under modern conditions cannot profit the innocent, but may prove very effective in preventing the conviction of the guilty. It is probably an important factor in encouraging the use of 'third-degree' methods by the police. Yet in many states the constitutions preserve with religious veneration the privilege against self-incrimination, and its abolition can be obtained only by constitutional amendment.

Constitutional provisions in most states similarly require the jury form of trial and prevent our experimenting with other possibly more efficient forms, such as tribunals composed of law experts and laymen, sitting and voting together, as adopted in certain sections of Europe. Indeed, so deeply rooted in our ideas of justice is the jury form of trial that in many states, even upon the express request of the defendant, the jury may not be waived. In states where this is permitted, however, the results have apparently more than justified the practice. In Maryland actual experience has shown that the trial without a jury is so much speedier, cheaper, and altogether more satisfactory, that in the year 1924 over 90 per cent of all the cases in the criminal court of Baltimore City were tried in this way; and in the Hartford court in Connecticut, where the same practice now prevails, the defendants choose to be tried without a jury in some 70 per cent of cases.

'Trial by jury,' says Dicey in his *Law of the Constitution*, 'is open to much criticism; a distinguished French thinker may be right in holding that the habit of submitting difficult problems of fact to the decision of twelve men of not more than average education and intelligence will in the near future be considered an absurdity as patent as ordeal by battle. Its success in England is wholly due to, and is the most extraordinary sign of, popular confidence in the judicial bench. A judge is the colleague and the readily accepted guide of the jurors.' The glory of the English jury system rests largely upon the power invested in the judge, who, with the right to interpret facts and to give large guidance to the jury, is always an impartial and powerful force for justice. Yet in many of our American states to-day the judge has for various reasons degenerated into a mere mouthpiece of judicial learning; he is commonly robbed of all power to comment on the facts. Even in his vital function of instructing the jury, instead of framing his instructions in language of his own, free from all partiality or bias, it has become a common practice for him merely to read selections from ready-made instructions, requested by one side or the other, framed in a partisan way by astute counsel governed only by the desire to win.

The machine of American criminal

justice badly needs repair; it is antiquated, ill-suited to the demands of modern conditions, and very inefficiently operated. For the outcome we have only ourselves to blame. The most fundamental requisites of any system of criminal justice — speed and certainty — are conspicuously absent.

III

The work of detecting and apprehending criminals has been comparatively little emphasized in America. Our minds are so engrossed in the defects of the law that we are inclined to forget that we must catch a criminal before we can try him. An absolute perfection of law and procedure can yield no results in the case of an unarrested criminal. The Baltimore Crime Commission reported that, for the 2825 serious crimes committed in the city during six months in 1923, only 734 arrests were made and only 440 persons indicted — less than one in six. The deterrence of penal treatment can have little effect if a prospective criminal believes that, even if his crime is discovered, there is less than one chance in six of his being brought to trial. It will not do to attribute such conditions to the corruption of the police, for the facts do not bear out any such sweeping indictment. The result must be sought rather in the crying inefficiency of American police methods.

Unlike Europe, we have not yet learned in this country, with one or two notable exceptions, to utilize the resources of science for police detection work. Under European methods the police are trained to examine with a high degree of skill every detail connected with the crime and to rely upon scientific experts at every turn. Nothing is too minute for examination and study. The investigating officer therefore spares no pains to seek for the slightest clue — even a single hair caught on the hands of victims, lodged upon some piece of clothing, or fallen on the ground near by. Any such discoveries he promptly turns over to an expert microscopist. Thus, in a recorded case in Austria, a man was gravely wounded by an unknown person on a very dark night. The criminal dropped his cap in his flight, and inside the cap two hairs were found. After a careful examination the expert microscopist was able to describe the wearer as 'a man of middle age, of robust constitution, inclined to obesity; black hair intermingled with gray, recently cut; commencing to grow bald.' In comparison with such European methods one is reminded of the cap which figured in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial — found at the scene of the Braintree murder and alleged to belong to Sacco. Upon the identification of its wearer hung an issue of nation-wide concern. Yet, according to the testimony of Chief Gallivan of Braintree, he carried the cap around for ten days to two weeks under the seat of his automobile, and then himself ripped the lining to find identification marks before he ultimately gave it to Captain Scott. Under European police methods even particles of dust have proved of large importance in identifying unknown criminals. As Gross says: —

> The coat of a locksmith contains a different kind of dust from that of a miller; that accumulated in the pocket of a schoolboy is essentially different from that in the pocket of a chemist; while in the groove of the pocketknife of a dandy a different kind of dust will be found from that in the pocketknife of a tramp. . . .
>
> One day, for instance, there was found upon the scene of a crime a garment from which no information could be obtained as to its owner. The coat was placed in a

strong and well-gummed paper bag which was beaten with sticks as vigorously and for as long a time as could be done without the paper tearing; the packet was left alone for a short time and then opened, the dust being carefully collected and submitted to a Chemical Examiner. Examination proved that the dust was entirely composed of woody fibrous matter finely pulverized; the deduction drawn was that the coat belonged to a carpenter, joiner, or sawyer, etc. But among the dust much gelatine and powdered glue was found; this not being used by carpenters or sawyers, the further deduction was drawn that the garment belonged to a joiner — which turned out to be in fact the case.

These random illustrations suffice to show the contrast between the expert and scientific methods in use in Europe and our haphazard amateur ways in America. When one also remembers that on the Continent the police keep careful registration cards for every person, that change of name is illegal and impracticable, that the police keep constantly adding fresh information on the individual registration cards, and that therefore at any moment the police have available a more or less complete history of each individual, one begins to comprehend why the chances of identifying and arresting those guilty of crime in Europe are in favor of the police, in America greatly in favor of the criminal.

In America we have as yet neither the training schools nor the police personnel to make possible such results as are achieved in Europe. The average training for police work in European cities involves a course of intensive study of from six months to a year; in Vienna a three-year course is given. Until we build up in America effective police-training schools it is grotesque to expect startling results in the detection or reduction of crime.

Furthermore, until we raise the police above the level of politics to the dignity of a highly trained profession, we cannot expect first-rate men to enter police work. In Austria, not long ago, the nation's Prime Minister, after surrendering his portfolio, returned to his work as Chief of Police of Vienna. Such things cannot come in America until we can assure those entering the profession of a continuous career safe from the vicissitudes of politics and free from all political interference. It is much the same lesson which we have had to learn with respect to our national diplomatic service — that career men are necessary for expert work, and that expert work is a prerequisite for efficiency.

Police work of a really efficient character must include crime prevention as well as crime detection. Under conventional methods efficient patrol work may prevent holdups and assaults on patrolled streets, and good detective work may have a strong deterrent effect upon burglaries and 'inside jobs'; but at best these conventional methods are almost a negligible factor in reducing the volume of crime. Here again creative work is sorely needed. It should be the business of an efficient police force to gain a wide knowledge of individual lawbreakers and their companions, of suspects and 'bad risks'; and this intimate knowledge should be utilized as the basis for preventive work by bringing about contacts between individuals hovering near the danger line and the various social agencies or organizations best fitted to cope with the given situation. The underlying principles of probation work need not necessarily be confined to formal assignments covering only those who have already overstepped the line and run afoul of the courts. If the danger is due to defective physical or mental characteristics, steps should be directed toward the necessary treatment; if due to environment and

social conditions it may prove possible to change the environment or even to remedy the conditions. Again, in the case of convicts discharged from prison, the police have it peculiarly within their power either to hound or genuinely to help them. The preventive work of the police at such a time can be a very material factor in the reduction of recidivism and the prevention of the convict's return to jail. As Colonel Arthur Woods, the former Police Commissioner of New York City, puts it: 'The preventive policeman is the policeman of the future. However faithfully he does it, he can no longer fully justify himself by simply "pounding the beat."'

IV

The reform of the substantive criminal law, the reform of procedural machinery, the development of more scientific methods of crime detection and crime prevention, are in reality little more than playing around the edges of the real problem. What are we going to do with the human beings whom we have arrested, tried, and convicted? There we come to the heart of the problem of criminal justice.

For centuries we have assumed that crime is the voluntary choice of a free agent and that it will somehow benefit society to punish the criminal; and upon these two assumptions we have based our whole penal system. Modern scientific investigation has shaken to its foundations each of these assumptions. We have discovered that a large part of crime is inevitable, — the result partly of inherent physiological abnormalities and mental defects, and partly of social environment and economic conditions, — and that therefore any theory which bases punishment upon the moral blameworthiness of the wrongdoer must be open to very serious question. Hard experience has shown us also that punishment as an end and aim in itself yields surprisingly little in the way of social gain, and generally hardens the victim beyond all hope of redemption. In actual operation our punitive or retributive theory is not preventing crime or saving those convicted from criminal careers. Modern criminologists are finding that over half of our prison populations are recidivists, men who have been convicted before. Glueck's study of 608 consecutive admissions to Sing Sing Prison in New York showed that 66.8 per cent were recidivists. An authoritative recent study reveals a similar percentage in New York county jails and penitentiaries. Investigations in other states have shown similar results. The venerable retributive theory, blue-blooded, sanctified by the ages, has gone down under the fire of modern criticism and scientific investigation. Yet upon this retributive theory is based the penal code of nearly every American state.

In place of the barren aim of punishment or expiation, modern scientific thought has sought more practical ways of conserving the social welfare and, as the bed-rock objectives of criminal justice, has concentrated upon the reformation wherever possible of the individual offender, the prevention of further crime on his part, and the deterrence of others from imitating the offense. This means the intensely practical problem of securing results in human conduct, a problem which the mere abstractions of penal codes will not solve. The task is not to fit the penal treatment to an abstract crime, but to a concrete criminal — to discover some method of social treatment which will register results in the consciousness of the offender himself. The objective changes from punishment as such to social reinstatement

of the criminal. Prevention and deterrence are to be gained wherever possible as by-products of social reinstatement. To attain such an objective, mass treatment is evidently futile. What proves immensely effective with one will be utterly unavailing with another. Individualization of treatment is the only way. From this there can be no escape. Emphasis must shift from the crime to the criminal.

The task, then, becomes a twofold one: first, that of guilt-finding, the sorting out of those individuals who need social rehabilitation; and, second, the finding of some practical means for effecting such rehabilitation. The real touchstone of success in criminal administration lies in the second part of the task; if this fails, the mere sorting-out process must be to a certain extent waste effort.

Trained experts are needed for each part of this twofold work. The sorting-out process — guilt-finding — is the work primarily of the lawyer and the judge.

Once guilt has been determined, however, the most delicate and critical part of the task of criminal administration begins. What will be the best form of curative social treatment to yield concrete results? The answer must evidently vary for each offender; for if vital results are to be had it must depend, not on the nature of the isolated act which constitutes the crime, but on the character of the criminal himself, as evidenced by his whole past history, his physiological and mental condition, his behavior reactions, his habits, his beliefs, his general outlook on life. Three individuals are separately convicted, each for the theft of the same amount of money. Under the old theories, criminal justice would require that precisely the same term of imprisonment should be imposed upon each. The first offender may be a hardened professional who has been living a life of crime for twenty-five years and has served two or more prison terms already; the second offender may be a boy of fifteen in his formative years; the third a man of forty, industrious, but unable to get employment because of an oversupply of the labor market, with a clean, good record to his credit. Should all necessarily have the same treatment because all committed the same crime? Does not reason demand that after conviction prisoners be individually studied, sorted into social groupings, and treated according to the needs of each group and, so far as practicable, of each individual criminal?

Already we have made a beginning. In most states to-day juvenile offenders are no longer treated in the mass with other criminals, but are singled out for such individual social treatment as seems best calculated to save the particular child from the pathway of crime. Similarly, criminals found to be irresponsible by reason of insanity are ordinarily separated into another group, and committed to special institutions for the insane. So, a movement is afoot in many states to differentiate the group of hardened professionals, who, it is generally felt, should receive a different kind of sentence from that of first offenders. Thus the classical theory of imposing exactly the same punishment upon all guilty of the same offense is breaking down in practice, and we are beginning in a limited way to determine penal treatment according to social groupings and classifications quite irrespective of the nature of the offense committed.

Along this pathway lies the great need for future work and research. May it not be possible to define and set apart other social groups needing separate study and particularized treatment, as well as juveniles and insane

criminals? For instance, the group of alcoholics and drug addicts, who form a substantial part of every criminal population, present a problem of social reconstruction of surpassing difficulty, yet of the very greatest importance. Again, morons, mental defectives, the feeble-minded, constitute another substantial group, also requiring intensive study and treatment differentiated according to their special needs. For many of this group, training in a skilled or semiskilled trade and careful parole work are all that is necessary. Others, like certain types of the insane, need permanent care. Professional and hardened criminals form still another group who do not react normally to ordinary stimuli. To expect them to respond to stereotyped methods of treatment, or to keep them mingled indiscriminately in prison populations, is disastrous from every point of view. Through the failure to give them separate treatment many a prison has been turned into a factory of crime. Still other problems arise in connection with the psychoneurotic group, the physically diseased group, the old-age group. Improved forms of treatment wait upon improved scientific methods; and these in turn depend upon increased study and research with further individualization of treatment within each group.

The problem of social treatment is so complex, so beset with difficulties at every turn, that no one who has given it serious study will attempt to lay down the precise form which an improved machinery should take. There are, nevertheless, certain fundamental principles which would seem to indicate the general direction in which we must look if results are to be attained. If treatment is to be individualized, once the legal experts have determined guilt, the problem of separating those convicted into the proper social groups and determining upon the most effective form of treatment in each case is one which legal learning will not solve. The lawyer must step aside in favor of the doctor, the psychologist, the psychiatrist, the sociologist. The simplest process for achieving such a result would seem to be that the court should turn over those found guilty to a specially appointed and carefully chosen group or board for determining, upon the advice of expert assistants and upon the basis of searching physiological and psychiatric examinations, in which social grouping each convicted offender is to be placed and to what kind of treatment each is to be subjected. The concentration of power and responsibility in such a board will bring about the coördination and regularization of the present rather haphazard efforts in the direction of social treatment; and by keeping in intimate contact with various social agencies throughout the state it could achieve a really effective piece of work. Needless to say, if it is to be made a responsible body, it must have the additional power to see that its orders are properly carried out, and subsequently to transfer offenders from group to group, to modify treatment in the light of concrete results, and to discharge finally or on probation those who no longer need institutional or social care.

After the setting aside of the more or less well-defined classes, as suggested above, there would remain a large number whose abnormalities would not be so pronounced or distinct as to demand group treatment of a differentiated or highly specialized nature. To devise for this large group forms of treatment redemptive rather than punitive is the final crucial problem of criminal administration. Here imperatively we need creative thought opening up new avenues of experimentation.

Whatever the system of treatment, whether in large central institutions or in detached units or not within institution walls at all, certain underlying fundamentals seem clear. If social rehabilitation is the objective sought it can never be finally attained by force and compulsion, for it is essentially a thing of the spirit. Discipline and enforced obedience in the earlier stages of treatment for the majority must be strict; but there is a difference between the discipline which subdues and makes sodden, and the discipline which enforces order so that other constructive forces can operate. The pathway toward social rehabilitation must evidently be a progressive one, the offender passing from stage to stage by dint of his own exertions. Voluntary effort must win its way over compulsion, and the will of the offender himself must be enlisted in a coöperative effort to achieve his freedom through making himself fit for his responsibilities as a member of society. Always the treatment must be individualized so as to evoke individual responsive effort. The final return to society must be through a gradual relaxation of restrictions and an extended period of parole. To imprison a social defective for years in a place where everything seems calculated to make him peculiarly unfit for freedom and then suddenly to disgorge him into blinding freedom, penniless and friendless, and expect him to go and sin no more, is almost grotesque.

In emphasizing the objective of social rehabilitation the preventive and deterrent elements of criminal justice are not to be forgotten. But the social rehabilitation of the felon, if successful, is almost sure to carry in its train prevention and deterrence. Those who would emphasize deterrence above all else must not forget that our present system is conspicuously failing to deter. Mere savagery of punishment does not deter. The history of criminal law in England shows that during the eighteenth century, when one hundred and sixty different offenses were punishable with death, crime flourished. Even when pocket-picking was punishable by death, a public hanging, when everybody was looking upward, was a favorite place for pickpockets to ply their trade. Deterrence comes not through severity of punishment, but through certainty and celerity of conviction. The more severe the punishment, the fewer guilty persons will be convicted, as everyone who has worked with juries must know. The element of deterrence under the present system must be small when the prospective criminal may know that there is considerably less than one chance in ten of his being caught and forced to serve a sentence, and that, even if convicted, the mere lapse of a fixed number of years, irrespective of his own effort or character, will see him free once more. If he knew that there was at least an equal chance of being caught and convicted, if he knew that after conviction his right to freedom would be dependent upon his own conduct, and that after his discharge he would remain under partial surveillance for an extended time, there would be less crime.

Such are the signposts toward the way of reform of criminal administration. At every turn, creative thought and careful, patient experimentation are necessary. The solution can come only slowly, very gradually, as legal scholars, psychiatrists, sociologists, and other special workers make their peculiar contributions, each in his own field. In the end American civilization will prove equal to the task; but the battle must be fought on many fronts.

A POST-WAR DIARY

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES À COURT REPINGTON

Friday, October 10, 1924.—Went to see Foch at 8, Boulevard des Invalides at 10.30. Some of his old hands are still with him, including one whom I remember at Cassel in 1914. The Marshal is aging. His step is less firm and his back is a bit bent. The old fire—but it comes and goes, and he seems occasionally to lose the thread of his ideas. But there is the same action with the words. I said that I had come to consult him about points of history and about the future. His last 'directive' to the Allied Armies was dated November 10, 1918. What was his directive to the Allied Armies today? 'L'union d'abord,' he replied, and then sent for the authentic text of three of his last speeches at Verdun, Boulogne, and Beauvais, telling me that I should find in them the information which I sought. I put them in my pocket. The Beauvais speech is the best.

'But what about the Official History?' I asked. 'It gets on; it is nearly ready,' he replied. I said that I had been told the same thing six years ago. He seemed dissatisfied about the history. He really did not know how it stood. It would be a very dull document, he said. But it would have all the essential papers and would be of serious value to the historians of the war, but of little interest to the public.

'Are we really to be left so destitute?' I asked. 'I am trying just now to write a little story of the first Ypres battle in 1914, and I can find nothing worth reading.' Was the Marshal going to leave us nothing after such stupendous events? How could I, or anyone, write the history of the 1914 Ypres without his maps which he had shown me at Cassel in 1914?

'They are all there,' said the Marshal, pointing to a table near, 'and I am writing my own account.' I said that I was delighted to hear it; when would it be ready? 'I do a little every day, and it gets on,' he said. All the documents were there, and he worked at it when he had time. I said that he had an advantage which many women would like to have, because Marshals had no age limit; but would not the Marshal consider how important it was for him to complete the work before he began to grow old? He agreed that age would impair the clarity and force of his history, and was disposed to agree that he should hurry up his story.

I don't think the Marshal is very contented with his position, and he complained that he had never been invited to England since Henry Wilson's funeral. He got on all right at the Ambassadors' Conference, in which connection he praised Eric Phipps, but otherwise was not much consulted now. He told me several stories about the war. One was about August 8, 1918. The Canadian folk in London had made Lloyd George wire to insist that the Canadians should not be used, owing to their losses. Foch had told no one what was in the wind for August 8, neither L. G. nor Clemenceau. L. G. had grown anxious, and had demanded

that an officer should be sent over to inform him of the exact position not later than August 7. So Colonel Grant went. He was not sent for that day, but on August 8, at noon, went before the Cabinet. He told them, to L. G.'s angry disgust, that the Canadians were just then fighting a great battle. Fury of L. G. 'The battle has been a great victory,' Grant quietly added. Collapse of L. G. In the same way Clemenceau had been amazed and asked where Foch had found all the troops for the battle. 'I have rearranged them and we have won a victory.' The Tiger then ceased growling. Foch said that, when one was determined to attack, the dead recovered, the missing rejoined the ranks, the lost guns were discovered, and so on. 'It is with dead, missing, and lost guns that I have won victories,' he said.

I asked him if the Allied Generals had ever fallen out, for I knew no case except the Nivelle-Haig row. He said that all the Allied Generals were invariably in agreement and never fell out. The upheaval in the French Command at the end of 1916 was the greatest misfortune that had occurred to France. The war would have finished in 1917 but for that misfortune. That was a political decision. London had not trusted my report on the position of military affairs.

We had a long talk for an hour and a half. On leaving the Marshal I gave a lift to one of his staff, who told me that Foch kept a diary all through the war and after it, and had it always at his elbow. In it he noted all those whom he saw and his conversations with them, as well as scattered thoughts on events. It was of course a confidential document and would not be published. I ventured to differ. Why should posterity have the absorbing interest of reading and learning the truth, and not Foch's comrades and contemporaries? I was sure that it would be published when Foch was dead. It will certainly be a gem. Foch said to-day that it was as possible to succeed in peace as in war, provided that all plans were made to ensure success in peace, as they were in war. I think that diplomacy needs a Staff College.

I had been to the Sainte-Chapelle and the Conciergerie yesterday and completed the visit by Notre Dame to-day. Saw the vestments of the priests at Mary Stuart's wedding when she married the Dauphin. Only one is original, but is the most perfect specimen of sixteenth-century embroidery, with pictures of Mary on it of the greatest interest and value. Was her hair so fair — almost golden — and so long? We have never been told so, except by the Janet miniature at Windsor, which agrees on the point of color. Morton's portrait does not show the hair, if I remember rightly. But in later years Mary wore wigs of various shades.

In the afternoon I had a long talk with Marshal Joffre at the École Militaire. After compliments, I began by mentioning an allusion to Joffre in Lord Bertie's diary, published in the *Morning Post* on Wednesday last. Joffre does not understand or read English, and had not seen it. I told him one of Bertie's stories was that in 1914 Joffre had told Viviani that unless Messimy was unloaded he, Joffre, would commit suicide and leave a paper to state the reason. 'It is false; it is totally incorrect,' said the Marshal. I said that I was not surprised at the denial, as the Marshal was the last man in the world that I should have suspected of contemplating suicide. He said that Messimy caused him no disquiet and had been very helpful to him, going indeed further in Joffre's direction than anyone else had done. I said I supposed that Lord Bertie had

heard what seemed to be a good story and had jotted it down.

Then I asked about war history, and found that the Marshal was another candidate for literary honors. He would finish his account of the war in a few months. It was his *déposition* for the benefit of posterity and he would leave it to his wife and daughter. He would not pretend that it would please everyone, but he had been scrupulously exact in every statement. I said that I was delighted. I had no history of the war from the French side that was worth anything.

We talked all round a variety of military subjects, including the 'black troops' quartered in France, on which I gave the Marshal very serious objections. He thought that a nucleus of these troops in the South of France would not be a danger. I replied that it was not the *thèse boche* that I was advocating, but the question of the prestige of the white races, and the evil influence of any reduction of this prestige in Northern Africa. The whites had only a slight hold on Africa and a Mahomedan upheaval might spread far and fast. We seemed to forget how few whites there were in Africa.

Joffre is looking pale and softer than of old, but his brain is still good. He is aging, but may still go on for some time. He was most cordial, but will not let me quote him by name if I write. He has an honorific post and great worries, but nothing to do.

Maurice Pernot of the *Débats*, and soon afterward Georges Mandel, Clemenceau's War Chef de Cabinet, came to see me and we had a long talk together. Pernot is undertaking his trip to Persia and Afghanistan next spring, and I hope that the *Daily Telegraph* may take him on. He is tired of Rome and says that Mussolini has lied to him and made him lie, I assume by false statements. He says that Fascism is in difficulties, not only from the Liberal revival, but from Fascism itself. He says that when he, Pernot, first occupied his rooms in the Via Giulio Cesare, where I have visited him, he thought it would be amusing to see incidents from the grand tier of the theatre, but that the continual shooting in his street was beginning to tire him. He declares that from Venetia to Ancona there is unceasing violence on both sides, and that it cannot go on.

Pernot goes for a month to Egypt and will then work up to Peshawar. He hopes to do Afghanistan in March and April 1925. He will be acting for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and will write a weekly letter for the *Débats*. He is bringing out a book on the Vatican and the war. He says the Vatican is the only institution that has realized that the old European colonial system will be dead in fifty years. They have transferred the bulk of their foreign missions to *native* hands with a view to the future, and only retain a general supervision in the hands of the whites. They are schooling the natives to initiate things. A very interesting movement, worthy of Cardinal Gasparri's sagacity.

Mandel says that Clemenceau has just finished a three-volume work on 'the place of God in world religions.'

Saturday, October 11. — Mandel had given me an introduction to the Conservateur of Fontainebleau, M. d'Esparbes, so I motored there to-day with some friends, saw the park and grounds first, lunched at Mme. Dumaine's Hôtel d'Angleterre and saw her great collection of nineteenth-century French and English prints, which are famous. I saw no specially excellent states, but the collection is unique and immense, and has been collected in the course of forty years by Mme. Dumaine and her husband. At 2.30 called for the

Conservateur, who very kindly took us over the whole palace and showed many rooms which are only shown to privileged visitors. Extraordinarily interesting, and I would not have missed it for a good deal. The rooms of Napoleon and Josephine and the washing, etc., arrangements were very strange indeed.

Marie Antoinette's boudoir is a dream, and Canova's head of Napoleon, aged thirty-six, is a great work of art. Boney's chairs in his severe little dining room are very perfect. Two very fine Bouchers and some perfect tapestries. There are two thousand rooms, and in spite of all the large area there are only ten caretakers! So many courts are becoming overgrown with weeds. This is almost the only royal palace in France which is furnished. Empire, of course, in the main. Napoleon began the restoration, and that is why it is all Empire. Louis Philippe's restorations are in bad taste. I wonder why the French neglect this palace so much. Diane de Poitiers's bedroom must have been lovely.

Much indebted to the Conservateur, who spent two hours in showing us round. He is a poet and an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, but not so great an expert on Boney's work with his Staff as Colonel de Philip, of whose work he had never heard. I managed before I left to get a secondhand copy and sent it to him. The little room where the abdication was signed and the Cour des Adieux, where Napoleon took leave of the Old Guard, are very impressive from their historical interest.

Tuesday, October 14. — Went to the Palais Bourbon to see M. Painlevé, now President of the Chamber. Heilbronner showed me over the reception rooms, which have some superb *boiserie* and ceilings, but the furniture and chimneypieces are poor and comparatively modern. The Chambers have no right to be called the Palais Bourbon. A pleasant garden. Met a nice Frenchman from the F. O. and afterward Franklin-Bouillon, whose appearance I did not much care for, as I am prejudiced against him, no doubt. He was very agreeable all the same, and said that France never forgot those who stood by her in dark days. He said that he and I might differ, but he was sure that we should each admit when we were wrong. I said I was perfectly sure that we should neither of us ever admit anything of the sort!

Found M. Painlevé much the same as in old days. Science keeps a man fit. After greetings he told me that he has not quite the scope he would like in his present post of Speaker, and does not mean to settle into it as a profession, but that he can do a good deal of good *dans les coulisses* and can even help this Government — and no doubt do the reverse to a Government of another color. We talked Army affairs first. P.'s view is that an *armée de métier* would cause fear in France. 'Why should it?' I asked. 'Our Army did not care a hang about politics and minded its own business. Why should it be different here?' France, said Painlevé, was not like England, with her old traditions. P. would like one year's service instead of eighteen months, and an extension of reëngagements. In fact he saw a conscript army *enracinée* in the soil, with long-service men in larger numbers. He thought that Pétain would consent to this. He would if a Government so decided, but it would be a worse army and dearer. . . . I told him my ideas about the next conference and that we should be better without, but he says it is *exigée* by our Government. . . .

P. thought it a real danger that we should all disarm, for then the nation with the largest population would have

the pull, especially if it had the industrial capacity for rapid arming, like Germany. He is very anxious about letting the Germans back into the Cologne zone.

Wednesday, October 15. — After doing some business, went to the British Embassy for a talk with H. E. Lord Crewe. He was very well and in good form. I told him of my mission and of what I had heard here. He was much interested in both the military and the civil side. He thinks that the Disarmament Conference cannot be avoided. I spoke to him of Jaspar's lecture summarized in the *Étoile Belge* of October 12. He has a respect for Painlevé and heard his views with interest. His view of our elections is that the Conservatives will either win or at least have the largest party in Parliament. But both Conservatives and Liberals hate coalition, and the Liberals may support the Conservatives by an agreement on general principles of policy. He thought that the combination of MacDonald and Herriot had been useful and had produced good results. He agreed with me that Germany is still the King Charles's head of French ideas and that it still absorbs them. He said our Labor politicians were surprised that Herriot had not gone as far as they wanted to go. No Frenchman, H. E. thought, could go a great distance in their direction. The feeling against Germany was still too strong. He thought that our relations with France were now pretty good. We wondered who would be Conservative Foreign Minister if the Tories came in. He said that Curzon and Poincaré had no relations and that it was hard to say who hated the other most.

Lord Crewe thought that an accord between us and France was not technically against the law, but he did not know in what form regional accords had up to now been presented to the League of Nations.

Crewe thought aloud about the question of France and American friendship, and, without denying the importance of French amity, which he would be the last to decry, he was disposed to think an accord with America a more permanent interest to us. He also told me that the Bertie journals had been submitted to the F. O. and to Windsor and that a great deal had been cut out.

In the evening saw *La Crise*. Not wonderful. Can't find a topical piece like the one in which Loucheur and Mandel figured at King Edward's favorite theatre, the Capucines.

Thursday, October 16. — Saw M. Briand at 10 A.M. at 52, Avenue Kléber. His housekeeper admitted that Briand, who is a bachelor, is *très matinal* and gets up at 6 or 7 A.M. I found him in splendid form and good health. I should say that his powers were as formidable as ever. He has lost nothing of his old fire and charm. He is quite contented to be the representative of France at Geneva, because the League is *une très grosse question* and, as M. Bourgeois is far from well, Briand has almost complete power. But I think he would not mind being back at the Quai d'Orsay before long, and he spoke in a friendly way of Herriot and his Government and thinks it will endure because it represents the true spirit of France, which wants, above all, peace, and an entente with England, which is regarded by the mass of the people as the basis of peace. He thought that Geneva had been a great success in September, but was anxious, as I am, about the Disarmament Conference. His policy at Cannes had been to get the Anglo-French accord first, but now things had been reversed. All the work of obligatory arbitration, the definition

of the aggressor, etc., had been good at Geneva, but the Disarmament Conference was a great danger.

He, as Member of the League of Nations Council, admitted that the body was faced by a problem of almost insuperable difficulty — namely, how to prepare the coming Conference next autumn, and even how to formulate a questionnaire to the Powers for the November meeting, since postponed to December, which is to prepare this Conference. I said that my view was that such Conference should never have been called together, and that we should not go further than the terms of Article 8 of the League Convention, first paragraph. But he objected that Ramsay MacDonald had *exigé* the present plan, and agreed that France, England, and Belgium should have a regional accord in the West of Europe to meet the case. Such accords were only communicated to the League of Nations in very general terms — a few lines only — and such details as military arrangements were not included. He thought that this could be done, and that the Staffs should then examine the problem and eventualities and agree together. He told me that Germany would certainly become a member of the League this year. It would be an advantage for the Allies, for a war of revenge was much more difficult to arrange when Germany was surrounded by all the machinery of Geneva. (This point should not be mentioned publicly.)

Briand did not think that the U. S. could long remain outside the League, and he thought that the Pacific Treaties, the accords, and the Protocol could be linked together and made the bridge to bring the U. S. in. It was our duty to facilitate her entrance, and he thought the U. S. must be uneasy that so many American republics, eighteen in all, were already in the League.

He described as *enfantillage* the craze of our Socialist Government for disarmament, and thought with me that this would only come in time, when confidence in the League was established by practical demonstrations.

He felt that air forces had greatly inclined the people toward peace, for they felt that they were all in a war, and that now they were not even safe when asleep in their beds with a good cotton nightcap on their heads. Germany was still, for France, the great danger, and all her thoughts were centred on it. France had to lead affairs in the Centre and East of Europe because England was disinterested in these questions, and he allowed for the English point of view. He thought that the economical pressure of all States was a very severe form of pressure — for example, that of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden against Russia and Germany, even if these Allies of ours had no armies.

Briand agreed with Painlevé's ideas on an *armée de métier*. He thinks that finding a formula for armament reduction is like squaring the circle.

German nationalism is on the down grade, he thinks. If Marx would face it, he would win, but he does not, and the Nationalists try to gain their ends by political menaces. I asked Briand about his sudden resignation after Cannes. He said that he had resigned to prevent a Presidential crisis and for no other reason. Poincaré had given various other explanations, but this was the true one.

Maurice Pernot and I lunched at Maxim's and discussed his journey. He told me much of Italy. He said that Mussolini had bribed foreign journalists right and left. The syndicate of the foreign press had been bribed through its president, and then he, Pernot, and three others had left it. None of these four was an Englishman,

but the others were American correspondents of English and American papers. Three Paris papers were also bribed. He drew my attention to two articles in the *Observer* (August and September) on Italian finances, both of which were mendacious and inspired from Rome. He thought the *Temps* was now run by a man with some name like Reux and that its attitude was slippery. R. had been tackled by someone who had asked why a position defined on the first page was differently represented on the second. R. said that the *Temps* had four pages and so this must be allowed for. There was no individual permitted to write his own mind now. All was done to order, and the result was chaos. Gauvain, in the *Débats*, though he had attacked England bitterly, was given a free hand. So was Pertinax in the *Écho de Paris*. It was better that people should be allowed to state their opinions than that opinion should be misinterpreted by a man like R., who had organized Kruger's journey through Europe in old days, and was a dangerous man.

Pernot would hardly believe my statement that English papers were not bribed. He said that we bribed also the French press. I said that I knew no case of it. He had met Dawson of the *Times* in Rome and found that he could speak no word of any foreign language and might have stayed at home quite as well.

Friday, October 17. — G. Mandel, 17, Avenue Mozart XVI, at lunch. We had a great talk on history and the press. We are agreed that, with the information that we had in 1918, the Armistice terms were good and favorable. The contrary theory was born long after the event. I have asked Mandel to give the *Daily Telegraph* the refusal of his historical story when it appears. Clemenceau's forthcoming book (two years hence) is called *The Place of God in World Religions*. Mandel very severe on the Bertie diary which is appearing in the *Morning Post*. He thinks it trivial, undignified, and untrue. Any concierge in Paris could have written one in the war time which had more truth and exactitude. So thought Clive to-day.

We had a long talk on the French press. Mandel said that it rarely represented French opinion. The press was a house of commerce in which each man who had bought a paper was out to make money. Each Government squared the press by giving it large blocks of publicity, whether in advertisement or by other means. The Head of the Agence Havas ran this business and distributed the loot to the press, most of which was more or less in favor, not of one Government, but of all Governments in turn. Mandel himself said that he favored the protection of independent papers, because without them we might not know what people were thinking. Some foreign Governments followed the French system, notably the Russian and Mussolini! The Germans had bought the *Journal* even during the war.

I mentioned Isvolsky's book, *Un Livre Noir*, published by the Communists from the Russian archives. It frequently mentions large sums paid to the French press. We thought that Isvolsky had a policy and that it was quite consecutive. Mandel did not defend or attack his exposure of the bribes of the French press. Mandel thought that we bribed, too, but could not say where the sums expended were shown. French papers did not represent a *party* as ours do. He could collect articles of Sauerwein[1] which had supported many antagonistic policies.

[1] Foreign correspondent of the *Matin*. — EDITOR

(The diary will be continued in July)

PROMISED LAND

BY LUCY WILCOX ADAMS

I

'Mr. Bransk will see you for ten minutes,' announced the secretary. He opened the door to an inner office and Michael entered, conscious of a thrill of excitement at the prospect of seeing a man who had once lived under his roof now head of an important department of the government. A black bullet head was bent low over some papers. The visitor stood for several minutes waiting, and smiled a little at the preoccupation of the new minister. Bransk made a notation on one of the papers, then looked up.

'This is the thousand-and-fifteenth petition that has been considered by me since the beginning of the year,' he proclaimed in his loud voice. 'I am swamped by papers.'

He motioned Michael into the empty chair. 'Sit down. Sit down. So you've come over to see how we are running the country.'

Michael nodded, and opened his mouth to speak, but the minister rushed on.

'Let me see, you are still living in New York. On East 12th Street? Yes, of course. And your daughter? Martha, was not that her name? Of course, I remember.'

Michael thought of a night when he had returned to find Bransk with Martha in his arms, and of the boy's arrogant gesture, as, with his eyes on his host, he bent and kissed the girl's neck.

'And your wife. She made magnificent onion soup. It was a great loss when she ran away with her handsome waiter.'

He slipped a number of papers into a folder on his desk, and scribbled a few words on a pad. His right hand was terrible to look at. Two fingers were missing and the skin was livid with old scars.

'You will not be staying long, I suppose. Our winters are hard, and our houses cannot yet boast the steam heat of New York. I myself never feel the cold.

'What do they think of our work in America?' he demanded, changing the subject abruptly. 'Only this morning I received a magazine containing a long article about myself and the work of this department. The writer — one of your professors, by the way — had to admit that we have shown them a good many things, even in their boasted field of education. Of course, he fails utterly to see the significance of some of the things we are doing. But let me show you our laboratory.'

He rose and, grasping Michael's elbow, pushed him into a long room lined from floor to ceiling with filing cases. A dozen young women were bent over typewriters and work tables, and in a room beyond Michael could see several others.

'We have thirty-five workers on our central staff,' explained Bransk. 'In this room you will find a record of every town and village in the country, the

number of its inhabitants, their ages, occupations, degree of education, and so on.' He opened one of the files and pulled out a large card. 'Here, see, is Trigov. Persons 127: men 37, women 40, children 50. Below you will see a summary of their occupations: blacksmith, one; teacher, one . . . then their school equipment — buildings, books, radio; the attendance; everything, in fact, that we need to know.' He pointed to a table at which five girls were busily cutting, pasting, and writing. 'They are at work collating all this information for our annual report. I am told it will be seven or eight hundred pages in length.

'There, you see,' he continued, pointing to a large chart which hung on the wall at one end of the room, 'that is a diagram of the organization of my department down through all its branches to the tiniest village. At a moment's notice we can put our finger on any individual in the country and see whether he is receiving the proper amount of instruction.'

He led his visitor back to the inner office and paused, waiting for some word of appreciation of the giant machine which he had created.

Michael smiled his grave smile and only said, 'And yet twelve years ago you and I were glad to set up the type of the *Torch* ourselves, in a rat-infested basement, and mail out the copies.'

Bransk waved his hand to indicate that all that was in the past and of no consequence. 'The rats, I remember,' Michael went on dreamily, 'one night got into the sausage we had brought down with us. We had no supper that night, nor breakfast the next morning.'

Bransk made an impatient sound in his throat. 'The revolutionist thinks only of the morrow,' he announced, and Michael recognized it as the concluding sentence of one of his speeches.

The minister looked at his watch. 'A delegation of trade-school teachers is to come here at three o'clock. I must have a few minutes to look over their matter.' He seized Michael's elbow and propelled him to the door, but the other put his hand on the knob and spoke a little hesitantly.

'I have left New York for good, Peter. I intend to spend the rest of my days here where I was born. I thought there might be some work I could do for the Government.'

Bransk's face stiffened and his eyelids drooped. 'Ah, you are returning? You have left New York. Ah, so. Perhaps we may be able to find something for you. Of course. Yes, of course we shall. Still, when a man has lived so long away from his country . . . You never revisited, I believe. I myself, as you know, came back several times in disguise, and lived for some months. But you must let me know where you are staying. If there is anything I will let you know.'

His secretary entered on silent feet. 'The delegation of trade-school teachers, Mr. Bransk.'

'Tell them I will see them at once.' He turned to Michael. 'We must have another talk sometime. Yes indeed. Still, I should advise you to return to America. You could do more for us there. We need friends to combat the lies that are being circulated against us. Besides, you would miss New York and the steam heat in the houses.'

Michael did not remind him that many a winter night in their gloomy tenement there had not been a stick of wood to warm the icy room.

'Steam heat breeds degeneracy. This is the country of the young. We cannot be bothered with comfort. Comfort stifles action.'

He was quarrying phrases for future speeches, Michael thought, and smiled faintly as the other shook his hand violently and closed the door.

The delegation of trade-school teachers, their eyes glued on the door, surged forward respectfully as he withdrew. He noticed several handsome young girls among them. One of them had the devout mystic stare of his daughter Martha, who had adopted a severely celibate life in one of the social settlements of East Side New York.

In the corridor outside he felt old and tired, and leaned against the wall for support. He wondered what he had expected when he went to see Peter Bransk, whom he had housed and fed for nearly three years while the youth, recently escaped from the prison to which he had been committed because of his revolutionary speeches, tried to make a living at journalism in America. Not just this, certainly, though he remembered a saying of Bransk's that the revolutionist should love nothing but his cause, and remember nothing but his wrongs. He could see the young Peter in one of the little restaurants they frequented, flinging his bolts. 'Love is an appetite, not an emotion.' Martha had been with them that night. 'The family is a tyranny. It must be broken down.' 'The man who owes allegiance other than to his cause is a traitor.' 'Gratitude is a vice of the weak.' They had all delighted in the spirit of this youngster on whom the prison scars had scarcely healed.

Michael wandered down the long corridors, where messengers were running busily to and fro, and finally found himself in the square, which as usual was crowded with sight-seers, come to look at the capital. Everyone who came out of the great fortresslike building was scrutinized by the people, on the watch for members of the government, who made it a point of honor to walk to and from their offices. Michael was amused to see a messenger, whom he had noticed in Bransk's waiting room, suddenly straighten his shoulders and assume an air of preoccupied gravity as he crossed the square.

Every detail of the scene roused his interest — the peasant groups gazing solemnly at the forbidding façade, the boisterous companies of boys and girls swaggering possessively about the square, a knot of factory women examining a new poster, even a dog busily chasing his tail and getting under everyone's feet. And he felt a kind of satisfaction when a couple of workmen in heated debate pushed him against the wall.

He turned presently into a narrow street which wound down to the river. The houses, he observed, had not changed since he had fled for his life forty years before. If anything they looked more down at the heels. The sidewalks were littered with scraps of newspapers and torn handbills. 'That at least is new,' he said aloud. 'Forty years ago these people did not read.'

At the sound of his voice a group of children looked up curiously from their play in the gutter. He felt a comradely warming to their round-eyed stares, and sat down on the curb among them.

'What are you playing?'

The children drew back and whispered, and some of them began to titter. Finally a little girl, bolder than the others, edged up and fingered his watch chain. He sat still, smiling at her, and in a moment the children were swarming all over him. Their dirty little hands seemed to search every part of his person. He felt them in his pockets and tugging at his vest, and realized with a shock that they were robbing him. He rose suddenly and shook them off.

'Capitalist, capitalist!' they screamed, mingling their cries with obscene oaths.

Urchins swarmed from every doorway and pelted him with mud and filth from the streets. 'Shall I have to run?' he thought, in a kind of grim amusement.

A strong arm caught his, and a youthful voice roared to the children to be off. Michael looked round to see a young man of perhaps twenty in ragged coat and trousers. The children seemed to know him, for they shouted, 'Strigloff, Strigloff,' and a girl blew a kiss to him. He fell into step beside Michael.

'It's hardly safe yet for a foreigner to come into this quarter,' he explained in a comradely voice. Michael gasped a little. 'We can't transform the downtrodden of centuries into human beings overnight. I hope they have not hurt you.'

'Not at all,' Michael answered hurriedly. 'I remember this used to be the most dangerous street in the city.'

'You have been here before?' the other asked in surprise.

'I was born here.'

The boy's genial eyes clouded with suspicion. 'I took you for an American.'

'I have lived in New York for over thirty years, but I am returning here now to live.' He would have gone on to explain how he had happened to go to America and why he had come back, but a hail from across the street interrupted the conversation.

'Strigloff, Strigloff!' called a voice. 'Hurry or you will be late.' It was a girl in a red blouse.

The boy stopped. 'I must run. It is a committee meeting, and I am chairman. You will be quite safe now.' And he bounded away to join the girl. They swung down the street arm in arm, their heads close together. Michael heard them laugh, and his eyes followed them wistfully. He would have liked to talk to this young fellow who had seemed so carefree and confident.

His mind jumped back to his own twentieth year, and to the nights when he had crept along a deserted alley to the basement of a disused warehouse. Of the twelve who had met in that foul cellar only he and one other were left. Ivan and Gregor had been executed. Gregor's young brother had perished miserably in a salt mine. Stefan had died an exile in Paris. Leon's dead body had been found one day in a questionable restaurant in Belgrade. Serge was living in comfortable obscurity in a London suburb where he taught French in a girls' school. He pulled himself up abruptly in the catalogue. He had not returned to his native city to relive the past. 'The revolutionist thinks only of the morrow.' Bransk was right. Memories only clogged the brain. Far down the street he could still see Strigloff and the girl, and he was proud of their careless self-confidence. 'We gave them that,' he thought.

II

He turned into another street and was presently lost in a network of alleys and festering courts. The squalor and ugliness filled him with sadness. The forty years of exile, the hundreds of martyrs, seemed to have counted for so little. Bransk and his companions suddenly became Titans, and their attempt to raise this huge sunken mass on their shoulders godlike in its daring.

He emerged at last into a small square where a fountain was playing in the middle. Feeling footsore and spent after his encounter with the children, he sank down on a block of stone which had once served as a carriage step. In the centre of the cobbled square were a number of wooden trestles topped with rough boards, and a group of women, hands on hips, were laughing together, while a few lingered over half-empty baskets. Michael straightened with a start. It was the old flower market.

'Dina, Dina!' called a shrill voice. 'Come here and help me with this basket. You are lazier than the priest's pig.' The woman called Dina separated herself from the gossiping circle, and,

still laughing and shouting over her shoulder, went to the tables where an old woman struggled with a basket. Michael did not see her; a mist veiled the present and he was twenty again.

It was a June morning and warm. He had just come from the fetid dampness of their underground meeting place. They dared not meet often, and they had talked all night. Plans of great moment were afoot, and the youth was still shaken by the solemnity of the oath he had taken, and he felt an overwhelming longing for warm human contacts. The scene before him seemed strangely beautiful. The flower girls had loosened their blouses, and were fanning themselves vigorously. Their faces were pink and flushed and glistened with moisture. To the young man watching them they looked like peonies. Their vigorous bodies seemed a thousand times more desirable than the delicate white-skinned women he met in his mother's house. One of the girls had climbed to the fountain and dipped her face down to drink. She lifted it to him all wet and smiling. Drops hung like diamonds from the ends of her blue-black hair, and others trickled down her brown throat.

'What is your name?' he demanded abruptly.

'Dina,' she replied archly, and seized a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped her face.

Suddenly he caught her in his arms and kissed her. The girl pushed him away, and, throwing back her head, laughed boisterously, her splendid throat vibrating with mirth, her breasts shaking. 'You had better go home to bed, my little one,' she said, wagging her finger. 'It is evident that you have drunk too much.' And she ran off. To the weary boy she was the very incarnation of earth. He did not pursue her, but went slowly back to his home. The stately old house seemed dead and tomblike after the brightness of the square. Painted generals in uniform gazed down on him from the high paneled walls. As a little boy he had used to tie a sword to his waist and strut up and down under their approving ranks. He began to laugh. What would they think now?

A voice called to him from the depths of one of the chairs. It was his mother, looking like a little white mouse in her voluminous shawl.

'Michael,' she said fretfully, 'where have you been?'

'Walking, Mother.'

'Why do you walk in this hot weather? It will give you a sunstroke. You may fan me if you like.'

He took up the delicate ivory fan and fanned her gently. All the while she watched him keenly from her sharp blue eyes. 'My son, it is time you married. Nothing settles a young man like marriage.'

He thought of the laughing Dina.

'You do not say anything.'

'No, Mother.'

'It has come to my ears,' she went on, 'that you are seen in strange company. In fact, General Schulkoff, your godfather, came in here only yesterday greatly troubled to tell me that already there is suspicion of you. You are known to have been with a certain Shonski who has twice been in prison because of his dangerous views. I told your godfather that you were young and restless and merely seeking excitement.' She paused and looked steadily at her son. He returned her gaze gravely; the fan dropped to his knees.

'Shonski,' he said slowly, 'is my greatest friend. I would die for him.'

'Do you know that he is suspected of being a Nihilist?'

Michael was very pale as he replied, 'I too, Mother, am a Nihilist.'

'If I believed you, Michael, I would kill you here in this room with my own

hands so that no one else would know your shame.'

There was a long silence except for the confused ticking of clocks, of which there were more than a dozen in the room. Michael rose and looked down from the height of his six feet three to the tiny woman in the chair.

'It is true, Mother, and I have no right to be living under this roof. I will go now.' He turned and strode swiftly from the room.

An hour later he was in Shonski's attic. The man was lying almost naked on a rotting straw bed. He scarcely turned his eyes when Michael entered.

'I have told them, Gregor.'

'It was time,' said the other sternly. 'The comrades could not trust you while your soul was divided.'

'Talk to me, Gregor,' pleaded the boy. 'I don't understand myself yet. One moment I am lifted to the clouds by the thought of the brotherhood of man which we shall bring about. The next I am cast down because of all the beautiful in the old which must die.'

Shonski looked with something like affection at Michael's bent head. 'You are young,' he said. 'Your eyes cannot bear the light. You have not seen the beauty of humanity. Humanity as it may be when men shall dare to stand erect, look into themselves instead of into the heavens, dare to seize what they dare to dream, and proudly know no strength but their own. What beauty is there in our present order with its sufferings, its inequalities, its incredible cruelties, but the iridescence of decay?'

Michael listened with all his soul while Shonski, lying naked and dirty upon his bed, preached the godhood of man. Presently he turned and looked into the young man's shining eyes and fever-burning cheeks. 'I have given you strong wine to drink, my wolf cub. Now I must sleep. You shall give me some money, for I shall presently want to eat,' and he rolled over with his face to the wall.

Michael went out into the afternoon sunlight, his head whirling, and, hardly conscious of where he was going, turned his steps to the flower market. The square was nearly empty and the women were gathering their bundles together. He saw Dina immediately where she was standing alone, one finger on her curving lips, her brows a little bent. He thought of an archaic statue from the Greek which stood in the entrance hall to the museum. Dina had the same repose and sufficience. He came swiftly to her side and picked up the wicker basket at her feet. She looked at him in surprise. The university students sometimes followed her home, but none of them had ever offered to carry her basket. She even felt a little scornful of the young man beside her; nevertheless she smiled, and he followed her, reading in her calm acceptance of his presence the untroubled strength Shonski had glorified in his writings. A thousand words trembled on his lips, and Michael would have liked to pour out his soul to her, lighting in her the flame Shonski had kindled in him, but he was awed by her stillness, and they walked in silence side by side along the hot dusty road.

Presently the fastening of her shoe became loose and she stooped to tighten it. The boy was on his knees in an instant, and as she straightened slowly he flung back his head and a long searching look passed between them. How gloriously the black hair swept back from her serene brow, and how superb her shoulders and deep bosom. He caught her hands in his. 'Dina,' he said tremulously, 'you must marry me.' At the expression of utter amazement in her eyes he laughed triumphantly, and, feeling strong and confident, led her to the roadside bank and made her sit beside him. Smell of sun-warmed

grass, pungent reek of weeds, should he ever forget them? . . .

III

Suddenly the clangor of bells from a near-by steeple broke in on his memories. Michael rubbed his eyes. The past had become too real, and in the light of later years too bitterly ironic. He rose stiffly. The square was deserted and half of it lay in shadow.

He put his cap on his head and wandered on again, but he felt now as though a door were closing between himself and these countrymen of his, and that those whom he passed eyed him with hostility, as they might a foreigner. His cheap, ready-made American suit looked out of place amid the studied negligence of the dress about him, and on an impulse he went into a shop and bought a red handkerchief, intending to knot it about his neck. But with the clerk's eyes curiously upon him he could not, and, stuffing it hastily into his pocket, went out into the street again, and bent his head that he might not meet the glances of the passers-by.

It was nearing supper time, and the people were coming home. A rich odor of stew floated on the air, and from opened windows came the clatter of pots and the shrill voices of women in dispute over the stoves. But Michael did not lift his eyes from the hurrying feet. His whole body ached with the wish that one such pair would pause and fall into step beside his own.

'I always insist on an egg with my supper.' A harsh authoritative voice broke distinct from the confusion of sound. Michael looked up with a start. It was Bransk, and with him a fat little man who trotted at his heels. The minister paused long enough to kick into the gutter a piece of tin which was lying on the pavement. Michael could have touched his sleeve, and half reached out his hand, then drew it back quickly. Bransk and his companion passed on.

Michael moved wearily, and his lagging steps wove themselves into a refrain. One, two, three, four, forty years. Gregor, Stefan, Leon. Dina, Martha, Peter.

The houses became fewer and the street almost deserted. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and looked up. Before him rose a little hill on which grew a few wind-bent trees. Seeding grasses rippled under the breeze and a few late flowers starred the turf. He knew it as well as he had known the house in which he was born. As a little child he had clambered breathlessly up it, clinging to the skirts of his father's military cloak. He had played among the rocks, and later, as a young man hot with love of mankind, had wandered alone or with a friend along its paths.

He left the road and followed a trail which wound up beside the birches, till he found a smooth hollow, still warm with the glow of the evening sun, and sank down to rest. In the long sloping rays the city spread out at his feet was very beautiful with its gilded domes and slender needle spires. From a neighboring hill came the sound of singing, and below him in a field a group of children were shouting and playing. In the clear yellow light the houses seemed near enough to touch. His whole spirit was caught up in a flame of love, and he stretched out his arms in passionate longing to the unconscious millions below him, as though by that gesture he would draw them to himself. But the glow faded on the roofs, and the evening mists settled like a veil over the capital. Michael remained motionless in the gathering gloom, brooding above the promised land which he might look upon but never enter.

He was aroused presently by a voice that mumbled something in his ear. Looking up, he saw a beggar whom he remembered to have passed in the streets. The man was dirty and unshaven, and his yellow eyes were bloodshot, but he spoke in fairly correct English. When Michael answered him in his own tongue the man drew back and would have taken himself off, but the other motioned him to sit down.

'You shall sit with me awhile. I need company.'

The beggar seated himself at a little distance, and both men gazed down upon the city, where lights were beginning to prick the dusk. From the great barracks spread out at their feet came the sound of a bugle call. The beggar raised his head.

'Twelve years ago I was an officer in those barracks. I can see where my room used to be.'

Michael took a few small coins from his pocket. 'This is all that I have left,' he said, almost gayly, 'but let us dine together.' And he rose and took the beggar's arm.

THE WORM TURNS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

For some time there had appeared in the newspapers vague reference to a mysterious personage known as the Grand Vermicularius. He was the head of a secret society which had sprung up very rapidly and had ramifications throughout the country. Its objects were unknown and its membership carefully concealed. It was supposed to be strong on propaganda and to be boring from within. The new organization held no public meetings, announced no programme, made no threats. But it was hinted that the members of the I. O. T. W. might be found in all churches, parties, labor unions, colleges, public schools, and chambers of commerce. The minister of your church, the senior warden, the editor of your daily newspaper, might be affiliated. Even the wife of your bosom might be enrolled as an auxiliary without your knowing it. For, while the initiated had their secret signs and passwords by which they were known to each other, they were pledged to silence as to the order when they were in the presence of outsiders. This secretiveness was terrifying to an open-minded democracy. Even the Grand Kleagle was alarmed over an empire more invisible than his own. Of late several elections had turned out differently from the way they had been planned by astute party leaders. It was suspected, though not proved, that the Grand Vermicularius had something to do with these political mishaps.

The title of the potentate had led many people to consult the dictionary. 'Vermicular,' as an adjective, was defined as 'like a worm in form or movement, tortuous, sinuous, writhing or wiggling.' This threw little light upon the nature of the society, but conveyed the impression that its chief officer was a dangerous character.

Various patriotic orders became alarmed and began to send warnings through the mails that there was a vast society doubtless financed by foreign gold and aimed at the very heart of the Republic. They did not know just what it was, but that made the peril more imminent.

All this aroused my curiosity and I determined to have an interview with the Grand Vermicularius. How this interview was finally brought about it is needless for me to relate.

I confess that it was with some trepidation that I came into the presence of this formidable personage of whom I had heard so much. I had formed an idea of what he was like. I had pictured him as a dark saturnine man with black hair and bushy eyebrows, and eyes, such as I had often read about, that bore you right through and reveal your innermost secrets, while all the time retaining their own inscrutability. I had rather expected to be seated in such a way that a single ray of light would fall upon my telltale countenance while he sat in semidarkness.

But when the Grand Vermicularius received me in the sitting room of his modest house on Elm Street all my preconceived notions were shattered. There was an air of imperturbable domesticity in his surroundings. There was not a suggestion of the conspirator or the autocrat. His appearance was that of the ordinary business man of the better type. His manner was frank and friendly, and he entered into conversation like one who has nothing to conceal. 'I suppose,' he said, 'that you want to know about our new order. If you want to find out about our passwords and ritual I have nothing to tell. But if you want to know about our objects and principles I am glad to give you information. The I. O. T. W. — which, being interpreted, is the Independent Order of Turning Worms — is made up of people who have been ignored and trampled upon and misrepresented till we can't stand it any longer. We have become class-conscious. We demand redress of grievances. We have turned!'

'So I have understood,' I said; 'but what class do you represent?'

The Grand Vermicularius went to his bookshelf and, taking down a volume of Milton, read, '"That hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding." That's us!'

'Oh, I see what you are driving at,' I said. 'You represent the militant intelligentsia. You think the intelligent minority should assert itself against the stupid majority. It is too bad that, where there are so few men of superior ability, they should n't be allowed to rule over the other kind. I suppose you agree with Mr. Mencken about the unconscionable number of yokels and morons and nitwits who can always outvote the men of understanding.'

'You have totally misapprehended my meaning,' said the Grand Vermicularius with a touch of asperity in his voice. 'When I identified myself with the men of understanding you don't think that I set up for a superior person! The class I represent is the majority in this country. We are people of plain understanding. We are neither morons nor yokels; neither are we geniuses, bigots, or fanatics. We are people who mind our own business, accept our responsibilities, and are more or less aware of our limitations. We support the churches and schools, and at the same time try to improve them; we pay our taxes, not without some grumbling; we serve on time-consuming committees, and do all sorts of chores for the public. We believe in Progress, but when we get on the train we go only as far as

our ticket allows us, for we don't believe in beating our way to Utopia. We get our opinions as we get our household supplies, according to our daily needs, and on the cash-and-carry plan. We are the kind of people whose existence in large numbers is taken for granted in every scheme of democratic control. Without us trial by jury or universal suffrage would be impossible. We make free institutions work — so far as they do work.

'Our job is not spectacular, but we keep everlastingly at it. We are aware that our modest endeavors do not make an exciting theme for oratory. You have read the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of Wendell Phillips in the Boston Public Gardens, "Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victories." This may be true, but most of the time when we have seen Liberty she was neither in chains nor in laurels, but in working dress. She was not having her victories, but in great need of reliable assistants. We are the kind of people who are not above helping her with her chores. Some of us have been working like slaves for free institutions, and mighty little recognition do we get for our labor.

'The trouble with our class is that nobody takes us seriously. There are so many of us that we can't get a fair hearing. When people discuss what they call the Social Unrest they always talk about the grievances of minorities. The intellectuals don't have all the appreciation they deserve; the unemployed don't have all the work they demand. If a man is a bigot or a crank or an obstructionist, if he is a superman or a pseudosuperman or an underdog, he will be heard. Minorities have a way of organizing effectively, and they adopt more or less terroristic methods. People pay attention to them because they have a way of making themselves dangerous. In the most frigidly polite circles nobody would ignore the presence of a rattlesnake with nine rattles.

'It's because we are so patient and make so few unreasonable demands that we are treated so shamefully. We are looked upon as negligible quantities by the very people who would n't know what to do if we were to go on a general strike. They think we will go on doing our various duties no matter how we are treated. Everyone who wants to get a reputation for cleverness picks upon us. The intelligentsia taunt us for our mediocrity. When we try to cheer up and make the best of a hard situation our critics call us smug. When we are interested in our local community we are called provincial. The eager radicals scorn us because we don't go far enough. The high-and-dry conservatives chide us for going at all. The cocksure reformers scold us whatever we do. Even the publicity agents chide us because when they try to sell more new ideas than our market can absorb they encounter what they call "sales resistance."

'Here is an advertisement which appeared in a popular magazine: "Ninety per cent of the population is behind the times. Eight per cent is ahead of them. Two per cent leads the way. Are you of the two per cent?"

'Of course we know the way one can qualify as a two-per-center: by paying two dollars and a half for the magazine. But I won't accept the offer. I don't admit that ninety per cent of the population is behind the times. We are the times.

'So far as the things that are most vital to democracy are concerned we are all right. We have good horse sense and love of fair play, and enough intelligence to make an interesting society. Ninety-nine out of a hundred

people believe in making this the land of the free and the home of the brave. Why don't we make a better job of it?'

'That has often puzzled me,' I said.

'Of course it has,' said the Grand Vermicularius. 'You are an average man. You mean well. But with reasonable and tolerant citizens like yourself in the vast majority, what do we see? The most amazing outbreaks of intolerance and bigotry take place and you do nothing to prevent them. You seem to be helpless and do nothing but grumble over the excesses of narrow-minded minorities. In every group, social, political, or religious, there are the bigots and the nonbigots. The nonbigots have the numerical preponderance, but they seem to be lacking in backbone. They allow themselves to be misrepresented. It's because they are unorganized. People of good sense and good temper, I believe, ought to be organized in one big union. Then they would have some influence.

'I thought of many forms of organization, but they were all too amiable to be effective. One day I had a talk with a friend of mine who was an ex-Dragon. "The trouble with your friends," he said, "is that nobody is afraid of you. You put your trust in great moral principles. But a great moral principle never scared anyone. It does n't jump out at a fellow as he is going through the woods, and clutch him with its skinny fingers and make him promise to be good. Nobody thinks about it as an old witch who will catch him if he does n't watch out. And the consequence is that he does n't watch out. He makes a polite bow to the great moral principle, and then thinks no more about it. I believe you fellows," said the ex-Dragon, "could put us all out of business if you understood more about human nature."

'That set me thinking. I saw that plain common sense must n't be made too plain, and I made up my mind to found a new organization. Our organization, to be effective, must have something cryptic about it. As the ex-Dragon said, we must keep people guessing. There must be a salutary mixture of publicity and secrecy. Hence the I. O. T. W.

'The first thing was to get a totem and a slogan. All the larger quadrupeds like the Moose and Elk and Lion had been already preëmpted. Then I remembered Shakespeare's remark that "the smallest worm will turn being trodden on." In a flash the whole thing came to me. I would organize the Independent Order of Turning Worms. Our insignia would be a worm rampant, with the motto "I turn." Again I turned to Shakespeare and found "A certain convocation of politic worms." Just the name for the Supreme Council which would meet in the Thrice-Hidden Burrow of the Great Awareness.

'This Great Awareness is the fundamental principle of our order. The modest man who asks only to be allowed to think his own thoughts and go about his business is often imposed upon by his aggressive associates. But when his rights as an individual are trampled upon the humblest member of the I. O. T. W. is not only aware of it, but is able instantly to make others aware of his awareness. He has only to give the secret sign of our order to be sure of sympathy and assistance in his chosen work of minding his own business, for, as I have said, we are everywhere.

'The phenomenal growth of our order is explained by the transparent simplicity of our aims and the well-calculated mystery of our proceedings. You will notice a change that takes place wherever we establish our Burrows. I was talking with an efficient

salesman the other day. He was complaining that he had lately encountered a great deal of sales resistance. I smiled because I knew the reason. He had taken a course in psychology and had learned the art, by the right appeal to the subconscious ego of his prospect, of making him buy any amount of goods that he did n't want. But psychology is a game two can play at. We have established classes in our Burrows of preventive psychology.

'Our order cuts across all the lines to which people are accustomed. But there is one thing which unites us in a far-flung brotherhood. Each one is prepared to assert his individuality against the tyranny of the little group of which he is a loyal unit. Our members do not renounce any of their old affiliations — they only make new ones. We are all we used to be and something more. We are Jesuits, Jews, Baptists, Republicans, Middle-Westerners, Socialists, Down-East Yankees, realtors, motorists, behaviorists, vegetarians, professors, capitalists, single-taxers, Congressmen, ministers, archæologists, and simplified spellers. We allow ourselves to be classified and card-catalogued and psychoanalyzed in all sorts of ways, for the benefit of statistical science. We answer the questionnaires that are sent to us.

'All members of the order are pledged to keep an open mind. The Commandment which we promise to obey is one that has been much neglected by overzealous persons who are anxious to reform everybody but themselves. It is the Ninth Commandment — "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Our Chaplain, who is officially known as the Worshipful Glowworm, preached a sermon on the Great Commandment which is placed in the hands of all initiates. In this sermon he upheld the thesis that the best way to avoid bearing false witness against your neighbor is to be willing to listen to your neighbor when he is bearing witness to his own opinions and manner of life. You should be willing to hear him out. You bear false witness against him when you draw inferences from his statements and attribute them to him. He is not responsible for your logic. You should also learn, said the Chaplain, that it's bad manners to call names, but if you must do so you must know what the names mean. This is a rule of the order. It is enforced by an officer known as the Formidable Nomenclator. He conducts the much-dreaded Ordeal of the Dictionary. Above his tribunal is a Shakespearean motto — "Define, define, well-educated infant." Words like "syndicalist, socialist, materialist, anarchist, bolshevist, puritan, Christian, pagan," and the like, must be defined before they are used. Adjectives derived from collective nouns, like "Jesuitical, Methodistical, Jewish," and the like, are closely inspected to see that no pestiferous associations are attached to them.

'We do not allow members to indulge in wholesale accusations such as are to be found in Alexander Pope's couplet: —

> Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of power:
> A Quaker? sly: a Presbyterian? sour.

In each case the indictment must be so drawn up as to point to a single individual and not to include all the members of the group to which he belongs. One sour Presbyterian must not be allowed to destroy the reputation of a whole presbytery which, but for him, may be all sweetness and light. You have no idea how many letters I receive from persons in all parts of the country who have been braced up by our order. Here is one from a high-school teacher: —

'Blessings on you, honored Vermicularius, for what you have done for me. I am one of that hopeless race of men whose misfortune it is to teach American history with some understanding of the subject. Moreover, I was rash enough to try to make my pupils understand it too. In making the attempt I got in wrong with some of the most influential persons in the community. One of my pupils reported that I had said that George Washington was a revolutionist. His angry parent came to me and said that I was no fit person to teach children — I was putting ideas into their heads. I very tactlessly told him that that was what I was here for. I afterward explained that I was referring to the American Revolution and not to the Russian, but the harm had been done. He replied that it was not what I said but the way I said it that made the mischief. His children came home and reported the way Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry talked, just as if they were real people. It sounded seditious. There must be some kind of propaganda behind it.

'Now if there is anything that makes the cold shivers run down the spines of some of our citizens it's that word. Tennyson tells how the Northern Farmer riding to the mill heard his horse's hoofs beating out a single word. (I give the word as our own generation would probably understand it.)

> Property, property, property—that's what I 'ears him say.

These nervous citizens hear another refrain which has to them a sinister sound: —

> Propaganda, propaganda, propaganda — that's what I hear them say.

Now I was n't interested in any propaganda. I wanted to teach American history and make it a live subject.

'Just as I had made up my mind to give up teaching and go to raising chickens, I told my troubles to a member of the school board whom I had most feared because he was spoken of as belonging to the old guard. I told him that I had no ulterior motives. I was n't trying to influence the next election. My pupils won't be of voting age anyway for four or five years, and by that time there will be a new set of issues. All I wanted to do was to teach American history.

'"That's what we hired you for, was n't it?" he said. Then he gave me the mystic sign of awareness and told me about the new order.

'"More than half the school board belong to it and a lot of the parents," he went on. "When your persecutors bring your case before the board they'll get a big jolt. We have agreed among ourselves to give up the attempt to make education safe for ignorance. We have turned."

'Of late,' said the Grand Vermicularius, 'there are evidences that the professors in our colleges are giving up their attitude of lofty detachment and are joining us. They have found that that academic freedom of which they were so proud cannot be maintained as a matter of course and by their own unaided efforts. They need assistance from the community.

'It's hard for the learned to meet the new conditions. Up to within a few centuries academic freedom meant that scholars could say anything they pleased so long as they said it in Latin. The difficulties of an unknown tongue protected them from the attacks of their enemies, as the Alps protect the Swiss. With the grammatical passes strongly held, the learned in their linguistic fastness preserved their freedom during ages of barbarism. But now that they must speak in the vulgar tongue their protection is gone.

'Academic freedom is seen to be a part of the general struggle against meddlesome tyranny. As Longfellow puts it, against all that hinders or impedes the action of the nobler will. The professor is a man who professes; he must make common cause with business men, plucky politicians, conscientious plumbers, market gardeners, and all other persons who insist on actually doing what they profess to do. If a gas fitter professes to make a tight joint, he resents the interference of a boss who orders him to do poor

work. If a member of our order professes to teach biology, he teaches simon-pure biology. He refuses to have anything to do with biology with a string tied to it. And it's so with all the other arts and sciences. The professors these days are with us to a man. Our Burrows are full of them.

'If you have always lived in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom you have no idea of the loneliness of hapless men who have the misfortune to be born with a good understanding without any opportunities for cultivating it, and who live in a community hostile to the interchange of ideas. They are often ostracized for opinions which they do not hold.

'Here is a letter from a man in Arkomesoropilis, Arkansas: —

'I have long been known as the Village Atheist. You know what that means. It came about through my reading a sizable book, a rare incident in our neighborhood. The author said he was a deist, and I said that I agreed with his views. So I was at once dubbed an atheist. I did n't mean to go that far, but it was n't any use for one man to go against the crowd in the matter of a name. It won't do in our town to make too nice distinctions. It is not our way. I got to feel pretty much alone. But since a Burrow of the I. O. T. W. has been formed here I've had, for the first time, what might be called intellectual fellowship. It's been a real treat to talk things over with people who don't expect you to agree with them. I find that I do agree with them more than I thought and I'm not so queer as I prided myself on being.

'The other night the Deputy Nomenclator — who, by the way, is a Deacon in the Fundamentalist Church at the Four Corners — sprang the Dictionary Test upon us. We all recited in concert the ritual, "Define, define, well-educated infant." This put us in the right mood. He discovered that the word "deist" meant a person who believes that there is a god, and an atheist is one who believes that there is n't. "If that's the case," said the Deacon, "it makes quite a difference. If you are a deist I don't see why we should keep on calling you an atheist."

'After that we got to be quite chummy. We found we had a lot of ideas in common and he took quite a shine to me. After a time I found that he was making a deep study of the dictionary. One day he came to me and said, "I've found fifty-seven varieties of Christians, and I have n't got more than half through the book. You are probably one of the kinds I have n't found out about yet. If you don't mind, I'm going to take a chance and call you a Christian — at least you'll let me put you on the waiting list." I said I did n't mind and I'd like to catalogue him as a liberal, of a hard-shell variety. He said he did n't mind. So he keeps on going to his kind of church and I keep on not going — but we get along first-rate.

'Some of the more zealous members of the Klan thought we were going too far in taking everybody in and breaking down the usual antipathies, and thought they would run us out of town. So one night they put on their hoods and broke into our Burrow. They thought they were going to intimidate us, but when they looked around and saw a lot of their big men seated with us and wearing the insignia of the worm rampant, they changed their tune. You see, we in Arkomesoropilis are great joiners, and there was nothing to hinder anyone from enjoying the hospitality of both the Klan and the Burrow. Some thought the double membership did them good — that it kind of steadied them. So we asked the young fellows who had come to run us out of town to take off their hoods and stay for refreshments. They did so, and, as the saying is, a very enjoyable time was had.

'I could read to you a great many more letters,' said the Grand Vermicularius, 'but I think you have got a general idea of what we are up to.'

'Your idea,' I said, 'seems to be a very reasonable one, but could n't you get it over to the public without so much mystification?'

'The ex-Dragon thinks not,' said the Grand Vermicularius.

A BISHOP LOOKS AT THE CHURCH

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES FISKE

I

ONE of my favorite stories, hoary with age but still a favorite because it happens to be true, tells of a genial clergyman named Taylor, who loved to travel in mufti and, while thus fairly well disguised, talk with the men he met in the smoking compartment. He had been joining in the conversation of a group who were all traveling men, giving their views on business and matching experiences in salesmanship. A remark by the clergyman led someone to ask for what firm he was traveling, and he replied, 'For Lord and Taylor,' and promptly relapsed into silence, without explaining his little joke. No one knew but that he, too, was a traveling man.

And, indeed, he was a member of a class who are always traveling. It is a little more than twelve years since I became a bishop. My diocese numbers a hundred and twenty-four ministers on its clergy rolls. When I made up my list this year, I saw that more than two thirds have come into the diocese in the past twelve years. Only thirty-four of the names on the list are of men who were here when I came, and of these thirteen are the names of retired clergy. Of the other twenty-one, only eleven are in the same parishes in which they were serving when my episcopate began; the others are still in the diocese, but they are in charge of other work than that in which they were placed a dozen years ago. There are one hundred and fifty-six churches and chapels in the diocese. Only one out of every fourteen is served by the same minister who was in charge twelve years ago. A like condition obtains elsewhere. Other dioceses are no more stable than mine; in some the changes are even more numerous and conditions are more discouraging.

Nor does it appear that these conditions are peculiar to the Episcopal Church. In some Protestant denominations changes of pastorates are much more frequent. This fact is not, of course, recorded in a spirit of self-satisfaction. I am not rejoicing in the comparison, as when a visitor in a certain village, which had four churches and adequately supported none, asked a pillar of one congregation, 'How is your church getting on now?' and received the reply, 'Not very well; but thank the Lord, the others are not doing any better.'

With some of the Protestant ministers this restlessness is appalling for a further reason. Last year I had interviews with some thirty-six or thirty-seven ministers who consulted me about reception into the communion and priesthood of the Episcopal Church. For one reason or another they were not only anxious to leave their parishes, but desired to change their church affiliation. A few — a very few — of these and others who have come to me could be received. For the most part they would never have fitted into a new environment, and it would have been

tragic to encourage them to try. But the stories they told let in some light on the general problem I was studying. Why did they want to change? A few showed some real change of convictions. Some came because they felt that Protestantism is disintegrating; that it is suffering from the lack of central administrative oversight; that it has no recognized source of authority; that there are no definite creedal requirements and no acknowledged discipline. Others desired such a central authority, with episcopal oversight, because they felt they were at the mercy of their congregations and were not free to preach the whole truth as they saw it. Some even looked longingly to Rome and, had they been unmarried, might possibly have fled from the lay popes, who they said ruled over them, to the tender mercies of an Italian prelacy. Some were seriously seeking for a better way; they felt the loss of reverence in the methods of modern Protestantism; they were attracted by the sacramental teaching of the Roman Church and the Episcopal communion; they were men of devotion who hoped to make reality of worship the keynote of their ministry. Most of the applicants were weary of the nervous strain of competition — with the sermon exalted to the place of first importance, they found it impossible to run a race with the pulpit Babbitts who flourished all about them. Not a few, alas, were misfits and failures in their present positions, yet fondly convinced that their condition would improve elsewhere.

As I have said, we were obliged to discourage most of the applicants. They were too old to change. They were too 'set' to make readjustments. They were too optimistic about conditions in the new church of their choice. They were fearful when told plainly of our own internal discomforts. Had they been encouraged to change, some of them would have felt that they had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. It was an adventure into the absurd to picture what might happen to those who would have 'gone to Rome' — to let the imagination play on their experiences when they tried to submit to the regimentation of thought and practice that would have been necessary, once they had taken this step into the great unknown.

But they were all pathetic. Those who were misfits could not see that they were in any way at fault. The men who were considering a change too late to make it successfully were often tragic in their distress. In almost every case they were sure, so they said, of their call to the ministry. They had entered upon it hopefully and enthusiastically. But they had traveled 'farther from the East,' and though for a time by 'the vision splendid' they had been 'on their way attended,' at last they were perceiving it 'die away and fade into the light of common day.'

Convinced, as I am, that the tales these men told are evidence of a sad disintegration of American Protestantism, the conviction is accompanied by no pharisaic impulse to thank God that I am not as other men are. For in my own church the evidence of the clergy rolls proves that all is not well in our Israel. There is little inclination, among the clergy of the Episcopal Church, to change their ecclesiastical affiliation. The much-heralded transition of an occasional convert to Rome is the exception, not the rule. And for one of the clergy of the Episcopal Church to give up his priesthood for a more Protestant ministry is almost unheard of. But the list of those who decide to return to secular life, and ask to be deprived of their ministerial functions at the heavy price (almost disgrace) of an open renunciation of

the ministry, is quite appalling. Only the bishops realize how many such cases there are, and only the bishops know the heartaches that lie behind the record. I have been told by some in authority in the Roman Church that, in spite of their *esprit de corps*, restlessness, dissatisfaction, and occasional rebellion are on the increase, and that the tragedies would more often come to a head were it not for the inherited tendency toward submission and the acceptance of a disciplinary system which at the same time allows for much flexibility in the transfer of men, not only to new work, but to new kinds of work, where they more readily adapt themselves to conditions and find peace and satisfaction in congenial service.

Much as we may dislike the very idea of Prussianism, — regimentation, oversubmissive obedience to authority, standardization of thought, unquestioned acceptance of regulations, — we know that in the ecclesiastical system, as in government, autocracy does work at times. There are many in my own church who wish to have a larger power of mission conferred upon the bishops. They forget that the Roman rule works with a celibate clergy who may easily be moved about, whereas it would not work so smoothly when wives and families must be moved with them. They forget also that too large a measure of authority usually leads to abuse. Even the Methodist Episcopal Church (whose bishops, in this respect at any rate, are bishops indeed!) has found, on occasion, that authority can become harsh. Methodist ministers are not always happy. Rome is Rome. In church, as in civil government, the rest of us are endeavoring to work out our salvation as a democracy, convinced that in the long run democracy will outwear autocracy. Even for the sake of smoothness in operation we are not willing to give up our freedom of initiative and independence of action. Much less are we willing to admit, despite its failures, that the ideal of a married ministry, living the normal life in close contact with the congregation, is not an ideal sweet and true and beautiful, and worth sacrifices to maintain.

And so the minister travels. On and on he and his family move, ever hoping for happier conditions, ever being disappointed. Even if the minister were to stay, our problem would not be solved. For, if he does not change, the congregation does. Once he could remain a score of years in one parish, ministering to the same parishioners and to their children after them; now his congregation is a rapidly moving procession. They come and go. In the villages and small towns many of the ablest and most progressive and adventurous of the people move to the cities. In the cities they move from apartment to apartment, never abiding long enough to convert steam radiators into hearthstones. There, too, success often means a longer move to a larger city and a more important position, until abundant success carries the happy traveler to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, or to the Glorious Babylon of the New World, whence the only move to a higher place comes with death — and one is not quite certain that even this will mean for many a translation to the Blessed Isles.

II

Moving America, which has lost almost all conception of the meaning of the word 'home,' may in part account for a moving ministry. But the explanation leaves much still to be explained. Why are the clergy not only restless, but discontented, sometimes miserably unhappy, often hopelessly fallen from their early enthusiasms?

One of the most effective sermons I

ever preached owed its success to an accidental piece of good psychology. It was in no way an extraordinary bit of homiletical persuasiveness, but the congregation liked it, and I was fortunate in having one keen listener explain why. It was a sermon on reality in religion, designed to show that Christ is impatient — divinely impatient — of anything that savors in the least of mere careless and conventional acceptance of His teaching, a sickly sentimental attachment to His religion, or a nonchalant belief in Himself. In His presence we must be perfectly honest with ourselves and perfectly straightforward and unaffected; He despises cant. I had a great deal to say about downright sincerity among Christian people, but by good fortune I said none of this until I had first made public acknowledgment of certain clerical shortcomings. I pictured the man outside the church who stayed outside because of a certain smug professionalism in some of the clergy which irritated and annoyed him. I confessed that our immunity from friendly criticism had been disastrous. I acknowledged that our words do not always ring true; we find it only too easy to drop into a habit of ready moralizing that is wholly perfunctory and smacks of pious cant. My friend told me that the congregation recognized the picture and gladly acclaimed the facts as to my confessed sins. 'Having won them to complete accord in your portrayal of clerical faults,' he said, 'their innate good sportsmanship made it impossible for them to deny their own sins when you pointed them out. It was good psychology to begin with yourself.'

And so it may not be unkind to look for the faults in the clergy themselves, if we are to find the full explanation of their restless dissatisfaction. Indeed, it may not be amiss to begin with bishops; and herein are included not only bishops like myself, but the 'higher clergy' of all denominations — presiding elders, archdeacons, heads of ecclesiastical departments, bureaucrats in general. Perhaps we might be more sympathetic and helpful to the clergy if we had someone to criticize us; but we too are immune — that is, from face-to-face criticism. Many people talk about our faults and failings, but always behind our backs; we have few friends who are courageous enough to talk to us plainly, as man to man. In consequence we are apt to 'put on side' and become impatient of disagreement with our plans or policies. We do not hear much about our blunders, and usually succeed in keeping our own eyes shut to their consequences. A bishop gets a large idea of his own attractive powers, because he is usually greeted by a splendid congregation and sees a church at its best. He is credited with unusual preaching ability, because someone hears a sermon which he has had ample opportunity to try out in little mission chapels before preaching it in the big church. He gets a glorious idea of his own wisdom, when the fact is that he may have been chosen bishop because he was regarded as safely and harmlessly conservative. He does not know that some irreverent folk consider him colorless. Nor does he realize how his character has been changed by his work. The inability to seize opportunities, when handicapped because of the church's meagre resources, chills his early enthusiasm; he relapses into self-satisfaction, indifference, or despair, and does nothing. Or the dignity of his office, and its responsibilities, increase the sense of his own importance; he becomes dictatorial and autocratic. Every day, and in every way, he gets worse and worse, because he never hears what the clergy or the laity think about him.

And the clergy do not know what he thinks about them. There are very few bishops, archdeacons, presiding elders, or rural deans who are so cruel as to tell all that they do think. Had they the courage and at the same time the grace to speak out frankly, though considerately and with due kindness, some of the clergy might learn that many of their troubles begin on their own doorsteps. If there is anything unpalatable in what follows, let the clerical reader remember that it is written to help, not merely to condemn.

Why do the clergy find it necessary to move so often? They will say that small salaries pinch them so desperately that they cannot be blamed if they grow discouraged. But — they do not always move to parishes that can give them more. And it is a fact, which those 'higher up' observe, that congregations often gladly and of their own accord vote an increase of salary when the pastor is found specially deserving such appreciation. May not the real cause be found in the fact that the ministry offers desperate chances of slumping down into a lazy, inactive life? In business there is always someone to 'jack up' a man; the minister is his own overseer. There is no one to keep a record of his pastoral calls, no one to note whether he does an eight-hour-a-day job, no one except his bishop — who, good, kind man that he is, does n't always want to complain — to know that he does not answer letters, that he does not keep accurate parish record books, that he fails to make reports, and, worse yet, fails to read suggestions. There is no one but the choirmaster who knows how little thought he gives to the arrangement of services — and even the choirmaster does not always realize that this is why the services fail to make a definite impression. No one knows whether he has done any honest work on his sermons, though the congregation may frequently make a close guess as to the diligence of his thought and study. The temptation to indolence — bodily, mental, and spiritual — is always there, and not always courageously fought. Often the man gets what he is worth. Not always, nor in the majority of cases, but often.

The minister wonders why it is he does not attract better congregations. Would that he had married a wife who could and would tell him that his sermons are rambling discourses; that he never takes one idea, develops it carefully — and stops. Would that he could realize how often he skips about, or maunders on, leaving the congregation with nothing definite; perhaps only with a vague notion that the parson has been reading a new book and has not yet learned that nobody should talk about a book until he has at least read it through. Of course this is apparent to most people, save himself, when he preaches on the problems of the day, without special knowledge, or on modern doubts and difficulties, only to show that he has not made an honest effort to understand the point of view of the layman, or done enough hard thinking to prove that he really knows what he believes, and why. We hear much of the failure of the clergy to present religion in terms of present-day thinking. The failure is usually attributed to theological narrowness. Actually, is it not the result of intellectual sloth, and the consequent failure to understand, or sympathize with, the difficulties of faith for men who know the new universe and the modern world?

Again, the minister wonders that the congregation does so little work; perhaps he complains now and then at their lack of coöperation. But he does not realize his own lack of administrative effort, or his maddening inability to do things in a businesslike way.

He does not plan his own work, and he is hopelessly inefficient in planning work for others. He has no new ideas as to organization. He has no ability to inspire others to effort. He does not even display ordinary sound judgment in choosing his workers. He expects to get church-school teachers by casually suggesting from the pulpit that there are vacancies. When people offer their services in parish work he has not the faintest idea how to use them. Imagine a young girl, just graduated from college, offering herself for some useful service — and the best he can do is to suggest her arranging the flowers on the altar.

He complains that the congregation does not give him the respect due to his office, while unaware that the hard-working business man next door regards him as a diddling and doddering old woman, pottering around the house instead of hustling out to work. I knew one young minister who made a tremendous success in his first parish in a simple way. He lived in a suburban town and most of the men in his congregation took an early train for the city. He was always up early himself, out on the street, down at the station, and between 7.35 and 8.42 had a word with almost all of his male parishioners. It gave him a reputation for alertness; everybody knew he was 'on the job.'

Worst of all, the minister — and especially the young minister — suffers from a 'priestly complex.' Ordination is supposed to endow one with autocratic authority. He expects to have his every word accepted as law. He goes to a new parish and acts as if history began when he arrived. He gives the impression of being an 'I, I, I' man. He resents disagreement with his words, whether in 'teaching' or 'ruling.' He has a profound contempt for diplomacy. (Of course there are 'yes men,' whose diplomatic efforts lead to spinelessness.)

Nowhere is this lack of tact more apparent than with some of the younger ministers who preach the 'social gospel.' Socialists of every stripe among lay protagonists have an aggravating tendency to begin their addresses by thoroughly antagonizing their audiences. They are hot-headed in denunciation. They make no effort to present their appeal with charity and winsomeness. And some of the worst offenders are clergymen who seem to have a fatal facility for preaching even the truth with needlessly offensive aggressiveness. They are so fearful of sounding a cooing note that they never utter a wooing one.

Tact! In smaller matters, how easy it is to offend! I knew of one man who began an announcement: 'It will be like a red rag to a bull for many of you, but hereafter we shall,' etc., etc. A vestry committee came to one of our bishops not long ago to complain of their rector's lack of tact. He had noticed an inch of petticoat hanging below the skirt of the elderly president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and called her attention to it. 'You don't regard such conduct as tactful, do you?' the vestrymen asked the bishop — and the latter replied that for a clergyman he considered it an astonishing evidence of rare diplomacy; the rector might have said, 'Mrs. So-and-So, I did not know well-dressed women wore such things nowadays.' Let it be said that the vestrymen did have sufficient sense of humor to depart a little shamefaced, though not yet strongly convinced of the general good sense of ministers.

'Priestly complex!' One clergyman whose complaints were vociferously voiced in a neighboring diocese closed his career with a sermon on the text which tells how Herod 'gave not God the glory' and 'was eaten of worms' and died. The lesson was plain: he himself was the Lord's anointed, and

those who opposed him would presumably be smitten with disease, and in all probability it would be fatal!

III

Enough! Let it be understood that I am not wholly lacking in the tact which I look for in others, and that I have wisely refrained from singling out any of my own clergy in these examples of clerical failures. But I have made diligent inquiries elsewhere, have listened to the complaints of the laity, have heard in confidence many tales from other bishops, have had most interesting talks with a dear Methodist friend who is a presiding elder, know rather intimately a Methodist bishop and a Presbyterian moderator, have noted on the tablets of memory many things which occurred in my own circle of clerical acquaintances when I mingled with ministers in freer intercourse than they will permit now — and, even as I know the special temptations of the bishops in the way of megalocephalic delusion, so I know some of the faults of the clergy, which alienate their congregations, ruin their ministry, and account for their loss of influence and their consequent discouragements. Indeed, their failures are due quite as much to petty faults, such as are here catalogued, as to lack of vision to discern the possibilities of the Christian ministry in modern life.

But the laity! Ah, brethren, you have been waiting for this, have you not? Close study of the clergy reveals much that is unpleasant. How did they get that way? A close study of laymen may help us to answer the question.

Well, first, in the matter of salaries. It is often true that the average layman is pitifully small-minded about church support, with glorious exceptions in certain city churches, notably Presbyterian and Congregationalist. In spite of my defense, the fact is that it does not usually occur to the critical layman that he actually contributes to small-mindedness in the ministry by compelling his pastor to live a petty life, full of petty economies that cramp work and thought. He sees no injustice in paying his chauffeur more than he pays the minister, though not all chauffeurs are shining examples of faithfulness and efficiency. Nor does he understand that his attitude, and that of other men like him, are keeping many promising candidates out of the ministry. However anxious they may be to serve, their robust common sense makes them realize that they and their families must live decently. Allowing for all my admissions in confession and avoidance, there can be no denial of the seriousness of the minister's money problem.

What is there about Protestant Christianity, by the way, that makes so many church people small-minded in other things? Does the minister lack tact? Let Heaven be his witness that there is no profession in which larger demands are made upon one's patience. We cannot imagine a leader in business listening to small complaints such as come to a clergyman from his fellow workers. If the head of a corporation had to deal with the rivalries of jealous women employees, he would go mad, unless he were empowered to fire as well as hire. The minister must not turn anybody out. He must smooth every wrinkle, or be turned out himself. The only other position in the world that offers a like opportunity for sainthood is held by his sexton, who must keep the church warm enough for Mrs. A and not too warm for Mrs. B. I remember one of my own parishes, where Mrs. A came in one morning, shivered apprehensively, and then arose and opened the register; whereupon Mrs. B fanned herself violently and

arose and closed it. They kept it up alternately, each comfortable until the other had her turn, until finally one of them was restrained by her husband. Was I lacking in tact when I told them afterward that the furnace fire had not been started that morning, and that open and closed registers had influenced their comfort only on Christian Science principles? Of course, in speaking I remembered the Virginian's advice, 'When you say that, smile!'

Amusing? Yes; but terribly trying, if that is the sort of thing one must deal with day after day. A clergyman comes to his work in love with the radiant personality of Jesus Christ, anxious to make others see the beauty and splendor of service offered to such a Leader. He starts to work and preach and pray, *con amore*. But he cannot keep it up forever if always enduring the pin pricks of captious criticism or the discouragements of stolid unresponsiveness. He suffers. Does anyone suffer more than he, unless it be his wife? Of course she is rarely satisfactory to the women. She does too much, or she does n't do enough. Like her husband, she has no infallible instinct which tells her when parishioners are ill, if they neglect to notify her husband or herself.

How can the clergyman keep his own spiritual fires burning when others are lukewarm? I remember, in my early days, preparing a sermon which I was all aflame to preach, only to wait four consecutive Sundays for the congregation to get over the evil effects of leaving God alone during summer time; then finding that the flame had cooled; at last preaching as pious platitude what might have been a real message.

What is the minister to do if he finds few of his people willing to inconvenience themselves in order to give regular and faithful service in church organizations? What is he to do when, in spite of real effort, the church is half empty? What shall he say if it is almost impossible to get congregational worship, and he tries in vain to make the people sing or take part in the responses of the service?

> 'Do you have music in your church?'
> I asked the country squire.
> 'Oh, no,' the old man quick replied,
> 'Just singin' by the choir.'

What is the minister to do if he cannot, in good conscience, become a 'live-wire preacher,' a 'go-getter,' or any of the other things in the way of good mixing, — which some of his men, it is true, do consider the marks of an effective ministry, — and yet cannot make his people see the value of religious habits? Most of our actions are habitual. If we always had to stop, think, and reason out our next move, we should never get anything done. Our lives, in large measure, are regulated by habit and directed by instinct. How can the clergyman who knows all this make his people see clearly that this points to the value of public worship? 'The church is for religion what a social order is for civilization; it is an environment.' The minister knows this, but he is bound to be discouraged if his golf-playing vestryman or trustee does not know it and complains when the church is not filled, though doing little himself to help crowd it. After all, a few really converted laymen might, conceivably, convert even bishops and clergy.

IV

We discover many evidences that our laymen are not converted and that this is the real reason for the church's loss of prestige. Religion does not always play a large part in their lives. It is not that they have 'views'; they do not think much on the subject in any fashion. The conscientious clergyman

often finds them all too ready to compromise with the world. Possibly he has convictions about marriage, for example, and they object to his offending influential parishioners who have lax views and cannot be made to understand that what is legal may not be Christian. Difficult Christian standards may not be accepted by a majority of his people, and they are impatient if he seems uncompromising. If he has decided views on modern business, or preaches on certain national problems or international duties, or expresses doubts as to the permanency of the present world order, he is regarded as a hopelessly idealistic doctrinaire, whose words are weighted with dynamite — as perhaps they are.

There *are* men in the priesthood who are anxious to lead, who wish the church vitally and efficiently to minister to the needs of humanity. They feel sure they could win to the church's work many who are now outside, unattached followers of Christ who are doing His work and yet have not the stimulus of fellowship in His society, men of strong religious feelings and convictions whose absence from our ranks is their loss as well as ours. What is the minister to do when he discovers that he cannot win these men because they are bored by the people who already make up his congregation? For undoubtedly many people do stay out because of the character of those who are in. They have an uncomfortable realization that church people have little more than a code of conventional respectability, its outlook narrow, its temper puritanical, its orthodoxy sectarian, its morality prim and prissy. The truth is that the churches are full of people whose religion is static.

What is the minister to do, then, if he begins in a spirit of heroic adventure and later discovers that for most of his people this spirit has been lost through the stolid and stupid misinterpretation of commonplace men? What is he to do if he finds that all his congregation expects of him is that he shall go on teaching them to meet life in a spirit of celestial resignation, submitting to every duty with exemplary forbearance and meeting the little inconveniences of life with patient piety — for this is all that many of them expect or desire in sermons, and even this they are apt to consider excellent spiritual advice for others, while actually rejecting it when they come to wrestle with their own problems. What is the minister to do who tries to quicken his church into life and learns that most of his people are not anxious to scale heights, do not wish to be set on fire with a quest for adventure, or reality, or joy, are satisfied to enroll as fellow Christians and church members all and sundry persons who have not been guilty of scandalous disregard of the social code? Is it any wonder that his sermons lose vitality when he finds everybody satisfied with a religion that makes no demands, sets no challenge, requires no resoluteness of will, no perseverance of discipline, no determined purpose, no largeness of sympathy and understanding?

Sometimes I catch the gleam of a new faith which the younger generation may bring to the churches. Many of us think they are 'hard boiled,' whereas, perhaps, they are only anxious to appear so, in their revolt against what they consider 'hokum' in all social institutions, the church included. Youth has no enthusiasm for the church as an aseptic sanatorium where the ills of life are to be healed. It has no enthusiasm for a religion concerned largely with the salvation of meagre little individual souls. This present age is like youth — wayward and conceited, but lovable; perhaps, in time, it may turn to religion as a social force.

Without hopelessly antagonizing youth by attributing to it an idealism not always in evidence, we may offer a religion definite and challenging. We have been attempting, in a feeble fashion, to bring about a new world order without the inspiration, motive force, and driving power of faith. It cannot be done. We have been trying to base our morals on something else than faith. That cannot be done. Except as a preliminary to life with God, ethics are meaningless. The real reason for decent living is that in obedience to moral standards we liberate our possibilities of spiritual life. Therefore, without religion as a basis, our ethical system has no necessary sanction. I don't know that we shall make youth see this for a long time, but I am unwilling to give up trying to make it clear.

Nor do I know that many of the clergy have thought this out, but, despite the weakness of some of the brethren, I know that a number are beginning to think about it and are anxious to 'speak out.' How many of the older laity have the faintest idea of the problem involved? Is it any wonder, then, that there are weaker men in the ministry who feel they are beating their heads against a stone wall and give up despairingly? What are they to do if they sympathize with youth more than the younger generation has ever guessed; know that the spirit of freedom, with all its confidence and hope, can meet its true Leader only in Jesus Christ; and yet find in their congregations parents who desire for their children only social success, are even less unwilling than are their sons and daughters to risk unpopularity, are themselves slaves of the Goddess of Folly and deliberately blind themselves to facts about which they are too timid to pass judgment? With all its faults, the new generation is intolerant of weak compromise. Perhaps its chief criticism of the church and of social institutions is that we find in them too much of compromise.

Yes, we clergy are a tiresome lot. We are often dull. We have little training in high-power salesmanship. We have small administrative gifts. We are no better, as orators, than the average lawyer or politician. We are cramped by poverty. We lack social graces. We too are not overbrave in our defiances; we feebly compromise. Many of us lose the first fire of faith. Some of us fall by the wayside.

But who is to blame? After all, the only material out of which to make a clergyman is lay material. And look at the laity! Perhaps they are responsible, more than they know, for many a clergyman's loss of faith. Will someone tell us how to make them different? Will someone from the ranks of youth, if not too annoyed at the slightest hint that he cares for ideals, give us a clear criticism — not simply a smashing and destructive bombardment, but constructive ideas as to what he wants and how he thinks he can get it?

SPARROW'S LAMENT

BY DOROTHY LEONARD

THE Great Shrike put me on a thorn
Too near the house where I was born.
It's made of straw I thought so fine.
I see that heaven-pointing pine
I sang in, scrag against the sky.
No singing now for such as I.
Poor I — he must have marked my crest
(Or that strange spot upon my breast)
To fancy me from all the rest.
Good Cankerworms! The tree's possessed!
These other hop-in-hedges loop
Their necks like robins with the roop.
Don't lollop around so sour and still,
Grimalkins . . . fly to Thirsty Hill!
I hear my blood drip on a stone.
Oh, Birds, how bright his bent beak shone!

A PEDAGOGIC SUNSET

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

FORTY years' teaching in one women's college! It is a long retrospect. The face of civilization can be changed in forty years. People tell the impatient radical not to be in a hurry, but history is sometimes in a hurry. It has its accelerations and retards. During the last fifteen years it has been so accelerated that we have been swept from our moorings into seas unknown.

Forty years have carried the higher education of women from the pioneer stage into the full heyday of external success. Has the success been more than external? Has the concentration of one's first energies on that cause been justified? There were many summoning possibilities — 'life's business being just the terrible choice.' Should one turn away from them all, abandon personal aims, and dedicate one's self to the coming generations, making the surrender which only two people, teacher and mother, are called to make? More or less casually, that was my decision. Most of the forty years have been spent in the semicloistral seclusion of a women's college. Am I glad, or not?

I think I am. Certainly my choice has yielded much happiness, and that is something. Nobody is disinterested enough to consider only whether one's achievement has been worth while: human nature asks also whether one has had a good time. Yes! It is delightful, at least for a woman with a bent that way, to belong to a college faculty. There are the mixed joys of the classroom, of which hereafter; there are libraries, laboratories, the pleasant apparatus of learning; and, best of all, there is the sense of intellectual fellowship. Community life has its exasperations, but an affectionate disposition and a sense of humor go far to find sources of satisfaction even in these. What pleasure not only to follow a private line of study or research, — everybody on a college faculty has one, — but to listen to others when they come back from their summers or sabbaticals, bringing — what do I know? — reports on 'Exultet' scrolls in southern Italy or on recent researches into the brains of ants, talks on Roman toys, old prints of eighteenth-century landscape gardens, or some recondite formula which may revolutionize our conception of matter! Quite apart from the stream of undergraduates flowing through a college, the life of a faculty among its own members is fascinating in variety and stimulus. Probably it is especially fascinating to women, to whom this sort of group activity is comparatively new.

And to share this great adventure has been not only fascinating but fruitful. To defend a losing or a threatened cause is a romantic privilege — one, incidentally, which every liberal can enjoy to-day. But there is solid comfort in devotion to a cause which succeeds, and certainly no cause has this hall mark, if popularity measure success, more than the higher education of

women. The modern world is strewn with fiascoes. Perhaps — though I don't believe it — we are passing into that cyclical stage which has usually preceded the scrap heap. It is cheering to feel that the aim to which one's private powers have been dedicated has been attained.

When I was an undergraduate in the eighties of the last century, echoes of Dr. Clarke's *Sex in Education* still sounded. Women's physiques would never stand the combined strain of Greek, of examinations, of community life. The great Dr. Eliot also shook a disapproving head, and his disapproval rankled. Put on our mettle, we watched our physiques with amused anxiety, though it did not take us long to feel reassured. Only daring girls tried the new adventure, and they knew the delicious exhilaration of the pioneer. Health did not suffer, and we had a beautiful time — better perhaps than any young women, except a favored few, had ever enjoyed before. Not only had we received the freedom of the city of the mind, but we rejoiced in the expansion of our feminine horizon beyond our old limits of the domestic circle and the social clique. Emotional enrichment is no merely sentimental gain; it liberates. Devotion to Alma Mater, with the intricate and rich relationships it carries, is ennobling to the alumnæ. With men this devotion to the fatherland of the mind has long been potent. With women it is new. I often think we do not adequately realize how much modern colleges for women have added in many ways to the joy of the world.

Girls have appreciated the fact. They have knocked in increasing hordes at the college doors, till to-day all the chief colleges have ruthlessly to limit their numbers. So far as popularity goes, the 'higher' education has obviously arrived.

But let us rise above the level of mere pleasure. Let us ask the significance of the movement. Apart from the happiness it brings, what is the higher education of women meaning to society?

The most important immediate change it has brought is doubtless the introduction of purpose into feminine life.

Purpose! Central need of every life which is to attain stability and peace! We forget how completely the lives of women lacked it a hundred or less years ago. In Victorian novels and other social records, marriage and motherhood are assumed as the one interest and raison d'être of women. Some people still so assume, and they are right, in the same sense that marriage and fatherhood are the raison d'être of men. Marriage is normal; most women crave it, though not all. But the normal is rarely the sufficient. It is well that modern girls can no longer be described as 'ladies in waiting.' Apparently as large a proportion of college graduates as of their sisters marry; but deliberately to aim at marriage is no longer an ignominious necessity, and the married state, not degraded by being viewed as an occupation, becomes to women, as to men, the crown of a life which has its own adequate centre.

It goes without saying that these summary remarks do not cover the ground. No one denies that children interrupt other pursuits more with women than with men, and one does not want to hear college-bred wives adopting what Shaw cites as the habitual phrase of the honest mother, 'Run away now, darling.' The situation bristles with difficulties, and basic readjustments are in order. At these, colleges and alumnæ are working practically, summers as well as winters, with some prospect of success. There is long experimentation ahead. But

the demand of some women to possess both a home and a profession has come to stay. Meanwhile, as vocational guidance improves, and as one by one the last barriers fall separating women from the free range of human pursuits, we may expect to see more and more effective results from the release of their trained powers into the general life.

To predict these results would be premature. But after watching girls sympathetically for forty years I am inclined reluctantly to endorse the ideas about their specific ability expressed some time ago by an *Atlantic* essayist. I see small indication that women are likely to excel in arts or letters. They are so sensitive and so quick in imaginative response that the absence of high creative power comes as a surprise, and I earnestly hope that I am mistaken, and that we may yet see a woman Shakespeare, Beethoven, or Michelangelo. And that women have a distinctive if secondary contribution to make in sculpture, poetry, and other arts seems proved. In fiction, especially, they already hold their own with men, and the revelation of life from the feminine angle has increasing freshness and value. But in general I think that the strength and worth of women are less on the side of the arts than on that of executive work. Women are going, I believe, to make great statesmen. They will be busy shaping civilization itself. And this is natural. We all hope that the fostering statesmanship of the future will concern itself less with defending the nation against external enemies than with enabling the citizens to live in harmony. That is to say, it will be a sublimation of motherhood. The father has defended and supported the family, but on the mother has devolved the task of furthering the intimate coöperation on which it depends. Her powers, developed in domestic privacy, can now be put to wider use. She must, as she has always done, regulate consumption and secure internal unity, but on a larger scale. Women, with their new training, emerge into public life precisely when the need for their special gifts begins to be acutely felt. I believe that the maternal State of the future will trust its destinies to them to an extent as yet unimagined, of which the appointment of police women, of women probation officers, and still more the considerable share of women in starting and conducting social enterprises, afford a foretaste. The article by seven presidents of women's colleges in a late *Atlantic* gives an enumeration of some of their activities that bears out my idea.

II

But to return from these far flights to the adventures of a pedagogue among the colleges of to-day.

Every professor who breaks into the magazines is expected to attack or else to defend the rising generation. What can be said by a rueful person whose first instinct is to think it very like its forerunners? Hair, to be sure, is bobbed, though I observe that the fashion is passing. Skirts are short — let us hope that this fashion will remain. To watch bygone class pictures on the screen at commencement time is to enjoy a merry hour. Nor can it be denied that reticences have ceased and standards have altered. This is not all the fault of youth, as anyone can testify who has tried to comfort a distressed girl recoiling in distaste from the prospect of a vacation to be passed either with the divorced mother and stepfather or with the divorced father and stepmother. Small wonder that old values become confused, that youth is quite outspoken, that, for instance, a girl will frankly avow — I have known it done in the classroom

— that motherhood often appeals to a woman when marriage does not, or vice versa. Yet, in spite of lip stick, of 'petting parties,' of immunity to shock, of occasional graver things, what chiefly impresses me is the curious sameness down the years. In essentials, I find the girls of to-day as sensitive of perception, as morally fastidious, as clean-minded and clean-living, as were their mothers. The talk that goes on round my study fire echoes the talk of the past; for each generation rediscovers ancient problems, and the sometimes taxing business of the teacher is to listen with unflagging sympathy as each supposes that it breaks new trails.

Ordinary remarks concerning the decline in manners and morals do not worry me much, though the manners have changed more than the morals. I am inclined to discredit most of the superficial criticism of the rising generation. On the other hand, I wish I could regard it more confidently as the hope of the world. Youth is always that, of course, but I wonder if the present generation is any more likely to save society than its parents were. When I hear sentiment about the Youth Movement, I always remember that there was a Youth Movement in the time of Disraeli. Youth Movement in side whiskers!

But I should be the last to deny that serious and interesting changes are going on — involving, as changes always do, both good and bad. I seem to reach the heart of them best by notes on my own teaching. One can watch the swing of the current by watching the curve of banks as well as the swish of waters, teachers as well as taught. I find that my objective has altered. I used to work by my own secret methods with primary desire to set young minds free from convention and orthodoxy; of late, my attempt has been to keep them loyal to tradition. . . . No, this is not because I have become more conservative myself. I have n't!

The two aims are not incompatible; an institution of learning has precisely the function of equal solicitude for both. It must put the student within reach of his full rich heritage, and it must so quicken and train his critical and creative powers that, if may be, he can add new wealth. Neither end is ever neglected by a genuine teacher. But he should be alert to perceive when his emphasis should change. Enslavement to formulæ is a persistent curse, with groups and with individuals. All half-educated minds are under it, and pretty much all young people come to college so enslaved. Our job is to discredit the habit and to shatter the formula, whatever it may be. Rarely have I known a sweeter moment than when the saying was reported to me in the early days of my teaching that a student going into my class orthodox would probably come out a rebel, but one going in unorthodox was quite likely to turn Christian.

Formulæ change. Those which too often hold modern youth in a cold and lifeless grip are formulæ of negation. The enslaving code, in relation to authority, is one of resentment rather than appeal. It does not bid, 'Think this because your ancestors thought it,' but 'Think this because it would surely shock your grandfather.' The one form of slavery is as bad as the other, but I am inclined to think that the modern is the more vulgar. At all events, I have been fighting it hard, trying all along the line to rouse recognition of the force and worth of our racial heritage, and to instill reverence for ancient sanctities. And I am quite unafraid, just at present, that the escape from inhibitions or the rampant desire for self-expression — often before there is much self to express — will be unduly imperiled by my policy. When

a mature set of students refuses to respond to Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty,' and remarks to me after class, 'You see, we learn in our Ethics that those old notions of duty are obsolete,' I know that for me at least the time has come to stress the immutable law in a mutable universe.

As I have said, all change involves both good and bad, and, in spite of the need for a corrective, I think that the rise of a challenging spirit of independence among young people is mainly to the good. If only it can be real independence, and not insolent defiance of restraint, or, which is worse, mere parrot chatter, faint echoes of simian critics among the magazines. Direct thinking is desperately needed among young women. The chief discouragement I have personally met in teaching them is that they are so docile; and this, I fear, is an almost constant quality. They follow their professor like little sheep; and, while a lamb is supposed to be an endearing object, a sheep is not. They persist in giving one's own thoughts back to one. Now, unless the teacher can arouse a spirit of challenge and criticism, he is defeated; I have often wondered whether, if it had fallen to my lot to teach young men, I should not have met more of this invigorating spirit.

I do not mean that students should not be amenable to guidance. But they should never know that they are being guided. The teacher should create in them the illusion of freedom, as the Almighty creates it in the human race. There is a passage in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* on which my pedagogic mind has often brooded. In it he describes how a 'plume-uplifting wind' drives all spirits on their secret way, while they believe that their swift wings and feet obey the sweet desires within. Yes! The teacher must furnish the 'plume-uplifting wind,' but the student must feel self-impelled, and when he does n't, when his plumes won't be uplifted, but slump, he might better be anywhere than in college.

Of course, independence of mind can never become general. Some students will to the end of time say on an examination paper what they think you want them to say, unaware that by so doing they pass on themselves the relentless judgment reported to the office as C or C−. They have always behaved like that; they will always so behave. The majority acquiesce in the system in which they find themselves and the instruction they receive. But I think this majority grows smaller. The distrust of tradition brings with it a slight rise of student initiative on intellectual lines. Intellectual lines, observe. I do not allude to student self-government, for on that subject I am paradoxically a heretic. I think that it robs young students of essential freedom to expect them to manage their own community life, and that the system places too heavy a burden of responsibility on an inexperienced and shifting body and distracts their minds from the real interests for which they come to college. No, the initiative I mean appertains to the use of those minds. And here I hail improvement. It appears in the student committees on curricula, springing up here and there; it controls an institution like Brookings. And it seems to me, though I hesitate, that my later classes have had a little more authentic life than the earlier.

The manifestations of this life are sometimes disconcerting, and I repeat that they call for regulation. But I have always preferred the rebellious to the acquiescent or the lazy. Well I remember one clever girl the other day who had slipped out of the classroom illegally and was being dealt with as woman to woman. Should I have liked it better, she asked, if she had

stayed in the room writing a private letter? Was such her classroom custom? I countered. Yes. Whereupon I expressed an ironical fear lest my rapid and sometimes emphatic utterance prove distracting to her. 'Not at all,' she reassured me frankly. 'I have excellent concentration.' We became capital friends, that student and I. Her initiative was real, if a little misapplied. Seldom have I received a better final paper.

But I was sorry that my lectures had not held her. I wish I had pursued the method more of having the class quiz me, instead of quizzing the class myself. When I do it, it works. I open a course by collecting written statements of the questions the students want to discuss, and I assure you that these statements are drawn up by able minds. Through the year the class discusses them, while I often withhold my own views, and at the end I try to ascertain what has happened in our thinking. Whether students know it or not, and they know it better than they used to, their supreme desire is neither for information nor for the ideas of the professor, but for self-expression; and the successful teacher is the one who opens a way 'whence the imprisoned splendor may escape.' 'For each word she said, she made me say ten,' said an alumna to me about a beloved teacher.

Of course I am thinking of those students for whom the colleges really exist, who have at least a potential passion for the things of the mind. There are plenty of others, fine girls some of them. It is with these I suppose that most of the magazine articles about women's colleges are concerned. But why pay much attention to them? From the college point of view, their importance is secondary. We were all troubled some time ago by the complaint of a professor of repute that the education which at great cost he had given his daughters had not been worth while. It would be cruel to make the obvious retort. But the truth is that college is a discipline in selection, and not all people choose wisely. So it has always been for men. Recalling what English universities have meant to English life and letters, one recalls also the indifferent lads who stroll through Thackeray's Oxbridge. Among the young listeners to Socrates were some who became dull citizens, capable of condemning him to death. Probably they were attracted, for the moment, less by the pure idea than by the 'life' of that merry group, with their country walks, their good jokes, and their high-spirited enjoyment of one other. It has been the fact that any decently intelligent girl could slip through college with an almost invisible amount of information, culture, or purpose.

But the colleges are entering a new phase. As was hinted earlier, they can now afford, indeed they are forced, to winnow their candidates more carefully. And it is a mooted question what principle of selection to adopt. Are all girls better off for going to college? Ought we to welcome students to whom the 'life' is consciously or not the chief inducement? My answer to both questions would be categorically in the negative.

And I think the authorities agree with me. For the second change I note, as significant as the growth in student initiative, is the tendency to abandon our conscientious and, I think, fallacious habit of concentrating effort on the average student. That has seemed to many teachers a democratic duty. But one can be a passionate believer in democracy, and yet perceive spheres in which aristocracy works better. Education is such a sphere, unless democracy and mediocrity are to become synonyms. We have patiently adapted ourselves to the mass, and

have shown tender solicitude for the laggard. What if the swifter minds meantime have been neglected? Differentiation is in order; there should be varied types of schools for girls. But in some the policy should be deliberate concentration on the abler students, who are probably no more valuable to the State than others, but whose needs are different. A salient American lack is met by the present effort of the leading colleges for women to secure a higher intellectual standard, both in choice of students and in classroom policies. The honor courses everywhere multiplying are a cheering sign.

No one can hope that, even when Utopia arrives, all our graduates will be liberally educated. In the interim, critics would do well to realize the obstacles in the way: chief among them, the abysmal ignorance of most girls of eighteen, appalling to our English visitors — natural result of early years spent in the Ford car (or the Rolls-Royce, if you prefer), which has been not inaptly described as 'the American home.'

Why worry? Why not ignore the failures — the callous, the untouched, the light-minded? They lose their chance. It is their own affair, and I have no words to say how little the fact concerns me. For are there not always those others — rapt young spirits, burrowing into ideas, greedy for their inheritance, eagerly seizing on one's every point, whether to challenge or agree? Is there not the memory of those classroom hours when the clock seemed to fly, while fire flashed from mind to mind — hours when 'the inert were roused and lively natures rapt away'? Never have I known a year in all my forty devoid of such hours; never failed to find in every class students alert and brilliant, whose seeking intelligence has reassured me as to the quality of the American future. How they respond! Ours it may be, as our day stoops to evening, to watch through our own dusty atmosphere young minds rediscovering ancient truths till those truths glow in the light of an eternal dawn. It is a glorious thing to be a teacher! For unless one had first seen the vision, those others might not have caught its light.

I have not taught many foreign students. I confess that when one has come my way, as does happen now and then under the present excellent system of student exchanges, I have been mortified to find her better equipped than our own girls, whether from the point of view of method or of knowledge. And how those students do work! How amazed they are at the amount of time American girls spend on 'the non-academic'! But I remind myself that these foreign students are a picked lot. And in the American girls I find a wholesome breadth and freshness, an instinctive drive of the whole nature toward efficient and productive womanhood. They seem years younger than their European contemporaries, and beyond measure more gay. They convey an impression of less intellectual earnestness, to be candid, but of equal moral earnestness, and of more reserve force. But these generalizations are dangerous.

III

On the part of students, a disquieting distrust of tradition carrying with it a slight increase, cheering as far as it goes, of genuine intellectual independence. On the part of teachers, escape from false obsession by democracy. One more change I note, and it starts with the third group constituting the organism of the college. I mean the trustees. I recognize with pleasure a gradual advance in their idea of the function of the faculty.

At the outset, the women's colleges

had to take what they could get. The article already referred to, by the seven presidents, shows that to-day they dare be satisfied with nothing but the best. And to secure the best more is necessary than generous salaries.

Funny things happened in the early days. The little new colleges drew some brilliant teachers, but some queer ones, too. Well I remember how we fared in English studies. A large lady — an accredited woman of letters, by the way — had reached Milton in a jumpy general course. '*Paradise Lost!* Supposed to be a great poem,' said she. 'I doubt if you will ever read it through. I've done it myself, but it was on a bet from my gentleman admirers.' That lady departed, her place taken by an exquisite Southern gentlewoman whose burden was: 'What would you like to read, young ladies? I am quite at your service.' Her only positive preference I remember was for Tennyson's 'Geraint and Enid.' 'The most perfect treatment I know of wifely fealty — a virtue I trust every one of you will be called to practise.' Needless to say, 'wifely fealty' became the slogan of the class. . . . In all modesty, we do better than that now. I believe no one need feel ashamed of the quality of the teaching force in the main women's colleges.

But to maintain and raise the standard of excellence it must be realized that the value of a faculty does not consist only in its work for the students, but also in the direct contribution it can make to creative scholarship. Our teachers need more leisure.

Earlier I spoke of the teacher's joys. But there are sorrows, too. And I do not allude to the little annoyances incident to the profession, as to most group activities — the antagonisms, frictions, suspicions, rivalries. Discount them; they are the useful school of democracy. The difficulty is deeper. An ambitious man or woman, with some touch of intellectual passion, suffers when so pressed with teaching routine that no time remains for personal work. That, till lately, has been the normal situation in our colleges for women. Now people drawn to the teacher's life are not mercenary. As a rule they would be happily content with a rational living wage, plus assured provision for old age. But the truer scholars they are, the more they want to supplement that instruction of youth in which they delight by advanced study of their own. We shall not for generations reach the standard in these matters of European universities, where only three to six lectures a week are expected from the professor. I am too superficially American in my ideas of efficiency to wish even to see these measurements obtain. (In the Middle Ages, I read the other day, teachers were not allowed to give more than one lesson a day!) But that our emphasis has fallen too exclusively on duty toward the student is patent to me. Especially since the Carnegie Institute has, doubtless inevitably, been forced to change its system from pensioning after twenty-five years of service to pensioning at the age of sixty-five, the prospects of our scholars being able to reap their harvests when their teaching is done grow faint. It is now or never with them.

Not every teacher worth his salt is writing a book or pursuing an investigation. Heaven forbid! There are differences of gifts in the service of Lord Truth. But the college sinks to the level of a secondary school unless it is by and large a community of scholars; and this means that some of its members cannot always be putting primary stress on pedagogy. From the great foundations of the thirteenth century down, contribution to knowledge has been as important a factor in

the institutions of higher learning as instruction of youth. One would be ashamed to write such platitudes were it not that in the colleges for women they have been virtually ignored. Perhaps related to this overvaluation of pure teaching power is the chief criticism that, with some hesitation, I pass on the colleges — their dominant drive rather toward practical efficiency than toward the disinterested enrichment of life. Among both teachers and students one finds the deadly impulse to finish a job: in case of the student, to pass those examinations and be free to forget that old subject; in case of the teacher, to put through that course and be done with it. And perhaps here also is unfortunate reënforcement to the natural but unlucky tendency to measure the value of the teacher by his power to entertain and excite the immature mind rather than by his solid equipment. Sometimes it seems as if animal magnetism were the chief key to student appreciation. Personally, I measure the promise of a student largely by the extent to which she chooses courses independently of the fascinations of the teacher, and 'takes' a subject rather than a person.

The situation improves. We even begin to see positions created in which stress is explicitly laid on research rather than on teaching, and a time is in sight when the balance in this matter will be as fair as our practical civilization can expect. That will be a good time for undergraduate as for professor, since the whole tone of the college will be raised. It is a capital thing for students to realize the dignity and importance of the creative work of their teachers, and to have the fact rubbed in that the institution does not exist exclusively in the interests of the undergraduate body.

On the whole, then, I think the situation of the colleges for women full of promise. The larger liberty given the faculty for its own life, the rise of student initiative, the growing sense of responsibility for specialized service to those exceptional minds on whom the future must so much depend, are all good signs. Add gratitude for the wholesome spirit of educational experiment abroad, leading to sundry intellectual adventures on which we have not been able to touch, and the retiring veteran feels of good cheer.

IV

Yet, on the note of facile optimism who would dare to end? This is a difficult age for truth-seekers. I pointed out at the beginning that the chief result of the freer education of women had been to arouse in them a keen desire for purpose. That is the achievement. But the tragedy is that our situation in these strange years makes purpose increasingly hard to discover.

Not so much in practical surface ways. More occupations are opening to girls every day, and any serious young woman can find her niche after a little fumbling. And perhaps nothing more should be asked. But youth craves faith as well as occupation. And clearly to conceive the goal toward which one would fain help civilization press grows harder and harder. Yet the impulses roused by the higher education will be satisfied with nothing less.

Getting educated is not an end in itself, unless to a minute number of potential scholars; nor indeed to all of those. In graduate work, above all, our students clamor for some vital use to which their training can be put. Intelligent women are coming to regard with restless distaste the meticulous or commercialized pursuit of the Ph.D. too common in America. I, for one, cannot blame them. It is not unknown for a

professor to set his students on bits of research entirely profitless to them, but helpful to him in writing his book. That callous proceeding has never come under my own observation in a women's college. But it exists. And I think that to pursue study with enthusiasm under such circumstances calls for rare faith in the book of the professor.

In more fundamental ways, however, the direction of energy baffles us all. With what forces shall we invite our students to ally themselves? We do not know; small wonder if they grope, unable to find their bearings. Forty years ago it was different. Formulæ shining clear clamored for allegiance, and youth heard the call.

Democracy was such a formula. Old Carlyle helping, the teacher had always tried to shake American youth out of cocksure satisfaction with our country, but only to restore deeper faith, and to suggest new avenues of chivalric service. But events have dimmed the formula, and the deeper faith is still to seek. Who can thrill to democracy to-day? Or socialism? There was a word charged with magic for some people thirty years ago. To-day it means not one thing but fifty, and the magic has faded. Where are the new formulæ? Not stirring young America. To find either an ardent Fascist or an ardent Bolshevik in a college is extremely rare.

In religion the situation is worse. Youth moves through a fog. A definite attitude was easy in the last century. One could be fervently evangelical; Christian Endeavorers, student volunteers, and others clung to their creedal formulæ with passion. Or one could vehemently deny those formulæ and gain great support from the denial. For a destructive campaign has positive inspiration so long as your enemy is alive, and active, and hurt by you. But attack on an inert foe holds no inspiration, and creeds are too languidly held to-day — *pace* Bishops Barnes and Brown — to make repudiation of them exciting. Youth, incurably religious, is hard put to it to know where to rebel and where to cling.

The majority of young intellectuals, though not all, have ceased to regard institutional Christianity with either expectation or interest. From creeds in any form they shy away. My students used to write Utopias for me, after reading many Utopias by other people, from Plato and More to H. G. Wells. We had good fun over those ideal states. But one thing in them that struck me year by year was the absence of any churches. The remark would be complacently — and inelegantly — made that there was 'nothing creedy' about these perfect citizens. The only provision for corporate religion I recall was in one paper where the happy Utopians sat on their doorsteps in the evening and listened to music in the air. Man was apparently not to use his mind in his religion except to bid it not bother him.

Such papers reflect undergraduate impatience under the mild expectations of the college as to attendance on religious functions. It is a shame to see the congregations fall off, for strong men give their best in the college chapels, though it must be confessed that they too often slay the slain. Alas! Those who would profit most won't come.

Yet no one knows the colleges intimately without being conscious of intense stir of spiritual desire. Witness the vogue of such an author as Blake. Mysticism is a word to conjure with, till one uses it with caution in topic captions, while its first cousin, our old friend Personal Religion, is viewed with scorn. It is touching to see how minds once directed to the old conceptions are refreshed by them. In the college where I taught, the eagerness for

mediæval studies is striking just now. Here a new course offered on request in mediæval Latin; there a student who feeds on Aquinas 'as if he were bread,' says her professor; big classes for study of Middle English and Arthurian romance. And, along with all this, hunger for the ultramodern, in philosophy, in art. And for genuine religion anywhere. To be noted is the troubling effect of a man like Bill Simpson on some students. Conviction grows that what leaves these young people cold is never religion, but the conventional garb which even sincere religious faith too often wears. Should there be a change in religious institutions corresponding to the change in feminine dress? Should they become franker and more revealing — that is to say, more outspoken concerning the revolutionary implications of Christian creeds? At all events, the strong spiritual impulses seething among our young people demand a fresh expression. For them the religion of the future must mean not a creed but a Way; or, rather, creed must point out the Way, imperiously summoning its votaries far from the beaten track.

Youth will be satisfied all along the line only by something unconventional, adventurous, heroic. This is true in the sphere of arts and sciences, in music, sculpture, poetry, where you will. Everywhere appears the restless instinct to press toward a faintly descried future. And the spheres in which this instinct appears most strongly are those of conduct and faith. The ideals which shall gain allegiance must be far beyond the range of accepted creed or domestic virtue. They cannot yet be defined, but it is natural to suppose that they will bear relation to the keen if skeptical interest in bold social experiment, to the search for new forms of personal or corporate sacrifice, and to the repudiation of war.

The rising generation waits. But while it waits it seeks. Who can doubt that it shall find?

NIGHT ON A GREAT BEACH

BY HENRY BESTON

I

Our fantastic civilization has fallen out of touch with many aspects of nature, and with none more completely than with night. Primitive folk, gathered at a cave mouth round a fire, do not fear night; they fear, rather, the energies and creatures to whom night gives power; we of the age of the machines, having delivered ourselves of nocturnal enemies, now have a dislike of night itself. With lights, and ever more lights, we drive the holiness and beauty of night back to the forests and the sea; the little villages, the crossroads even, will have none of it. Are modern folk, perhaps, afraid of night? Do they fear that vast serenity, the mystery of infinite space, the austerity of stars? Having made themselves at home in a civilization obsessed with power,

which explains its whole world in terms of energy, do they fear at night for their dull acquiescence and the pattern of their beliefs? Be the answer what it will, to-day's civilization is full of people who have not the slightest notion of the character or the poetry of night, who have never even seen night. Yet to live thus, to know only artificial night, is as absurd and evil as to know only artificial day.

Night is very beautiful on this great beach. It is the true other half of the day's tremendous wheel; no lights without meaning stab or trouble it; it is beauty, it is fulfillment, it is rest. Thin clouds float in these heavens, islands of obscurity in a splendor of space and stars; the Milky Way bridges earth and ocean; the beach resolves itself into a unity of form, its summer lagoons, its slopes and uplands merging; against the western sky and the falling bow of suns rise the silent and superb undulations of the dunes.

My nights are at their darkest when a dense fog streams in from the sea under a black, unbroken floor of cloud. Such nights are rare, but are most to be expected when fog gathers off the coast in early summer. This last Wednesday night was the darkest I have known. Between ten o'clock and two in the morning three vessels stranded on the outer beach — a fisherman, a four-masted schooner, and a beam trawler. The fisherman and the schooner have been towed off, but the trawler, they say, is still ashore.

I went down to the beach that night just after ten o'clock. So utterly black, pitch-dark it was, and so thick with moisture and trailing showers, that there was no sign whatever of the beam of Nauset; the sea was only a sound, and when I reached the edge of the surf the dunes themselves had disappeared behind. I stood as isolate in that immensity of rain and night as I might have stood in interplanetary space. The sea was troubled and noisy, and when I opened the darkness with an outlined cone of light from my electric torch I saw that the waves were washing up green coils of sea grass, all coldly wet and bright in the motionless and unnatural radiance. Far off a single ship was groaning its way along the shoals. The fog was compact of the finest moisture; passing by, it spun itself into my lens of light like a kind of strange, aerial, and liquid silk. Effin Chalke, the new coast guard, passed me, going north, and told me that he had had news at the halfway house of the schooner at Cahoon's.

It was dark, pitch-dark to my eye, yet complete darkness, I imagine, is exceedingly rare, perhaps unknown in outer nature. The nearest natural approximation to it is probably the gloom of forest country buried in night and cloud. Dark as the night was here, there was still light on the surface of the planet. Standing on the shelving beach, with the surf breaking at my feet, I could see the endless wild uprush, slide, and withdrawal of the sea's white rim of foam. The men at Nauset tell me that on such nights they follow along this vague crawl of whiteness, trusting to habit and a sixth sense to warn them of their approach to the halfway house.

Animals descend by starlight to the beach. North, beyond the dunes, muskrats forsake the cliff, and nose about in the driftwood and weed, leaving intricate trails and figure eights to be obliterated by the day; the lesser folk — the mice, the occasional small, sand-colored toads, the burrowing moles — keep to the upper beach, and leave their tiny footprints under the overhanging wall. In autumn skunks, beset by a shrinking larder, go beach combing early in the night. The animal is by preference a clean feeder and

turns up his nose at rankness. I almost stepped on a big fellow one night as I was walking north to meet the first man south from Nauset. There was a scamper, and the creature ran up the beach from under my feet; alarmed he certainly was, yet was he contained and continent. Deer are frequently seen, especially north of the light. I find their tracks upon the summer dunes.

Years ago, while camping on this beach north of Nauset, I went for a stroll along the top of the cliff at break of dawn. Though the path followed close enough along the edge, the beach below was often hidden, and I looked directly from the height to the flush of sunrise at sea. Presently the path, turning, approached the brink of the earth precipice, and on the beach below, in the cool, wet rosiness of dawn, I saw three deer playing. They frolicked, rose on their hind legs, scampered off and returned again, and were merry. Just before sunrise they trotted off north together down the beach toward a hollow in the cliff, and the path that climbs it.

Occasionally a sea creature visits the shore at night. Lone coast guardsmen, trudging the sand at some deserted hour, have been startled by seals. One man fell flat on a creature's back, and it drew away from under him, flippering toward the sea, with a sound 'halfway between a squeal and a bark.' I myself once had rather a start. It was long after sundown, the light dying and uncertain, and I was walking home on the top level of the beach and close along the slope descending to the ebbing tide. A little more than halfway to the Fo'castle, a huge, unexpected something suddenly writhed horribly in the darkness under my bare foot. I had stepped on a skate left stranded by some recent crest of surf, and my weight had momentarily annoyed it back to life.

Facing north, the beam of Nauset becomes part of the dune night. As I walk toward it, I see the lantern now as a star of light which waxes and wanes three mathematic times, now as a lovely, pale flare of light behind the rounded summits of the dunes. The changes in the atmosphere change the color of the beam; it is now whitish, now flame-golden, now golden red; it changes its form as well, from a star to a blare of light, from a blare of light to a cone of radiance sweeping a circumference of fog. To the west of Nauset I often see the apocalyptic flash of the great light at the Highland reflected on the clouds or even on the moisture in the starlit air, and, seeing it, I often think of the pleasant hours I have spent there when George and Mary Smith were at the light and I had the good fortune to visit as their guest. Instead of going to sleep in the room under the eaves, I would lie awake, looking out of a window to the great spokes of light, revolving as solemnly as a part of the universe.

All night long the lights of coastwise vessels pass at sea, green lights going south, red lights moving north. Fishing schooners and flounder draggers anchor two or three miles out, and keep a bright riding light burning on the mast. I see them come to anchor at sundown, but I rarely see them go, for they are off at dawn. When busy at night, these fishermen illumine their decks with a scatter of oil flares. From shore, the ships might be thought afire. I have watched the scene through a night glass. I could see no smoke, only the waving flares, the reddish radiance on sail and rigging, an edge of reflection overside, and the enormous night and sea beyond.

One July night, as I returned at three o'clock from an expedition north, the whole night, in one strange, burning instant, turned into a whitish day. I

stopped and, questioning, stared about. An enormous meteor, the largest I have ever seen, was consuming itself in an effulgence of light west of the zenith. Beach and dune and ocean appeared out of nothing, shadowless and motionless, a landscape whose every tremor and vibration were stilled, a landscape in a dream.

The beach at night has a voice all its own, a sound in fullest harmony with its spirit and mood, — with its little, dry noise of sand forever moving, with its solemn, overspilling, rhythmic seas, with its eternity of stars that sometimes seem to hang down like lamps from the high heavens, — and that sound the piping of a bird. As I walk the beach in early summer my solitary coming disturbs it on its nest, and it flies away, troubled, invisible, piping its sweet, plaintive cry. The bird I write of is the piping plover, *Charadrius melodus*, sometimes called the beach plover or the mourning bird. Its note is a whistled syllable, the loveliest musical note, I think, sounded by any North Atlantic bird.

Now that summer is here I often cook myself a camp supper on the beach. Beyond the crackling, salt-yellow driftwood flame, over the pyramid of barrel staves, broken boards, and old sticks all atwist with climbing fire, the unseen ocean thunders and booms, the hollow breaker sounding hollow as it falls. The wall of the sand cliff behind, with its rim of grass and withering roots, its sandy crumblings and erosions, stands gilded with flame; wind cries over it; a covey of sandpipers pass between the ocean and the fire. There are stars, and to the south Scorpio hangs curving down the sky with ringed Saturn shining in his claw.

Learn to reverence night and to put away the vulgar fear of it, for, with the banishment of night from the experience of man, there vanishes as well a religious emotion, a poetic mood, which gives depth to the adventure of humanity. By day, space is one with the earth and with man — it is his sun that is shining, his clouds that are floating past; at night, space is his no more. When the great earth, abandoning day, rolls up the deeps of the heavens and the universe, a new door opens for the human spirit, and there are few so clownish that some awareness of the mystery of being does not touch them as they gaze. For a moment of night we have a glimpse of ourselves and of our world islanded in its stream of stars — pilgrims of mortality, voyaging between horizons across eternal seas of space and time. Fugitive though the instant be, the spirit of man is, during it, ennobled by a genuine moment of emotional dignity, and poetry makes its own both the human spirit and experience.

II

At intervals during the summer, often enough when the tides are high and the moon is near the full, the surf along the beach turns from a churn of empty, moonlit water to a mass of panic life. Driven in by schools of larger fish, swarms of little fish enter the tumble of the surf, the eaters follow them, and the surf catches them both up and throws the mauled and confused ashore.

Under a sailing moon, the whole churn of sea close off the beach vibrates with a primeval ferocity and intensity of life; yet is this war of rushing mouth and living food without a sound save for the breaking of the seas. But let me tell of such a night.

I had spent an afternoon ashore with friends, and they had driven me to Nauset Station just after nine o'clock. The moon, two days from the full, was very lovely on the moors and on the channels and flat, moon-green isles of

the lagoon; the wind was southerly and light. Moved by its own enormous rhythms, the surf that night was a stately incoming of high, serried waves, the last wave alone breaking. This inmost wave broke heavily in a smother and rebound of sandy foam, and thin sheets of seethe, racing before it up the beach, vanished endlessly into the endless thirst of the sands. As I neared the surf rim to begin my walk to the southward, I saw that the beach close along the breakers, as far as the eye would reach, was curiously atwinkle in the moonlight with the convulsive dance of myriads of tiny fish. The breakers were spilling them on the sands; the surf was aswarm with the creatures; it was indeed, for the time being, a surf of life. And this surf of life was breaking for miles along the Cape.

Little herring or mackerel? Sand eels? I picked a dancer out of the slide and held him up to the moon. It was the familiar sand eel or sand launce, *Ammodytes americanus*, of the waters between Hatteras and Labrador. This is no kin of the true eels, though he rather resembles one in general appearance, for his body is slender, eel-like, and round. Instead of ending bluntly, however, this 'eel' has a large, well-forked tail. The fish in the surf were two and three inches long.

Homeward that night I walked barefooted in the surf, watching the convulsive, twinkling dance, now and then feeling the squirm of a fish across my toes. Presently something occurred which made me keep to the thinnest edge of the foam. Some ten feet ahead an enormous dogfish was suddenly borne up the beach on the rim of a slide of foam; he moved with it unresisting while it carried him; the slide withdrawing and drying up, it rolled him twice over seaward; he then twisted heavily, and another minor slide carried him back again to shore. The fish was about three feet long, a real junior shark, purplish black in the increasing light, — for the moon was moving west across the long axis of the breakers, — and his dark, important bulk seemed strange in the bright dance of the smaller fish about him.

It was then that I began to look carefully at the width of gathering seas. Here were the greater fish, the mouths, the eaters who had driven the 'eels' ashore to the edge of their world and into ours. The surf was alive with dogfish, aswarm with them, with the rush, the cold bellies, the twist and tear of their wolfish violence of life. Yet there was but little sign of it in the waters — a rare fin slicing past, and once the odd and instant glimpse of a fish embedded like a fly in amber in the bright, overturning volute of a wave.

Too far in, the dogfish were now in the grip of the surf, and presently began to come ashore. As I walked the next half mile every other breaker seemed to leave behind its ebb a mauled and stranded sharklet feebly sculling with his tail. I kicked many back into the seas, risking a toe, perhaps; some I caught by the tails and flung, for I did not want them corrupting on the beach. The next morning, in the mile and three quarters between the Fo'castle and the station, I counted seventy-one dogfish lying dead on the upper beach. There were also a dozen or two skates — the skate is really a kind of shark — which had stranded the same night. Skates follow in many things, and are forever being flung upon these sands.

I sat up late that night at the Fo'castle, often putting down the book I read to return to the beach.

A little after eleven came Bill Eldredge to the door, with a grin on his face and one hand held behind his back. 'Have you ordered to-morrow's dinner yet?' said he. 'No.' 'Well, here it is,' and Bill produced a fine cod

from behind his back. 'Just found him right in front of your door, alive and flopping. Yes, yes, haddock and cod often chase those sand eels in with the bigger fish; often find them on the beach about this time of the year. Got any place to keep him? Let me have a piece of string and I'll hang him on your clothesline. He'll keep all right.' With a deft unforking of two fingers, Bill drew the line through the gills, and as he did so the heavy fish flopped noisily. No fear about his being dead. 'Make a nice chowder.' Bill stepped outside; I heard him at the clothesline. Afterward we talked till it was time for him to shoulder his clock and Coston case again, pick up his watch cap, whistle in his little black dog, and go down over the dune to the beach and Nauset Station.

There were nights in June when there was phosphorescence in the surf and on the beach, and one such night I think I shall remember as the most strange and beautiful of all the year.

Early this summer the middle beach moulded itself into a bar, and between it and the dunes are long, shallow runnels into which the ocean spills over at high tide. On the night I write of, the first quarter of the moon hung in the west, and its light on the sheets of incoming tide coursing thin across the bar was very beautiful to see. Just after sundown I walked to Nauset with friends who had been with me during the afternoon; the tide was still rising, and a current running in the pools. I lingered at the station with my friends till the last of sunset had died, and the light upon the planet, which had been moonlight mingled with sunset pink, had cleared to pure cold moon.

Southward, then, I turned, and because the flooded runnels were deep close by the station, I could not cross them, and had to walk their inner shores. The tide had fallen half a foot, perhaps, but the breakers were still leaping up against the bar as against a wall, the greater ones still spilling over sheets of vanishing foam.

It grew darker with the westing of the moon. There was light on the western tops of the dunes, a fainter light on the lower beach and the breakers; the face of the dunes was a unity of dusk.

The tide had ebbed in the pools, and their edges were wet and dark. There was a strange contrast between the still levels of the pool and the seethe of the sea. I kept close to the land edge of the lagoons, and as I advanced my boots kicked wet spatters of sand ahead as they might have kicked particles of snow. Every spatter was a crumb of phosphorescence; I walked in a dust of stars. Behind me, in my footprints, luminous patches burned. With the double-ebb of moonlight and tide, the deepening brims of the pools took shape in smouldering, wet fire. So strangely did the luminous speckles smoulder and die and glow that it seemed as if some wind were passing, by whose breath they were kindled and extinguished. Occasional whole breakers of phosphorescence rolled in out of the vague sea — the whole wave one ghostly motion, one creamy light — and, breaking against the bar, flung up pale sprays of fire.

A strange thing happens here during these luminous tides. The phosphorescence is itself a mass of life, sometimes protozoan in its origin, sometimes bacterial, the phosphorescence I write of being probably the latter. Once this living light has seeped into the beach, colonies of it speedily invade the tissues of the ten thousand thousand sand fleas which are forever hopping on this edge of ocean. Within an hour the gray bodies of these swarming amphipods, these useful, ever hungry sea scavengers (*Orchestia agilis; Talorchestia mega-*

lophthalma), show phosphorescent pin points, and these points grow and unite till the whole creature is luminous. The attack is really a disease, an infection of light. The process had already begun when I arrived on the beach on the night of which I am writing, and the luminous fleas hopping off before my boots were an extraordinary sight. It was curious to see them hop from the pool rims to the upper beach, paling as they reached the width of peaceful moonlight lying landward of the strange, crawling beauty of the pools. This infection kills them, I think; at least I have often found the larger creature lying dead on the fringe of the beach, his huge porcelain eyes and water-gray body one core of living fire. Round and about him, disregarding, ten thousand kinsmen, carrying on life and the plan of life, ate of the bounty of the tide.

III

All winter long I slept on a couch in my larger room, but with the coming of warm weather I have put my bedroom in order — I used it as a kind of storage space during the cold season — and returned to my old and rather rusty iron cot. Every once in a while, however, moved by some obscure mood, I lift off the bed clothing and make up the couch again for a few nights. I like the seven windows of the larger room, and the sense one may have there of being almost out of doors. My couch stands alongside the two front windows, and from my pillow I can look out to sea and watch the passing lights, the stars rising over ocean, the swaying lanterns of the anchored fishermen, and the white spill of the surf whose long sound fills the quiet of the dunes.

Ever since my coming I have wanted to see a thunderstorm bear down upon this elemental coast. A thunderstorm is a 'tempest' on the Cape. The quoted word, as Shakespeare used it, means lightning and thunder, and it is in this old and beautiful Elizabethan sense that the word is used in Eastham. When a schoolboy in the Orleans or the Wellfleet High reads the Shakesperean play, its title means to him exactly what it meant to the man from Stratford; elsewhere in America the term seems to mean anything from a tornado to a blizzard. I imagine that this old significance of the word is now to be found only in certain parts of England and the Cape.

On the night of the June tempest, I was sleeping in my larger room, the windows were open, and the first low roll of thunder opened my eyes. It had been very still when I went to bed, but now a wind from the west-nor'west was blowing through the windows in a strong and steady current, and as I closed them there was lightning to the west and far away. I looked at my watch; it was just after one o'clock. Then came a time of waiting in the darkness, long minutes broken by more thunder, and intervals of quiet in which I heard a faintest sound of light surf upon the beach. Suddenly the heavens cracked open in an immense instant of pinkish-violet lightning. My seven windows filled with the violent, inhuman light, and I had a glimpse of the great, solitary dunes staringly empty of familiar shadows; a tremendous crash then mingled with the withdrawal of the light, and echoes of thunder rumbled away and grew faint in a returning rush of darkness. A moment after, rain began to fall gently as if someone had just released its flow, a blessed sound on a roof of wooden shingles, and one I have loved ever since I was a child. From a gentle patter the sound of the rain grew swiftly to a drumming roar, and with the rain came the chuckling of water from the eaves. The tempest was crossing

the Cape, striking at the ancient land on its way to the heavens above the sea.

Now came flash after stabbing flash amid a roaring of rain, and heavy thunder that rolled on till its last echoes were swallowed up in vast detonations which jarred the walls. Houses were struck that night in Eastham Village. My lonely world, full of lightning and rain, was strange to look upon. I do not share the usual fear of lightning, but that night there came over me, for the first and last time of all my solitary year, a sense of isolation and remoteness from my kind. I remember that I stood up, watching, in the middle of the room. On the great marshes the lightning surfaced the winding channels with a metallic splendor and arrest of motion, all very strange through windows blurred by rain. Under the violences of light the great dunes took on a kind of elemental passivity, the quiet of earth enchanted into stone, and as I watched them appear and plunge back into a darkness that had an intensity of its own I felt, as never before, a sense of the vast time, of the thousands of cyclic and uncounted years which had passed since these giants had risen from the dark ocean at their feet, and given themselves to the wind and the bright day.

Fantastic things were visible at sea. Beaten down by the rain, and sheltered by the Cape itself from the river of west wind, the offshore brim of ocean remained unusually calm. The tide was about halfway up the beach, and rising, and long parallels of low waves, forming close inshore, were curling over and breaking placidly along the lonely, rain-drenched miles. The intense, crackling flares and quiverings of the storm, moving out to sea, illumined every inch of the beach and the plain of the Atlantic, all save the hollow bellies of the little breakers, which were shielded from the light by their overcurling crests. The effect was dramatic and strangely beautiful, for what one saw was a bright ocean rimmed with parallel bands of blackest, advancing darkness, each one melting back to light as the wave toppled down upon the beach in foam.

Stars came out after the storm, and when I woke again before sunrise I found the heavens and the earth rain-washed, cool, and clear. Saturn and the Scorpion were setting, but Jupiter was riding the zenith and paling on his throne. The tide was low in the marsh channels; the gulls had scarcely stirred upon their gravel banks and bars. Suddenly, thus wandering about, I disturbed a song sparrow on her nest. She flew to the roof of my house, grasped the ridgepole, and turned about, apprehensive, inquiring . . . *'tsiped* her monosyllable of alarm. Then back toward her nest she flew, alighted in a plum bush, and, reassured at last, trilled out a morning song.

THE GOLFER'S EMOTIONS

BY BERNARD DARWIN

I

ALL games have their moments of anguish, and golf can certainly claim no monopoly. Not for the most enduring but for the most acute agonies I am inclined in my insularity to claim pre-eminence for an English game, cricket. I feel the profoundest pity of all for the young batsman going in to play his first innings in his first big match at Lord's. It is such a terribly long walk out to the wicket, he is such a terribly small speck in the big arena, there are so many people looking at him, and at nothing but him, and he feels in the very marrow of his bones that they are looking. And then if he fails there is that same long walk back, this time not with mingled hope and fear in his heart, but only despair. Cricket is such a cruel game because it does not, unless you are lucky, give you another chance. You have been tried and found wanting, and you will probably have nothing to do for several hours but sit and ponder over it.

The football player waiting for a ball high in the air, conscious of his enemies' fierce rush coming ever nearer; the runner poised on the mark in a hundred yards' race wherein a good start or a bad one will make all the difference; the baseball player, as I should ignorantly imagine, running under a mountainously high catch (though to be sure they never seem to miss them) — all these and several others must have a horrible cold sensation at the pit of the stomach, and feel as if their knees were made of brown paper. Their misery, however, is momentary; it comes and goes in spasms and is swallowed up and forgotten in violent exertion, but the golfer's suffering is long drawn out; it may endure from the first tee shot to the last putt and there is no swift movement to make him forget it; he is on a slow fire. Those who gloat over his tortures — the hard-hearted spectators — are quite close to him all the while; there is scarcely a twitching nerve they cannot see, not a stifled groan they cannot hear. Thus the student of game-playing psychology finds his richest field in golf, and there is probably no game in which temperament plays so important a part or is so constantly discussed.

Especially is it quite openly discussed by the ghoulish clan of reporters, of whom I am one. It was not ever thus. I remember when we used to read such a sentence as 'At this point (perhaps all square with one to play) X unaccountably missed a short putt.' Now if the man who wrote such a sentence really believed what he wrote, he must have been an insensate idiot. 'Unaccountably'! Why, there is nothing that could be called unaccountable at all square and one to play, no act of terror-stricken folly of which a golfer would be incapable. However, I prefer to believe that the writer was not an idiot but a kind-hearted man, who did not want to hurt the player's feelings. To-day the pendulum has swung the other way

with a vengeance, and we read how the unhappy X approached that critical putt 'trembling like a leaf.' Perhaps it has swung too far, for after all it is as well to remember that to miss a putt is not a criminal offense and does not prevent a man from being an excellent husband, father, and citizen.

II

Still, this brutal frankness does make accounts of golf matches more interesting, and does present a truer picture. If the reporter has some experience and imagination he can nearly always put his finger on the event which was the turning point of the match, the thing which caused one player to strike the stars with uplifted head, the other to feel a broken man. It may come quite early in the game or it may come late; it may be a piece of pure good or bad luck, or it may be some one tremendous thrust not to be parried. Whatever it may be, it is not easy to mistake. An experienced watcher looking at a match will generally be able to say at a certain hole, 'That's done it; it's all over now,' and he will seldom be wrong. The strain of a hard match is for most people a very severe one. Something happens which lightens the strain for one side and makes it unendurable for the other. That something counts two and indeed much more than two on a division.

I remember a friend, who was once in the Oxford eight, telling me of a certain sculling race which he won. He was behind and so could not see how his enemy was faring, but he himself felt as if he were in his death agony, as if he could not pull more than another half-dozen strokes to save his life. Suddenly someone shouted to him from the bank that the enemy had capsized. Instantly he sat up, feeling perfectly at ease, and finished more or less as fresh as paint, sculling in excellent form. The same thing happens at golf. The strain suddenly lightens and we play as if we were walking on air, having but a moment before felt leaden-footed. It is interesting, — horribly interesting sometimes, — but it is not in the least 'unaccountable'; the reason of it is plain for all to see.

Some golfers collapse easily under the strain, others have great powers of endurance, but none are immune; there is no one who has not 'cracked' at some time or other in his career. In particular there is no one who has not been overwhelmed by the 'holes dropping away like snow off a dike.' To have what appears a winning lead and to see it dwindle and dwindle — this is what no one can bear with perfect equanimity; and it is all the harder to bear just because the adversary's spirits, which but a little while since were at zero, are now so obviously and rapidly rising. When one of these sudden landslides of holes has occurred, it is not infrequently said or implied that the leader had become slack or overconfident. Generally speaking, I do not believe a word of it. No doubt there are some who feel pleasantly lazy when they are four or five up at the turn, but they are not many and they are not of the kind that collapse when one or two of those holes slip away. Overconfidence may have slain its hundreds, but overanxiety has slain its tens of thousands. We are in such a desperate hurry to win quickly and so be spared the strain of the last few crucial holes. We are not content to let victory come gradually in its own good time; we want to accelerate it, and there is no better way of putting it off forever. We look too far ahead; we hear in imagination the band playing 'See the conquering hero' and feel our friends patting us on the back.

When things go wrong and we realize that after all the match is going to be what the Duke of Wellington called the Battle of Waterloo, 'a d——d close-run thing,' the disappointment unnerves us altogether. If once we can arrest this panic rout, we may recover ourselves, and the enemy's counter-attack may die away, but it is so difficult to arrest it. In such moments our ambition seldom soars beyond a halved hole; we play too cautiously, and the half just escapes us again and again. Sometimes the best thing for us is to lose all our lead and be done with it. As long as one hole remains to us we are still banking to some extent on our reserve, feebly trusting to the chapter of accidents rather than to our own efforts. When the last hole is gone, we awake to the fact that our back is against the wall, and then at last we fight.

This particular phenomenon is often noticeable when a match in a tournament is halved and the players have to proceed to the nineteenth hole. A has been perhaps three up with four to play; he has hurled victory away with both hands. B, on the contrary, has fought with a tigerish courage of despair and has pulled a hopeless match out of the fire. Surely and obviously, you would say, B must be the man to back at the nineteenth hole. Yet, in fact, A wins it quite as often as not. It is his now to experience the blind courage of despair, whereas B has begun to think. During those last four holes B did not really think or hope, he just fought. Now he realizes that after all he has a chance — a great chance — of victory, and it often unmans him.

What is the cure for this horrible tendency to collapse on the threshold of success? I know of none save to try to play each hole as if it were a new and separate match, looking neither forward nor backward; and that is advice easy enough to give and — ye gods! — hard enough to follow. As a corollary may be quoted a remark of General Briggs, not a great golfer, but a great character, who used to play for many years at St. Andrews. 'When I am six up,' he said, 'I strive to be seven up. When I am seven up, I strive to be eight up.' These are brave words and contain a piece of sturdy, 'common-sensical' wisdom — not to be content with halves when we have got the lead.

III

If this game of golf is so severe a trial of the nerves, what is the right kind of man to play it successfully? The obvious answer seems to be, 'The man who has no nerves.' 'The more fatuously vacant the mind,' wrote Sir Walter Simpson, 'the better the play. Alas! we cannot all be idiots. Next to the idiotic, the dull unimaginative mind is the best for golf. In a professional competition I would prefer to back the sallow, dull-eyed fellow with a quid in his cheek, rather than any more eager-looking champion.' There is much in what he says. The word 'eager' implies that dreaming of triumph before it has arrived which I have already reprobated. Yet I do not believe that Sir Walter's is altogether the right answer, and I do not believe in the man with 'no nerves.' He, the 'dull-eyed fellow,' may do steadily, but he will not do the great things. I do not know how it may be with other people, but I distrust myself most profoundly on the days when I feel that I do not care. It is an unnatural lull before a brain storm and I feel sure that on a sudden I shall come to caring too much. As far as outward appearances go, there has never been quite so apparently

phlegmatic a golfer as James Braid, but I have heard him say that he likes to feel 'a little nervous' before starting a match. Give me the highly strung man with self-control, the nervous man who can conquer his nerves.

Of this truth, if it be a truth, American golf can supply some admirable illustrations. There was the late Walter Travis, for instance. When he was playing he looked cold, calm, inscrutable as the Sphinx; there was something positively inhuman about him; yet those who knew him best always declared that he was really wrought up to a high pitch of tension. Then — a still better example — there is Bobby Jones. Here is a highly nervous player who has had to conquer not only his nerves but a fiery temper as well. As we know from his own delightful account of his sensations in *Down the Fairway*, he still longs now and again to throw his clubs about. Yet he is at once a model of outward suavity and a most gallant fighter. I do not believe that there is a golfer alive who suffers more over the game than he does, partly from nervous tension, partly from his own extreme fastidiousness as an artist, which makes him rage inwardly at any stroke not played with perfect art. He has told us that he regularly loses I don't know how many pounds in weight in the course of a Championship. Yet he has conquered himself and he has conquered the world. Had he been placid and lethargic I do not believe he would have accomplished half as much.

Yet another example is a golfer whom I should rate as at least as good a match player as I ever saw — Jerome Travers. He too had to conquer something in himself and has confessed that sometimes his nerves were so 'raggedy' that it was all he could do to keep them under control. Yet his frozen calm and his power of pulling matches out of the fire were proverbial; they not only won him many matches but frightened many other people into losing them. If I had to pick out one of Mr. Travers's 'temperamental' qualities for praise, it would be his power of putting aside and forgetting. He was never afraid of showing momentarily his annoyance over a bad shot, just because he was so sure of himself and knew that he would instantly regain control. But the best example of this power of forgetting was shown in his wrestlings with his wooden clubs at a time when they betrayed him so seriously that he had to drive with an iron from the tee. When I saw him win the Championship at Garden City in 1913 he was constantly trying his driver, losing his lead in consequence, and then putting the peccant driver away again and taking to his iron. Other people might possibly have won while driving with an iron, but they would have had to stick to the iron from first to last. To be able to try those antics and then settle down again, not once but several times, in the course of a match, seemed to me a miracle of concentration, of obliterating from the mind everything but the one hole, nay, the one stroke to be played next.

There is another very great American golfer whose temperament seems to demand some analysis, and that is Walter Hagen; but him I do not profess to understand. Does he feel nervous? I imagine that he does, because I cannot believe that he could rise to such heights if he did not; but I certainly have no evidence to bring forward in support of my views. He impresses one beyond everything else as really enjoying the fight. Because he is a great showman as well as a great match player, he has clearly cultivated this quality in himself for all it is

worth, but it must, to begin with, have been a natural one. There are two kinds of fighters: those who actually want to be in the ring and those who will fight bravely when they find themselves there, but would instinctively prefer to keep out of it. The former is the happier class, and Hagen is at the very head of it. With this rejoicing in the battle he seems to have cultivated another quality, that of an eminently sane philosophy. He has not the point of view of Bobby Jones, as he has not his flawless art. He is always likely to make a bad mistake or two in the course of a round, and accepts them as natural and inevitable, not to be resented, only to be compensated for. Bobby is always trying to do *the* best; Hagen tries to do his own best.

IV

I feel that patriotism demands of me that I should give at least one example of great fighting qualities from among British golfers, and there is one at any rate ready to my hand. That is the now veteran champion, J. H. Taylor, and never was there a better example of a highly strung man capable of keeping a hold on himself and rising to the occasion. It has been said — and perhaps rightly, on the whole — that the poetic temperament is a bad one for golf; but there never was a man with a more palpably poetic temperament than Taylor. He is a man of strong emotions. When I think of him I always remember some words from Mr. Jarndyce's description of Lawrence Boythorn in *Bleak House:* 'It's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man. . . . His language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. . . . He is a tremendous fellow.' Taylor is a tremendous fellow and so a tremendously exciting golfer. He fights himself and the fates and furies of golf and every other man in the field, all at the same time. He confesses that he has tried the plan of 'letting up' between whiles and then concentrating fiercely on the stroke in hand, but it is not in him; he must be boiling and bubbling all the time. All this pent-up or partially pent-up emotion takes it out of him most prodigally, and yet no man can last better in a crucial finish up to the very last putt. However great the agony, wild horses would not draw from him the admission that he hates it. He would despise himself if he did. No, in his own way he loves it, and if there is one thing that rouses his ire it is a young golfer who professes not to enjoy the fight.

Such a temperament has the defects of its qualities, and occasionally, very occasionally, 'J. H.' may have beaten himself; but much more often he struggles and wrestles with adversity until he overcomes it, and then, when a great stroke or a piece of good luck has turned the tide for him and things begin to go right instead of wrong, he is far more dangerous than any more placid or phlegmatic person. I remember sometimes to have watched him when things have been going badly and to have felt that I should not dare speak to him for a thousand pounds. I have wondered what would happen if some ill-advised spectator did speak to him, half hoping, half fearing that it might happen, like a small boy who knows that there is a firecracker in the fireplace behind his master's coat tails and wonders when and how it will go off. I remember particularly one such occasion in an Open Championship at Deal years ago now. For nine holes or so Taylor, who had started favorite, was pursued by every kind of adversity and he

looked like a powder magazine about to explode. Then, I think at the tenth hole, a long putt went in for three and from that moment he was positively scintillating, a man inspired; there was no need to look any further for the winner of that Championship.

Perhaps the most famous match player we have ever had in England is John Ball, who won the Amateur Championship eight times. He is of a different type, outwardly dour, silent, unruffled — a man, you would say, made of granite. Yet I have seen Mr. Ball before the beginning of a big match stripping the paper off a new ball, and his fingers almost refused their office. Assuredly his is no 'dead' nerve.

The interesting thing about him as a match player is that, though he is so doughty a fighter, he does not seem to make a personal fight of a match. He tries, I think, deliberately to forget about his enemy, bending his whole mind to doing his own duty and getting the hole in the right figure. He has one mood for both medal and match play, and one simple object — namely, to do his best. To-day this principle is called 'playing against par,' and the adoption of it is said to have strengthened the one slightly weak place in Bobby Jones's harness. Obviously it is a good plan, but much determination is needed in order to adhere to it. The best of plans can be too inexorably pursued and there are occasions in which it is a tempting of Providence not to pay attention to the enemy's plight. When a five will certainly win the hole no sane man takes a very big risk in pursuit of his par four. On the other hand, hundreds and thousands of holes have been thrown away by thinking too much of the adversary and so playing overcautiously. Once we begin to approach the green too consciously on the installment system, to take irons from the tee and to putt round bunkers for fear of pitching into them, there is no end to the strokes we can fritter away. It is the height of folly to credit our opponent with supernatural powers, but at the same time we must not forget that the most utterly crushed and downtrodden enemy *may* hole a long putt. Carefulness has lost infinitely more holes and more matches than have ever been lost by temerity.

I have been talking chiefly of match play because it is the more clearly dramatic: it possesses the elements of a battle; it provides an interesting clash between two diverse temperaments. But in any article which tries to deal with the emotions of the golfer it is quite impossible to be altogether silent on score play. The card and pencil are infinitely more terrifying to the average golfer than any flesh-and-blood opponent. They can turn many a stout-hearted match player into a little whipped cur. Familiarity can breed a measure, not of contempt, but of passive endurance toward these twin engines of torture; but in England, at any rate, the average golfer does not play in enough scoring competitions ever to grow familiar with them. So every time a medal day comes round he is just as frightened as he was before.

At least one of the causes of this terror is this: that on a medal day golf loses, or appears to lose, one of its kindliest and most charitable qualities. In match play it is always giving us another chance. The worst of errors can but lose us a single hole; but in medal play it is possible — or so it seems, at any rate, to our jaundiced imagination — to make an error of so appalling a character as to ruin us once and for all. This is seldom really so; the rules have always limited our liabilities even in the most hopeless

of situations and are more forgiving now than they used to be; but still on a medal day 'All hope abandon' seems to be written in the sands of great bunkers. Consequently strokes that in the ordinary way do not cause a twitter of the pulse become horribly alarming. The man who usually thinks nothing of the big sandhill with the black-timbered face says suddenly to himself, 'Heavens! Suppose I topped it!' Or he visualizes, long before the time comes, the splash of the ball where that simplest of little pitches has to be played across the corner of the lake. Hydrophobia is a disease that may attack almost any man on a medal day, and on no other day are there so many people to be heard simultaneously explaining in the clubhouse that they have done something which they have never done before in all their lives.

The worst thing, however, and the commonest that can befall us on a medal day, is an attack of shortness. The way to win a medal is, for most people, to say, 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus,' to recognize the fact that someone is sure to do a good score and that the only way to beat him is to go out for everything in reason. Yet in fact we do just the opposite. We carry the installment system to its extreme limit; we are most cramped just when we ought to be most free, and as to our shortness on the putting green — well, let any spectator count the approach putts that are past the hole on the first green on a medal day; his ten fingers will, it is likely enough, suffice him for all his reckoning even in a big field. There is some malign power that positively holds our putter back, and the brave ring of the ball against the back of the tin is seldom heard.

V

If golf is so dreadful a game, 'aye fechtin' against ye,' as the old Scottish golfer said, why do we go on playing it? I have often wondered, but I have never — no, not even for the bitterest instant — dreamed of giving it up. I can only recollect one man who quite deliberately thought the matter over, came to the conclusion that he would be happier without golf, and acted upon it. He was gifted as a games player altogether beyond the common run of men. He was a cricketer and a tennis player and took to golf like a duck to water. In about a year from his beginning, his handicap had come down to 'scratch,' which did not mean what it would to-day, but yet stood for a respectable standard of play. And then he found the game a cause of such intense exasperation that he gave it up and took instead to a little peaceful domestic practice with the bow and arrow. There must have been moments when he regretted it, but he never admitted this. It amused him to see other people play, and now and again at long intervals he would try a shot with a friend's club, much as a long-reformed drunkard might trust himself occasionally to drink one glass of beer. He knew himself and in that knowledge was probably wise, but for the rest of us, surely, both the manlier and pleasanter course is to go on trying and hoping.

For myself, I am convinced that were I to give up golf there would come to me a series of revelations, and I should know how to exorcise the chronic slice, the dancing of the toes, the shortness of the putts which had afflicted me all through my golfing life. And then it would be too late.

CANCER, THE SCOURGE OF GOD

BY WILLIAM H. WOGLOM

I

THE cancer cell, to borrow a phrase from Schopenhauer, has the will to live. That is to say, it is able to defy those forces which restrain the multiplication of normal cells and so preserve a just proportion among the various parts of the organism.

Growth is not a function of the adult human body, apart from what an engineer would call maintenance and repair, and it is a dramatic event indeed when some of its cells suddenly acquire the faculty of ungovernable proliferation. The new capacity may add itself in any degree, from that possessed by the lowly and benign wart, which increases but slowly in size and does no harm save to the æsthetic sense of its bearer, up to that of the most highly malignant cancer, which is capable of destroying life in a period so brief as to be reckoned in months.

No matter whether its character be malignant or benign, a group of cells that succeeds in escaping the restrictions ordinarily imposed is called a tumor. Many varieties are recognized by the pathologist, but only the sarcoma and the carcinoma need be kept in mind for the present purpose. These differ in source, the former developing from the connective tissues, which occupy the interior of the body, the latter from the epithelium, a protective layer of cells that covers the surface of the organism and lines its ducts and cavities.

Both the tumors just named are malignant, and both are often included for convenience under the term 'cancer,' as they will be in the following article, although more specifically a cancer is a tumor of epithelial cells.

Cancer was recognized centuries before the opening of the Christian Era, and endeavors were made to explain it, many of them not much more fantastic than some comparatively recent attempts. Thus, about the middle of the past century it was noticed that cancer was not so common in prisons as elsewhere, and it was proposed that this was because prisoners received less food, and less meat in particular, than other persons. The suggestion was heard with respect, and even to-day enjoys serious consideration in some quarters, though the true explanation of the discrepancy is that the average age of a jail population lies considerably below thirty-five, the period of life at which cancer usually begins to appear. Prisoners are protected by their youth rather than by enforced abstinence.

Furthermore, since that suggestion was advanced it has become common knowledge that cancer affects vegetarian races; nay, more, it attacks the lower animals, without predilection for the Carnivora. Meat can therefore be eliminated from consideration, as can all diets and customs peculiar to man, except in so far as these are associated with chronic irritation, while the frequent occurrence of the disease in fishes

ought to discourage the idea that soil or climate operates to cause it.

The germ hypothesis comes and goes, like the Cheshire cat, and, though not yet discarded, it is in disfavor at the present time. The cancer villages and cancer belts that have been so often reported can be accounted for by a disproportionately large number of inhabitants of the cancer age. As for cancer houses, a distinguished pathologist dismissed them years ago by appeal to the law of chance; for one house in a thousand may fortuitously show an excess of cases of cancer — or of twin births — over the ordinary run of houses. No single case has yet been reported which would prove beyond any doubt the transfer of cancer from one person to another, and when the high mortality of physicians and nurses from demonstrably infectious diseases is considered it is doubly significant that no attendant on a cancer patient has yet contracted the disease as a result of the exposure.

Most of the remaining efforts to account for the origin of cancer are so technical as to interest only the scholar, and may therefore be dismissed with but few words. They have been proved either wholly fallacious or, at the best, only partially true. To the single authentic cause already mentioned — namely, age — there can be added with reasonable confidence only two others.

One of these is chronic irritation, which has been shown time and time again to be closely associated with the inception of tumors. Thus there are cases of needlewomen who have developed sarcoma in a finger repeatedly pricked in sewing; of carcinoma of the skin among those who handle mineral oils, tar, pitch, soot, arsenic, and other irritants; but it is a curious fact that no cancer has yet come to light in connection with the ulcers covering the hands and arms of those whose work exposes them to salts of chromic acid. Evidently chronic irritation, like age, is only a contributing cause.

The third factor so far known is some sort of susceptibility which, it has been conjectured, may be hereditary. Experiments with animals, where breeding can be so controlled as either to eliminate or to concentrate hereditary factors, show that there is indeed an inborn tendency to develop or not to develop cancer. But how widely these results, vouched for by Tyzzer, Murray, and the Misses Slye and Lynch, can be applied to man is still an open question. Marriages are not made in deference to the wishes of the geneticist, and it seems altogether probable that any inherited tendency is kept at a low level by the random manner in which human matings take place; in any case, the insurance companies, which deal not with theories but with dollars, have seen no reason to increase their rates to those with a cancerous family history. On the other hand, it may very well be that in a few unfortunate families, like the Bonapartes, a tendency to develop cancer has been intensified to a degree surpassing that in the population at large.

Statistical inquiry has been employed for years in the attempted settlement of such questions, and, though subject to serious limitations at present, it is not without possibilities. For example, the death rate from cancer of the breast and the uterus is approximately twice as high in England as in Holland. Careful analysis of the figures permits the inference that the disparity may be genuine, and it is to be hoped that further inquiry will lead to an explanation, though at present the difference is but one more in that interminable series of riddles that confronts the student of cancer. The circumstance has been mentioned only to

illustrate a situation where the statistical method may be employed with profit because reliable data are available. Unfortunately it cannot often be turned to account, as the figures relating to cancer are deceptive in the extreme. The highest death rates in Europe are recorded in the more progressive countries, and if the tables could be accepted at their face value we should have to agree that cancer is over ten times as common in Switzerland, say, as in Serbia. This it certainly is not; but medical skill and statistical accuracy are ten times as reliable in the one country as in the other.

Even under optimum conditions, such as obtain in the great hospitals of cities like Chicago, London, and Berlin, it has been shown by Wells and others that there is still an error of some thirty per cent, unavoidable at present because it is so difficult to recognize cancer when it involves the less accessible internal organs.

Records are vitiated still further by a curious reluctance on the part of surviving relatives to have cancer appear in the death certificate, so that the attending physician is persuaded to enter pneumonia or any other disease, depending on the taste and fancy of the writer. The position is exactly illustrated by the inquiry, during the exhibition of a new calculating machine, whether it would deliver the correct answer when the wrong figures were put in.

The reader will now realize why it is impossible to answer the question so often and so anxiously asked: Is cancer increasing? For, in addition to the inaccuracies just discussed, the situation is complicated again by the rescue of more people year after year from the infectious diseases, so that larger numbers survive to reach the cancer age, while, at the same time, constantly increasing skill in diagnosis discloses cancer where twenty years ago none would have been suspected.

II

The statistical inquiry, one of the most venerable means of research, is thus one of the least useful. Indeed, it is almost without value in comparison with the experimental method, so new as to be largely the product of the present century.

Although a few pathologists had succeeded previously in transferring cancer from one animal to another of the same species, it was the work of Jensen and Borrel in Europe and of Leo Loeb in this country that established the value of the procedure. At once it became possible to plan experiments such as could not have been carried out on patients under any consideration. Within a comparatively few years the germ hypothesis was undermined through Jensen's observation, promptly confirmed by Bashford and Murray, that the small fragment of tumor introduced at transplantation did not infect its new host, but grew exactly as a grafted twig grows; comparisons between normal and malignant proliferation were instituted by Cramer; Russell, Haaland, Ehrlich, Apolant, Schöne, Murphy, Gaylord, Clowes, Rohdenburg, and Ewing were enabled to investigate the immunity which sometimes occurs in tumor-bearing animals and to show that it differs fundamentally from the immunity characterizing the infectious diseases; Wood and Prime, as well as Mottram and Russ, took advantage of the new method to work out the necessary X-ray dosage; while to the transplantable tumors of the mouse and rat, from which a veritable mine of information was obtained, Rous added a propagable sarcoma of the fowl, which proved to be of unusual interest.

In consequence of the work of these and other investigators our knowledge of cancer attained within a brief period an accuracy such as could never have followed mere observation of the disease in man. Perhaps it would be safe to say that more has been learned in the past thirty years than in the three thousand which preceded them. Yet even the most enthusiastic realized that the transplanted tumor, consisting as it does of cells that have already undergone the malignant change, could never explain the cause of cancer. There were accordingly those who continued the efforts of their predecessors to effect the appearance of a spontaneous animal tumor by applying irritants known to be active in man; but, as failure continued to be their only reward, the attempt was about to be abandoned, when success appeared from a direction entirely unsuspected. As has so often occurred before, the problem was solved through a chance observation, arising in the course of experiments quite unrelated to the point at issue.

The late Johannes Fibiger, a pathologist of Copenhagen, who was awarded the Nobel prize in medicine for his discovery, was engaged in the study of tuberculosis, and during the course of his work had occasion to autopsy three wild rats. In the stomach of each one he found a pronounced epithelial thickening which had progressed in some places to the formation of warty outgrowths, and, associated with these changes, a parasitic worm.

Neither this disorder nor the accompanying parasite had ever been described, so, in order to learn something of their nature and the conditions under which they occurred, the stomachs of over eleven hundred rats were examined, but neither was found. As attempts to transmit the disease with the affected tissues were unsuccessful, the possibility had to be considered that the parasite was not directly transferable from rat to rat, but required the intervention of another host. Now it had long been known that a certain cockroach (*Periplaneta orientalis*) is the intermediate host for a similar worm, and wild rats from a locality in Copenhagen that was swarming with this insect were therefore examined. Once again the search failed; and, although the rats consumed their smaller associates with relish, they remained in distressingly good health.

Not until rats from a large sugar refinery infested with a different cockroach (*Periplaneta americana*) were examined did success follow. Within about nine months sixty-one rats were caught in this building, in many of which the parasite and the disease that it sets up, probably as a result of some irritating secretion, were found. Furthermore, rats fed with *Periplaneta americana* developed the characteristic changes in the stomach, while in some of these animals the disease had progressed to actual carcinoma.

The experimental production of cancer had at last been achieved.

Questions could now be approached upon which the transplanted tumor could throw no light. Almost the first one to be investigated was the influence of age, a factor that turned out rather unexpectedly to be less decisive than had been supposed, for young rats proved as susceptible as older ones. Hence it would appear that the length of time during which the worm remains in the stomach is more important than the age of the rat when first infested, and that age is merely another way of expressing the duration of irritation.

Encouraged by these results, two Japanese pathologists, Yamagiwa and Itchikawa, determined to attempt once more the production of cancer with tar. The occurrence of carcinoma among

those whose work exposes them to irritating substances was a clue that had inspired a long series of experiments, and in Germany, France, and England the problem of inciting malignant growth in animals had been on the eve of solution at any moment during the preceding three decades, though this was unsuspected at the time. The effort had failed only because an insusceptible species of animal had been unwittingly chosen or because irritation had not been continued long enough. It was the good fortune of Yamagiwa and his associate not only to select the rabbit, but to be possessed of the infinite patience necessary for applying tar week after week, month after month, without any guaranty of success.

They were rewarded, however, by the appearance of cancer in some of their animals after the lapse of about five months. The white mouse was subsequently shown to be even more sensitive than the rabbit, whereas the skin of the rat, the guinea pig, and the domestic fowl proved to be resistant. An important clue lies concealed in this diverse response to irritation, but progress is slow and difficult because the reaction is of almost incredible delicacy; thus, while the skin of the rat and the fowl is immune to tar, their connective tissues are not, for sarcoma can be elicited by subcutaneous injection of this agent.

In a third type of experimental tumor, which we owe to the work of Bullock and Curtis in this country, the same narrow specificity has been observed. Their sarcoma, produced by infesting rats with the immature stage of a tapeworm that passes its adult life in the cat, originates in the liver, but from the connective-tissue framework only, the working cells of the organ being entirely exempt; and, although the same parasite is a frequent inhabitant of the mouse liver, it never gives rise to a malignant growth in this species.

It is unnecessary to emphasize the point that these three methods of inciting tumors constitute one of the most notable advances that experimental medicine has yet seen, and no one has ventured to predict what benefits may ultimately accrue. In any case, a final solution of the question of heredity is in sight, for its settlement requires only that the response to irritation be tested in animals of known pedigree, while another task engaging the attention of many investigators is the isolation of that substance in tar which produces cancer. If this can be accomplished it may become possible to eliminate tar cancer as an industrial disease, though as tar is a mixture of several hundred ingredients, of which only about one hundred have been identified by the chemist, and as its composition varies considerably according to the coal from which it is distilled, the advance is discouragingly slow.

III

Still another means of attacking the problem of malignant growth is a minute investigation of the appearance and life history of the cancer cell itself. Even under the highest power of the microscope no difference has yet been discerned which would enable one to distinguish a single cancer cell from any other actively growing element, though the malignant tumor as a whole exhibits a loss of the normal architecture characterizing the organ in which it originates. As a German pathologist, more famous for his scientific than his linguistic acquirements, was in the habit of explaining to his English-speaking students, 'All dose cells are in very damn disorder.' This bizarre arrangement is so typical of malignant

disease as to be the criterion upon which diagnosis is made and the scope of operation planned. The long years of observation which uncovered it and proved its significance were, therefore, well spent, even though they brought neither an understanding of how cancer originates nor any clue to a nonsurgical treatment.

Intensive study of the life history of the cancer cell has been even more disappointing, for no useful difference has so far been disclosed between its activities and those of the body cells on their lawful occasions. When the diet of a tumor-bearing animal is restricted, even to the danger point, the cancer cell continues to grow; vitamin deficiency does not affect it; severe acidosis kills the host before the guest succumbs; high fever does more harm to the bearer than to the tumor; and so on.

It is this very similarity between the cancer cell and its normal prototype that delays the discovery of a specific cure. Obviously this must be some agent which will destroy the tumor without inflicting on the rest of the body, during the fray, the traditional fate of the innocent bystander. But in addition it must be able to exert its effect after subcutaneous or intravenous injection, as antitoxin does in diphtheria, for cancer so often involves a remote organ that a remedy which had to be introduced directly into the growth would be hardly worth the trouble of preparing.

The feature that makes cancer so difficult to cure by surgery, once the disease has become well established, is the way in which its cells wander out, one by one, invading the circumjacent tissues so diffusely that the margin of the growth is as hard to define as the edge of a drop of water on a tablecloth. The surgeon is expected to remove all the tumor, yet he cannot precisely delimit it; if he cuts too widely he may harm some indispensable structure, yet if he does not go far enough cancer cells will be left behind to continue their growth and give rise to a recurrence which only too often cannot by any possibility be extirpated. Frequently his operation has to be a compromise, therefore, unless the tumor affects a part which can be removed in its entirety. Even then his effort may be vain, for during their invasion the cancer cells must ultimately reach a blood vessel and pass through its walls into the circulation, to be instantly disseminated throughout the body. If this has occurred before operation, what possible chance of recovery can there be?

But, in spite of the difficulties arrayed against him, the surgeon has even now a record of many brilliant cures, and the proportion of early cases coming to him for help is steadily rising, thanks to the educational programme of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, which for years has been pressing on the public the necessity for early diagnosis and immediate operation.

In a few fortunate cases surgical intervention will not be necessary, for certain types of malignant disease yield to the X-ray or to radium. It should never be forgotten, however, that possession of the necessary apparatus is no guaranty of skill or, unhappily, even of common honesty.

'Soothing, balmy oils' do no good, save to the pocketbooks of those who advertise them, and 'electrical treatment' is often a fraud of the basest kind. Apart from the X-ray, electricity is being used, certainly, by qualified men, but the method lends itself so easily to exploitation that the patient should be sure he is not in the hands of a charlatan before consenting to undertake it. An excellent rule in all cases of

doubt is this: Beware of those who promise to cure.

The injection of lead, introduced a few years ago by Blair Bell, of Liverpool, has been followed by some miraculous recoveries, though it has failed much more often than it has succeeded, and is not without danger even in skilled hands. Attempts are under way to prepare a less poisonous form of lead, but it is probable that the treatment will remain in the experimental stage for years to come. In the meantime it will be instructive for the reader to recall the manner in which it was introduced. It came from a surgeon of recognized standing whose experiments were conducted in a hospital of the highest repute; it was reported in the medical journals in a series of communications describing the method of preparation and scrupulously recording failures as well as cures; it was employed only with patients who were far beyond any help from surgery; and, finally, it was administered without charge more often than not.

Now let this dignified procedure be contrasted with the way of the quack. His 'cure' is a secret remedy that either has been in the family for years or has been obtained from an Indian chief, though it is hard to see why either of these sources should commend it to anyone over ten years of age; it is advertised in newspapers which are still not ashamed to admit such material to their columns; it is sold at an exorbitant price; and it is implied, if not explicitly stated, that only the jealousy of the medical profession withholds this priceless boon from humanity.

It passes understanding that anyone old enough to have cancer could believe such rubbish, yet there are hundreds of unfortunates throughout the country, their savings in the pocket of a quack, their disease in a hopelessly advanced stage, appealing for help which cannot now be given.

One of the duties of an institution devoted to cancer research is the investigation of such 'cures' as are not too preposterous, and it is within the knowledge of the writer that not a single one of all those that have been tested has proved of the slightest value. At the worst they have been equivalent to a barefaced robbery; at the best, the product of an ignorant enthusiast; and it cannot be too strongly emphasized that no drug, serum, vaccine, or other preparation is known that will select and destroy the cancer cell without detriment to the normal tissues surrounding it.

What are the chances that such a remedy ever will be discovered? Good, I think, remembering what man has already accomplished. Flung into this world naked and homeless, he has learned to build shelters and to subdue fire to his wishes; to ride first the wave and then the air; to weigh the stars and measure the atom. Much more essential to his comfort than these last, the infectious diseases are within his control and could be banished to-morrow, for the knowledge is there. Only ignorance and superstition stand in the way.

It is impossible to remain unmoved by these achievements, and I must confess to an optimism as incurable as the last stages of cancer itself.

THE ROSE OF LOVE

BY VALESKA BARI

I

'Rose of Love, rubbish!' Gloria snapped the words at me. For the first time I saw her impatient, humorless, annoyed.

I picked up the sensational dodger advertising the charms of the witch doctor, the dodger which had caused her sudden flare of annoyance.

'Rubbish!' she repeated. 'That man is a faker. Ignorant servants may pay attention to his foolishness, but you ought to know better. He's a rank fraud. He is n't even allowed to use the mails. Anyway, he is n't a Porto Rican — he came here from Cuba.'

'Of course it's nonsense,' I agreed humbly, 'but I thought it was rather funny.'

'It is n't funny.' Her lips closed sharply, her tone was curt, and her eyes, which I had always found quick to light with amusement at even the twist of a word, were hard and humorless. 'And you have just as superstitious things in the States as anything we have here.' She turned to the filing cabinet at her elbow, jerked out a drawer, ran her fingers over the neatly labeled folders, and thrust into my hands a dozen clippings from American papers concerning weird and primitive occurrences.

'I know we have. Of course,' I murmured, blundering apologetic words as I tried to comprehend her surprising sensitiveness about this absurd advertisement of voodoo. It was so unlike all that I had seen of her. For months we had worked together on a study of the social problems of Porto Rico; she had directed my attention to the shortcomings and handicaps of her people; we had worked up comparative figures of poverty, illiteracy, and disease, often not flattering to the island, but never had she flared at an unfavorable comparison. Her English, spoken from childhood, was instinctive, her sense of humor was Northern, and she laughed as readily as the latest-arrived Yankee at what was incongruous to the Northern eye. And now, at this cheap and ignorant announcement of the voodoo doctor, she had sprung, raw-nerved, to the defense of the islanders with a sharp-cut 'we' and 'you.'

'Let me look over these clippings while you finish your interviews,' I mumbled, taking them over to a vacant chair at the other side of the room.

On a bench by the door sat the 'cases' waiting for Gloria's attention, and as I pretended to read I watched her finely chiseled features relax from the impatient annoyance she had shown me into sympathy, forgetting herself in the problems of her people. Her people. A motley of mixed blood were these dregs of the city, broken bits of humanity who brought their miseries to her, whimpering. A bent old negro, sitting uneasily on the bench, as though his forefathers had not long known chairs. An old woman, huddled in a shawl, with one long yellow

tooth gleaming against the mahogany of her wrinkled face. A mother, middle-aged at twenty, with three babies of different colors, unpleasantly suggesting a mongrel breed. Her people. And Gloria, of Spanish blood, keenly proud of her own untainted white stock.

Behind the clippings I opened the dodger whose extravagant offerings had so annoyed Gloria, and again I translated: —

The Philtre of Lana Lani. To awaken affection and desire in the breast of the one you crave. Price, $2.50

The Eye of Ko Ko. Will bring back to its rightful owner any missing article, whether lost or maliciously stolen. Has proved itself by restoring jewels of untold value. Price, $3.00

The Phial of Nga Nga. For love which has grown cold and desire which has withered, this magic powder will rekindle fire and passion. Price, $8.00

The Rose of Love. When administered in accordance with the ancient, sacred customs this philtre will create burning, blinding desire, making its object oblivious of age, ugliness, poverty, and all other obstacles to love and marriage. Price, $12.50

The Lily of Vengeance. The flowers of wrath of the ancient protectors. A charm which will cause the strength to wither and the blood to run slow. With all rites, price, $25.00

As I finished pegging out my translation I glanced up at Gloria. Sympathetic, but with rapier keenness, she now listened, now asked questions, adjusting to her native Latin background all that she had learned in the North of the technique of social work. Her fine eyes lighted as she talked to the old man beside her and his withered face shone as he fervently pressed her hands in farewell.

I stepped over to her desk before the next case moved into the vacant chair. On a stand behind her was a paper parcel, tied but slightly split, disclosing a streak of orange. I was n't thirsty, but I thought that by this time her courteous Latin soul would be glad of a chance to make a gesture of hospitality as a means of passing over the impatience she had shown me. 'Don't you want to offer me one of those oranges while I wait?' I stretched out my hand toward the bag.

'Don't!' Gloria's face went deathly white. 'Don't touch those oranges!'

I stood rooted, speechless. At last I slipped into the chair beside hers. 'What on earth is wrong with those oranges?'

Indefinable fear was in her eyes, and when she spoke her voice was a dry, harsh whisper. 'A black woman gave me those oranges, an ugly black woman who has married a white man from Virginia, a lad fifteen years younger than herself.'

The fear in her eyes relaxed slowly into baffled weariness. 'I have lived long enough in the States,' she added slowly, 'to know that white men from Virginia don't marry old black women without some very strange reason.'

'Tell me later.'

I went back to my chair and pretended to read a magazine while I was waiting for her to finish her interviews, but before the printed page ran a blurred image of a white lad and an old black woman, and in my ears sounded a jumble of words — the Rose of Love, the Lily of Vengeance, the Philtre of Lana Lani.

II

Two months later I went to court with Gloria when she applied for an order of guardianship over Edward Ross, the white lad from Virginia, and his black wife, Mathilde.

Smiling, chattering, jabbering, the

pair shambled into the empty courtroom, a blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon and a primitive African, both pathetically, foolishly insane. The attendant seated them at one side, against the old masonry wall. In silence we watched them as we waited for court to open.

The facts in the case were brief. A veteran of the war, Ross had gone to Porto Rico to recover from the early stages of tuberculosis, and in the inland village of Acouji his allotment had provided a royally idle existence. Just why he had gone to that village of black people Gloria had not been able to find out. Acouji was pretty and picturesque, — that much I had noted once when driving by, — but it was off the main highway and I had not gone back, in spite of the fact that my curiosity had been aroused by an old-timer named Macpherson who had told me that the settlement bore a sinister reputation and that no white people had gone there for years.

'I stayed there one summer,' Macpherson told me as I was examining a curious image carved from green stone which he had acquired in the Acouji district — under what circumstances he refused to say. 'Some of the blacks are from Haiti, a different people from the negroes of Porto Rico. I used to hear their drums at night, and once I saw one of their dances.'

What it was like he would not say, but his quiet refusal to explain left me with a sense of things creepy and unaccountable.

'I think I'll go to Acouji,' I told him one day, more to try to make him talk than because I had any immediate intention of going there. 'It would be worth some trouble to find an image like yours.'

'You will see nothing and you will find no images,' responded Macpherson curtly.

The little which he had said and the indefinable amount which his manner had conveyed came back to me as we waited in the old courtroom. At last the judge and his clerk entered and the case was called. No one but ourselves appeared. Ross, according to his papers, had no relatives, and Mathilde had only a mother, living in Acouji, who had signified her willingness that Gloria be appointed guardian of her daughter.

The clerk read the medical report. Ross . . . tuberculosis . . . both demented, but quite harmless . . . recommendations that they be settled in some quiet suburb where they could be visited occasionally by the charity office.

The judge's eyes lingered on the jabbering, incongruous pair. 'Tuberculosis.' He took up the medical report. 'Demented. Harmless.' He laid down the report and turned to Gloria.

'The allotment is sufficient for their needs?' Gloria nodded. 'You can collect it and supervise their living?' Again she nodded. 'You wish to assume this responsibility?' Again she nodded, slowly.

The judge started to speak again, hesitated, and sat back in his chair with a curious suggestion of helplessness before primitive forces. Ross and Mathilde had become quiet, and in the sudden silence the crude walls of the old building asserted their domination. Built in the first ruthless impact of Spaniard on Indian, their very bricks cemented together with fierce race tragedy, the crude walls made a background against which the tragic figures of African and Anglo-Saxon shrank to mere miniatures on a long canvas of race conflict and misunderstanding.

Silently the judge reached for his pen and signed the order.

III

'I don't like this business at all,' I remarked to Gloria as we left Ross and his black wife at their little house in the suburbs. Beds, a table, a couple of strong chairs, a stove, and a few pots and dishes made up their household furnishings. Anything more than that they would break, Gloria had said as we noted its bareness. We looked back. Mathilde was standing in the doorway, singing, and Ross was idly scraping a heavy wire across a dried gourd, smiling as he produced monotonous sounds without rhythm or melody. We spoke to their next-door neighbors, a simple couple who saw in the demented pair only two persons in need of sympathy, and who volunteered to keep an eye on them and to let Gloria know if any special need arose.

As we left the neighbors' house Ross and Mathilde came down to their gate to wish us another friendly, childish farewell.

'Bring me some dulces the next time you come,' coaxed Ross.

'And bring me some dulces and a new pipe,' added Mathilde.

Back in my rooms I settled Gloria on the couch to rest. 'Of course I don't like it, either,' she confessed, 'but what shall I do? If Ross had any relatives I should feel so much more distressed.' She never mentioned the element of color in the tragedy, for the reason, I surmised, that she felt it too keenly; for I had watched her face as the two bade us farewell, the white lad hand in hand with the black woman. 'But it's a harmless form of insanity and apparently he is happy.'

'Suppose he recovers?' I asked.

Gloria shook her head. 'They never do recover.'

'Ross went daft a month ago and Mathilde a week later?'

Gloria nodded.

'See here,' I said, 'you scouted the Rose of Love and the Lily of Vengeance and said that man was a faker, but tell me, what was wrong with those oranges that day, and what made Ross marry Mathilde, and what made them both go daft?'

'Drugs, I think,' she replied wearily, no longer trying to evade the questions which, until now, she had obstinately turned aside. 'Of course I don't believe in witchcraft any more than you do, and most of the stories about voodoo are the worst sort of old women's tales, but there are some happenings that have to be explained. What is n't psychology must be drugs, I think. I can't see any other explanation. I know there are herbs and plants in our hills which Northern doctors don't know about. The old jibaros use them, although the young people now are so anxious to be progressive that the old knowledge is dying out. It stands to reason that there are plants in Africa which Northern scientists don't know about. Once I met an Italian explorer who had spent years in Africa and he told me about a number of plants which had strange and powerful properties. Our negroes don't seem to know much about those plants — it's the blacks from Haiti and St. Thomas who do the queer things. They must have brought plants from Africa.'

'That's reasonable,' and I waited for her to go on.

'We've all known a few curious experiences which are hard to explain,' she continued after a pause, 'but we don't like to talk about them.' She lapsed into silence and I waited. 'There was a girl whom my mother knew very well, one of the Fernandez de Sotos, whose fiancé had offended an old Haitian woman. When they were to be married the old negress asked

the groom to forget their quarrel and to accept a bouquet of flowers for his bride. She gave it to him wrapped up very securely, and when the girl opened it and smelled the flowers she went daft. She never recovered.'

I poured out some more lemonade for Gloria and waited.

'There was an American official named Marsden who had a cook from St. Thomas who everyone said practised voodoo, but she was a good cook and they would n't send her way. She used to steal from Mrs. Marsden and one day the house boy told on her.'

'And then —' I prompted.

'The boy disappeared, but they found him two days later, going from house to house, making scratches with charcoal on pieces of wrapping paper and trying to sell them for fifty dollars apiece. Quite off.'

Gloria was silent for a while. I almost thought she had gone to sleep. 'Anyone ever try voodoo on you?' I asked at length.

'Not exactly, but there was an old cook at the hostess house during the war who used to keep telling me that I ought to get married. Several times she offered to give things to different officers to make them marry me. She used to argue with me and I had hard work not to offend her by refusing, but at last I got her another job and got rid of her that way.'

'You did n't want to discharge her?'

'Oh no,' returned Gloria quickly. 'It may have been all nonsense, but I did n't care to offend her.'

We sat silent until the ticking of the clock became obtrusive. 'What really happened to Ross?' I ventured. 'Do you really think that the woman gave him some drug to make him want to marry her?'

'She — or her mother. Would he have married her otherwise?' parried Gloria. 'A white man, from Virginia?'

'Most unlikely,' I agreed. 'And the drug made him crazy?'

She nodded. 'Or they may have given him something else to make him incompetent so that they could get hold of the allotment.'

'And what about those oranges you would n't let me have?' I came back to the question which she had evaded several times before when I had tried to fathom her fears.

'Mathilde brought them to you?' She nodded. 'And what had happened before that?'

'She had come the week before and asked for his allotment, and again the day before. It had n't come down from the States as promptly as usual and I told her so, but she may have thought that I was keeping it back, may have thought I was angry at her for marrying that white boy.'

'But what do you think she had done to those oranges?'

'I don't think.' The barrier tone crept back into her voice. 'I took them down to the incinerator and burned them up myself — without unwrapping the parcel.'

'But what made Mathilde go daft? She would n't take something intentionally, would she?'

'Of course not. It may be coincidence — a good many people go daft. Or she may have taken something by mistake. Or perhaps her mother wanted to get her hands on that allotment.'

'Has her mother come down here from Acouji?'

Gloria started uncomfortably and the look which came into her eyes made me realize that she was by no means at ease in her position as guardian of Ross and Mathilde. 'I don't know whether she has come down to the city, but I told those neighbors that

I expected her to come to see her daughter. I said that I wanted to see her as soon as she came and asked them to tell her that I had a present for her.'

'And what will you tell her when she comes?'

Gloria stood up and laughed uneasily as she picked up her hat and purse. 'I'll tell her that an inquisitive *Americana* wants to buy some oranges from Acouji.'

IV

Two weeks later when I dropped in at the charities office Gloria silently pushed into my hands the papers which she was examining — the death certificate of Edward Ross, veteran, United States Army, and the findings of the autopsy, signed by three physicians. 'Hemorrhage,' I read, 'unexpectedly rapid development of tuberculosis.'

Gloria's eyes were abstracted, and when she spoke it was not to me but as though she were thinking aloud. 'If I had found that old woman and told her that the allotment would stop if he died —'

'Do you think —'

Her eyes turned to me sharply. 'No, of course it was natural.' She pointed to the physicians' certificate. 'But if she had known —'

Her voice dropped and again she hesitated.

The door opened. Gloria rose as a uniformed captain of police entered the room and came toward her desk. 'Captain Rivera.' I looked up into a pair of serious eyes and a square-set jaw.

Gloria drew herself up very tall and self-possessed. 'Captain Rivera is driving me out to Acouji this afternoon to — to interpret for me to an old woman the provisions of the law concerning soldiers' pensions. Her son-in-law was drawing an allotment from the Government. He has just died, so the allotment stops. Her daughter will be entitled to a pension as a soldier's widow, but of course not nearly so much as her son-in-law was receiving. I want to be sure she understands.'

'She's a sensitive old soul,' added the Captain grimly. 'I should n't like to hurt her feelings, and I don't want her to think that reducing the amount is due to any action of the señorita.'

THUNDERSTORM

BY ROSALIE HICKLER

Sane folk are under cover, dry and warm.
Amid the crashing towers of the dark,
Where leap the spears of battle, blue and stark,
I call the deathless Riders of the Storm.

Good women lie contented by their men,
But I was virgin till I held my face
To their cold kisses, bore their wild embrace.
How shall I turn me to a man again?

Legions who sit the gaunt, black wind astride,
I have forsaken lamp and firelight
For my lost country of Gigantic Night.
O Lovers, bear me up and let us ride!

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN PARIS

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I FIRST visited Paris forty-three years ago. At that time I was a mad Napoleon enthusiast; this is tautological — to be a Napoleon enthusiast one must be mad. But, if my knowledge of French history did not begin at the beginning, it was not confined to Napoleon; nothing is more romantic than the history of that land which we now call France, and the good Sir Walter Scott introduced me to it in his excellent *Quentin Durward*.

But on the occasion of my present visit, after I was comfortably settled in the Grand Hotel, and had taken a seat at a little table in front of the Café de la Paix and had drunk my glass of black chicory, — which the French politely term coffee, — watching the endless surge of humanity pass to and fro before me, it occurred to me that if I were to get pleasure and profit out of a month's sojourn in Paris it behooved me to rub up my French history a bit. Time was when, had anyone mentioned Catherine de' Medici, I should have known that she was the wife of Henry II, and that he had come to his death by a stroke from the lance of Montgomery — but that was years ago. How could I best furbish up my faded recollection of who was who and why, without entering upon a long course of reading? These thoughts took me to Brentano's, where I bought half a dozen books, including that excellent one, *So You're Going to Paris!* It is a delightful refresher: evidently Clara E. Laughlin knows her Paris as I know my London — only better. And so, after my morning cigar and a glance at the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, it became my habit to take a book for an hour or two and forget the prosaic present in the romantic past.

Paris is so beautiful and so modern that one sometimes forgets that it is an old, a very old city, and that every inch of it teems with history. It was a delight to read the famous story of the Diamond Necklace, and then loiter down into the old quarter of Paris and visit the house in which Cardinal de Rohan lived when he was made such a fool of; and, after a good long pull at *Les Misérables*, it was quite in order to take a taxi to the Place des Vosges and visit the house in which Victor Hugo lived when he wrote that great novel. But I determined that, if I took my sight-seeing somewhat seriously during the day, after a fine nap toward sundown I should be in good form for the pleasures of the evening.

For many years I have always stayed at the Grand Hotel; I like everything about it. It has a wonderful location, just across the street from the great Opera House (the critics of which always tire me a little); the rooms are

large, the service excellent, and withal one has a feeling of complete independence: no one seems to be watching you. Paris is a noisy city, but if one gets an inside room overlooking one of the courts he never hears a sound of what is going on in the streets, while just outside the door is the famous Café de la Paix, where, if one takes his seat on the pavement, he can — at the expenditure of a few francs for drinks and ices he does n't want — watch for hours one of the most varied and interesting panoramas in the world. Sit there long enough and you will see everyone you ever knew or heard of, and when you are weary you can retire to your room or stroll to your favorite restaurant.

I am in no sense of the word a *boulevardier*, but I confess that dining and wining in Paris is a delight; all you have to do is to have a good purse — to know what you want and go and get it. Paris is preëminently a city of restaurants and cafés. Ciro's, a world-famous establishment and one I like least, is only five minutes away; I wonder does anyone think he is really seeing Paris at Ciro's, or at Philippe's, or at the Pré-Catelan? These places are established for and maintained by rich foreigners, chiefly Americans, with more money than brains; I always hate to go to any of them. We went to Ciro's one night to dine with some friends, having taken the precaution to engage a table; and, upon asking the waiter if he spoke English, he replied flippantly, 'I have no occasion to speak anything else — except American.' The dinner was not too good, the waiter insolent, — because I would not take his advice, — and the bill terrific. I was ashamed of myself for having spent my money there, and I felt exactly the same way at Foyot's — that 'noted old house of the highest class,' as Baedeker calls it — on the other side of the river, near the Luxembourg. Foyot's is supposed to be much frequented by French politicians when on pleasure bent, but the night I was there two school-teachers were showing a lot of American schoolgirls the way they should *not* go, and nothing was very good except the *filets de sole*, which a French chef can hardly spoil; the *artichauts* were cold, the *crêpes Suzette* distinctly poor.

A better place is the Tour-d'Argent, over by the Jardin des Plantes, said to be the oldest restaurant in Paris, having been established in 1582, — if one can believe what one is told, — and it is renowned for its duck. My good friends, the Crummers (book-collectors always speak of them as 'the Crummers') from Omaha, took us there on a night to be remembered. The Tour-d'Argent is very tiny and very new in appearance, but with customs all its own. As one leaves, in exchange for an enormous tip one is given a card whereon is written the number of the bird he has consumed; the number of mine was 87,287 (since 1890); seemingly the numbers gave out that year and they started fresh. The awe with which one head waiter, one plain waiter, and one acolyte watched a bespectacled and bewhiskered old gentleman carve our birds must have figured largely in the bill, which was paid by our host with magnificent abandon, as who should say, 'I never dine for less than ten or twelve dollars a cover in Omaha; why should I expect to spend less in one of the most famous restaurants in the world?' And, admittedly, a man thinks more highly of himself after receiving a genuflection from the manager of the Tour-d'Argent: at last I am appreciated, one thinks — and I owe this feeling of satisfaction to the Crummers. No one would suspect from seeing the gayety of Mrs. Crummer in a world-renowned restaurant that she had just finished making and publishing

a catalogue of her husband's medical books printed before 1640 — and it will be understood that in those days most medical books were published in Latin! The most serious people in the world become gay in Paris: that is one of the city's many charms.

We got our revenge one day by giving a dinner party at Poccardi's, where, in company with many of the countrymen of Mussolini, we dined excellently for just about the price of the tip at the Tour-d'Argent. But we got no salute from Signor Poccardi upon leaving his establishment: there were still three or four hundred diners there and our host may have been worried over the amount of food they were noisily and voraciously consuming — for dining is not an art at the enormous establishment in the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Favart, which runs alongside the famous Opéra-Comique. This, by the way, is the place of amusement I enjoy most in Paris. It is no fun for me to go to the theatre: they speak French so rapidly that I only understand one word in five, and this is not enough to enable me to follow the story; and the musical comedies are very poor, and of the variety shows the less said the better. But at the Opéra-Comique they give by no means what we call comic opera, but the lighter operas by such recent composers as Puccini, Charpentier, Mascagni, and the like — and if one is going to the Comique, Poccardi's is just the place to dine. The prices are not high, and, if the dish of the day is usually *italien*, it is always excellent: every day is *ministrone* (accent on the final *e*) day — a vegetable soup at fourteen cents for a large basinful — and there is an elaborate menu proportionately priced. I like everything about Poccardi's, from soup to nuts, as the saying is; especially I like the *cassata sicilienne*, which is a sort of glorified ice cream at twenty cents a slice.

But there is another restaurant farther down the boulevard to which I have been going for forty years, and others forty years before that, and to which others will be going forty years hence, which I like better — Marguery's. The specialty of this house, *filet de sole Marguery*, is famous all over the world. All the food is excellent, and if you are told it is not as good as it used to be, don't believe it: nothing is as good as it used to be, and, anyway, Marguery's location is unsurpassed. I can sit for hours in one of those glass-fronted rooms overlooking the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle watching the crowd surge along, especially at the right hour on a fine Sunday afternoon. One sees lovers — the world forgetting — arm in arm, sometimes he with his arm around her, and it is not very unusual to see such a pair stop occasionally and kiss each other, not once but several times.

'Disgusting,' said my lady.

'Why, no,' replied her husband, 'we paid good money to see such things done at the theatre last night, to see an exhibition of imitation passion, and now where we can see the real thing for nothing you call it disgusting. Be consistent, my dear.'

Looking out of the window one rainy evening, we observed with interest a youth and a pretty girl hugging one another under an umbrella, which seemed rather to cramp their technique than afford protection from either the rain or the curious. But the curious indeed were few; in general, people in Paris mind their own business. One day I saw a man asleep on a bench in a heavy rain. In Germany he would probably have been arrested; in England he would certainly have been cared for by some royal society organized to care for people who go to sleep in the rain; but in Paris a man, observing him, merely remarked to his companion, 'That is the way he takes his pleasure,' and

passed on. One is permitted to do pretty much as he will in Paris, and the crowded streets are as interesting as the museums, which are among the finest in the world. Personally, I get greater pleasure out of people than out of things: inanimate *objets d'art* in a museum are fatiguing; people are always interesting. Who was the wise and witty Frenchman who remarked, 'I love all mankind except those I know personally'?

The American is a very obvious person; the Englishman is reserved; the Parisian is himself, and quite indifferent to your opinion. The French are very intelligent, self-sufficient, and self-supporting. There are, speaking broadly, no charities in France. The people are thrifty to the point of avarice; from infancy they are taught to look after themselves, to provide for their old age, and they do; the people who die in absolute penury are, I fancy, very few.

II

But we were doing a round of the restaurants. Reader, have you ever eaten snails or horse meat? I have eaten both and I prefer snails; snails are, indeed, a great delicacy, and at the sign of L'Escargot d'Or, or the Golden Snail, a very old establishment near the Halles, they are always included in any very recherché meal; indeed, in the neighborhood of the Halles there are a dozen places which announce the interesting fact that snails are there served, by large effigies of the animal or reptile — or whatever it is — in gold, swinging from brackets over their doors. People not accustomed to eating snails must not assume that the snail is a sort of first cousin to the caterpillar, — either the fat or the fuzzy one, — for the edible snail, the snail of commerce, however closely connected with the common or garden snail, from the first moment of its life to its last has but one ambition — namely, to satisfy the appetite of the epicure. They are raised on snail farms — just as terrapins are with us — and they are usually served, in the shells which once afforded them shelter, in a thick, vivid-green sort of mayonnaise. Free yourself from the idea of 'Snails!' and you will find them delicious. Horse meat is another matter.

Admittedly, the horse is a noble animal, but that does not make it appetizing. Over the doors of butcher shops where horse meat is sold a golden horse's head indicates the fact, as is indeed required by law. Horse meat is almost the only meat that the poor Frenchman allows himself. We ate it first, unknowingly, at a little restaurant in Versailles; we had missed the train which was to take us back to Paris and were hungry, and, surrounded by little eating places, we selected what we hoped was a good one, but I had my misgivings from the start. As we took our places at the table, a waiter brought a dish of ragout to a party seated near us, and, as we liked the appearance of it, we ordered some — and found it horse! Horse meat is rather sweet and very tough and stringy, but it is good food. Why should it not be good? The horse is a grain-fed animal of cleanly habit, but it does not come to the table until by years of hard work its flesh has turned to sinew. The British export immense numbers of horses to the Continent, where they are killed and eaten in spite of the well-meant efforts of English humanitarians to prevent the traffic. Now that we know what becomes of the old horses, tell me what becomes of the old vehicles — the French are much too thrifty not to make use of them in some way. I don't mean to suggest that they eat them — but if they did, they would make an excellent dish thereof.

The difference between French and English character is suggested by the cooking. The English will have no disguises; the French disguise everything. The English have but one sauce, 'bread sauce,' — and it's nothing to be proud of, — the French have a hundred, every one a work of art. The English throw a cabbage into a kettle of boiling water — and serve; the French look at a frog on the side of a stream and say, 'Let us cook and eat it.' Even so wise a man as Dr. Johnson got a pleasant reaction by referring to 'the frog-eating French,' but anyone who has enjoyed frogs' legs as served in any good restaurant in Paris will suppose that he is regaling himself upon a particularly delicate and succulent piece of chicken.

I doubt if a man can be more pleasantly occupied than in seeking out good eating places in Paris. I, who at home eat just enough to sustain life, found myself going miles to indulge in a famous *soupe à l'oignon*, or waiting patiently for a seat at Prunier's for a dozen oysters and a glass of an amber-colored wine — which has been permitted to remain for a moment in the crimson rays of the setting sun and into which some fairy has squeezed a drop or two of lemon. And here I would remark that, once one has become accustomed to the European oyster with its strong and, at first, rather coppery taste, he comes home to find the large American oyster lacking in flavor. Charles Dickens — I think it was Dickens — once said that he never ate an American oyster without thinking he had swallowed a baby. Renowned for its sea food, Prunier's is also famous for caviar. What would I not give for a portion this very minute, with some hot toast and something more than a suspicion of onion chopped fine, and half a lemon. And if it is August, and Prunier's is closed, there is Fauchon's just behind the Madeleine, where the caviar is as good if not better, and much cheaper. Fauchon is a large delicatessen dealer, a glorified grocer who runs a restaurant on the side. I don't think it is open at night; I patronized it only for luncheons; and, looking out of his second-story window one day into his great store on the opposite side of the street, I saw a huge stack of 'Superior Bordeaux at forty-eight francs per dozen' for quarts — and francs at four cents each, mind you. But why stimulate a thirst which you cannot satisfy?

But perhaps of all the restaurants in Paris the best for freedom from fuss and feathers, famous for serving bountiful portions of exquisite food, is the Bœuf à la Mode. It began doing business just after the French Revolution, and it was a favorite eating place of the great Napoleon. It is in a side street, near the Palais-Royal, but it is necessary to go early to get a good table. Try a portion of the *bœuf* from which it took its name, with *pommes soufflées*, or *homard thermidor* and a bottle of Cliquot, *goût américain*, followed — if you feel up to it — with *crêpes Suzette*, made one at a time under your eyes by an artist who expects and deserves a reward; and, as a *chasseur* chases a taxi, you will, or at least should, murmur to yourself the well-known couplet: —

'Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day.'

III

Paris is famous for so many things that it is difficult for the tourist to know how best to spend his time. To enjoy one's food one must exercise, and of all exercise walking is the best. And so I found myself strolling leisurely all over Paris — here, there, everywhere, always bewildered by its beauty. Very high buildings, so popular with us, are

not permitted, but every important building is placed with due regard to every other building; it fronts upon either a square or a circle, or is at the end of a broad avenue. There are, in Paris, no accidental happenings of loveliness as there are in London, and it has always been a beautiful city. A hundred years ago the Place de la Concorde and the Champs-Élysées and the great Arc looked very much as they do today, but the magnificent streets that converge upon the Opera House, and the Opera House itself, Paris owes to the wave of extravagance which swept over it in the time of Napoleon III. He gave a favorite, a politician by the name of Haussmann, a free hand, and a new Paris arose. It was done imperially; there was no voting or anything like that — it is only very occasionally that anything important is accomplished by the ballot. The Emperor wanted to make Paris more magnificent than it was and he gave the order; there was tremendous speculation, — men were made and ruined overnight, — but the desired result was attained. And the end is not yet; only within the last year or two has the Boulevard Haussmann been cut through a few solid blocks of houses, so that it now runs — under one name or another, as it was originally planned to do — in practically a straight line from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la République.

They take things slowly in Paris, but they get results. For fifty years they have been at work upon the Church of the Sacré-Cœur on top of Montmartre. It occupies one of the finest sites in the world; from it one looks down upon the whole of Paris. But the most amazing view of the church itself, with its immense white dome and its towers and turrets glistening in the sun, is up the Rue Laffitte where the street crosses the Grand Boulevard; from this point the whole mass seems suspended from the sky. I had not visited this church in many years, and I determined to do so. One can go in a taxi, but it is very roundabout, and I decided one day to walk and I started out bravely; when I got to the Place Pigalle I thought I would taxi the rest of the way; but it was the noon hour and all the chauffeurs I hailed were just about to eat their *déjeuner*, so I kept on walking. At last I came to a steep flight of steps — and steps are to me as difficult as the way to Heaven — and I balked. An old Frenchwoman, seeing my trouble, remarked, 'Monsieur will perhaps take the *funiculaire*,' pointing it out to me. Without a doubt I would, but I spoke too soon, for when I got there I found a little notice reading, *Le funiculaire ne marche pas pour cause de* — something, *je ne sais quoi*. Maybe the railway had gone to lunch too. At any rate, I continued my climb until I reached the top, by which time I was tired and hungry — but one is never hungry very long in Paris. Right on the top of Montmartre is a tiny and very old-fashioned square; I have forgotten the name, but there are restaurants all around, and tables set in the middle, at one of which I got an excellent *déjeuner*.

My object in climbing to the top of Montmartre was to get the view and see the church, which is indeed magnificent. The churches in Paris are not too interesting; for the most part they are very large and dirty and in poor repair. The superb cathedral of Notre Dame is, of course, in a class by itself, but I get no thrill out of Saint-Eustache, or Saint-Roch, or the Madeleine, or a hundred others. I except always Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, with its fascinating rood loft, totally unlike anything else I know. But, in any event, I much prefer churches to museums; to loiter in an old church, its architecture mellowed by age, to watch in its dim religious light men and women come and drop

upon their knees and for a few moments repose their souls, — if that is what they do, — is to me preferable to hoofing it over the hard floors of a picture gallery or museum.

Why are the floors of museums harder than any other floors whatever, and slipperier? They seem especially designed for roller skaters. The Louvre, with the exception of the Vatican at Rome, is the most fatiguing place in the world. Its size is beyond belief, and the exhibits, especially the pictures, are so arranged as to make it necessary for one to pass through acres of canvas before one reaches the masterpieces he wants to see. If I were the custodian of a museum, I should provide visitors with skates, which would enable people who want to say they have 'done' the Louvre — or what not — to clean it up in half an hour; or wheel chairs, in which one could be propelled by men to whom fatigue is unknown. I really think that the fatigue which overtakes one in a great museum is due very largely to the poor arrangement of the exhibits; a plan some day will be devised by which each separate object will not rise out of its setting and strike you a blow in the face, as it were.

IV

I was sitting in front of the Café de la Paix late one afternoon when I was joined by a friend who said he supposed I was watching Paris — female Paris, that is — put its best foot forward; to which I replied that I had n't noticed any particularly good feet being put forward. The fact is, French women can't walk — in the English sense. They have stout legs and bad feet; high heels have caused French feet to be thrown forward, with the result that they have become very broad. An American woman cannot easily be fitted with a shoe in Paris — at least, so I am told. But if French women don't exercise and can't walk, I have nevertheless great admiration for them — they are the backbone of the nation. While the men sit around and talk politics, the women work, and with keen intelligence. The Frenchman has always been a pampered animal, and since the war, when practically everyone of military age went to the front and got killed, those that survived have become worse than ever. There are two or three marriageable girls in France to every man, and no girl can get a husband without a dot, and where is the dot to come from? The savings of the people have largely been swept away. I suspect that three girls out of every five in Paris are playing *Louise* without Charpentier's music.

A hard blow was struck at the grisettes of Paris when nice American and English girls decided to adopt their style of dress and manners. They resent the assumption by the women of the world, not of their profession, but of their manners and of their style of dressing; the behavior of the American girl in Paris is, they say, 'shocking,' and where a French girl smokes one cigarette an English girl consumes ten. And, except on Sundays, one never sees long queues of women waiting at eleven o'clock in the morning to get into a theatre where a silly play is running, as one does in London. French women are the most industrious women in the world, and when they get old they toil harder than ever; always having been accustomed to shift for themselves, they work till they drop, finally at the most menial offices. Watch them in a French theatre. By now they have become veritable harpies; anyone who gets between them and a tip of a franc, or half a franc, will get hurt; but give them what they are entitled to — and it is n't much — and they are very thankful, poor dears.

It never seems quite right to me that children and poor miserable men and women in the streets of Paris should speak French so beautifully, while I, with all my good fortune and intelligence, speak it so miserably. I understand almost nothing that is said to me, but I speak it fluently enough. I speak a French at which strong men weep; I murder it; I cause the streets to run with blood — no new thing in Paris. I have a small vocabulary, and my verbs have but one tense, which is neither present, past, nor future, but irregular in the extreme sense of that word; however, it serves my purpose and is better than a Frenchman's English. The French do not care a hoot either for us or for our language. You will frequently find in shops which cater almost altogether to the American trade a man or a woman without a word of English. But they are wiser than we in that they do not rush so; they take time to live and they have a special instinct for finding out what their own business is and minding it. France is a free country, literally that: the French are permitted to live their own lives and are expected to take care of themselves. They have no passion for uplift or reform, and our type, represented by such men as Carnegie or Rockefeller, is not understood by them; withal they are the best-educated people in Europe, and those who think of the Parisian as sophisticated, always eating of forbidden fruit, should watch the men play croquet in the Luxembourg Gardens. And I can sit for hours and watch the French boys and girls play tennis; they are not hampered by rules, as we are; seemingly they have no net and no bounds, but the game provides amusement, exercise, and companionship even if emulation is lacking.

In all important matters the French are serious and farseeing; we select our wives with scarcely more thought than we give to the selection of a cravat. In France the sobering judgments of the girl's father and the boy's father are considered, and a 'marriage of convenience' is more likely to end happily than one marched into to the tune of 'I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.'

V

Paris is a city of light: to say that it is the most beautiful city in the world is but to repeat a commonplace. Old Paris, of which the Musée Carnavalet is the centre, simply overflows with history; indeed, the word is interchangeable with the word 'romance.' Modern Paris is out toward the Arc and far beyond; the Parc Monceau is very lovely and the Jardin des Tuileries is superb, but my favorite spot is the Jardin du Luxembourg, where there is always something to watch. I watched one day that wonderful thing, the way of a man with a maid, until his lovemaking became so ardent that I was forced to move my chair and bury myself in the book I was reading — I forget whether it was Hugo or Balzac; either author reads excellently in Paris, as I have known these forty years.

The French have not the slightest interest in any people except themselves, but they are extremely emotional, not to say hysterical, and are ready to fly off the handle at any moment. We were in Paris during the Sacco and Vanzetti affair. Now if there is a man that a Frenchman hates worse than an Englishman, it is an Italian; yet the press and a few agitators got the French so stirred up over the execution of two Italian murderers that one might have supposed that a group of French angels were being done to death by a mob of devils. The night after the news of the execution reached Paris, mobs formed in the streets and the police knew that they were in for trouble; in

spite of all the precautions, for a time the mob got the upper hand. In the Boulevard de Sébastopol and the Rue Réaumur, crowds bent on mischief gathered. Visitors to Paris will remember that on many of the wide streets there are trees planted, and in order that water may reach the roots of the trees there are circular iron grids or gratings formed of relatively small sectors around their trunks, which, when taken up and wielded by two or three angry men, form excellent hammers. A tap with one of these iron hammers against a big plate-glass window instantly brings the window in fragments to the ground. What fun! And then there were the contents of the windows themselves. In less time than it takes to tell it, all the windows were smashed on both sides of several busy streets, and the mob was really getting the upper hand when the mounted police, who had been guarding the American Embassy, put in an appearance, and in a short time the crowd was dispersed. But it was in an ugly mood. Why? Why should a lot of French shoe and clothing shops be rifled because two Italian criminals had been executed in America? That is exactly the question the proprietors of these shops asked themselves; and there was no satisfactory answer. Trouble was feared with the coming of the second night, but just then someone had the bright idea of telling the crowd that some agitator had spat upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier who rests under the Arc de Triomphe, and the emotion of the mob was turned in another direction; quiet was restored, and Sacco and Vanzetti were no more heard of.

It was rather distressing to an American to observe the way in which this disgraceful case was presented in practically the whole European press. The fact is — as was admitted sometime since by an English journalist — that a disgraced, impoverished, and humiliated Europe loses no chance of scoring off America. When anything goes wrong over here, Europe is delighted, we are entirely without friends; and something went very wrong in the management of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. In Italy these men would have had no trial at all; in France or in England, on the evidence submitted, they would have been convicted and promptly disposed of; but over here, thanks to the miserable administration of the law and the power of money, the men were given a chance to pose as martyrs. And at last America was made to figure before the world as a nation in which no innocent man could feel secure of his life. It is not often that I find myself in accord with Senator Borah, our Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, — who has qualified for this position by never going beyond the borders of this country, — but I entirely agree that it would have been a national humiliation and a shameless, cowardly compromise for us to pay the slightest attention to mob protests either at home or abroad.

VI

I am not, and I do not pretend to be, in any respect better than my kind, but I get no 'kick,' as the saying is, out of what is called the night life of Paris. There are a great many naughty places in Paris, and when one speaks of them to the Parisian he is invariably told that these places are chiefly patronized by foreigners; and no doubt there are people who go to places and do things in Paris that they would never think of doing at home; but with all that, there are always plenty of French people about and they seem to be enjoying themselves. Indeed, it has always seemed remarkable to me that the French could get any thrill out of many

of the entertainments they stage for themselves and for us. I have never been amused — I have frequently been bored to extinction — in the famous night cafés of Montmartre; they may be amusing to one in his childhood, — first or second, as the case may be, — but to an adult in his right mind the affected gayety and *abandon* are pathetic rather than otherwise.

Paris is always alive and always beautiful. I love to walk in the Place de la Concorde at night to see the electric illumination of the Eiffel Tower, which is beautiful beyond words. It is not merely a crude blaze of light, as our electric lighting is, but lamps like stars come and go on the tall tower; they change their form and color and die away, and blaze up again and finally take the form of Citroën, which, in Paris, has the same significance as Ford with us. And then, returning to one's hotel, one hears the thud of horses' hoofs and the tinkling of bells, and a line of great two-wheeled carts comes into sight — carts loaded with beautiful vegetables packed with as much taste and skill as though they were destined for a florist's window. Do they come from far, I wonder? I know where they are going — to the Halles, which is the great market place of Paris.

But it is time to go to bed; all is as quiet as it was on that night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse — when suddenly in the next room a man begins to use the telephone.

Now the French do not use the telephone as a scientific instrument; rather, they use it as if it were a speaking tube; and when my neighbor finally got his party — he was talking to Berlin — and got through his business, I was as much pleased as he was. I suppose there is a worse telephone system than that of Paris, but it can't be much worse. French numbers, too, are very puzzling to the foreigner; it always bothers a man accustomed to say, 'One nine seven,' for example, to have to do a little sum in mental arithmetic while talking, and say, '*Cent* (one hundred) *quatre-vingts* (four twenties) *dix* (that's ten) *sept* (that's seven),' and the total is the number you are trying to get. It takes time and adds to the hazard of telephoning; but if you are in a hurry, and your party is only a few miles away, you can take a taxi.

Just before we reached Paris there was a strike of all the girl telephone operators. They had, seemingly, no special grievance; they merely wanted to show the power of their union or something. Anyhow, they all went on strike one day and stayed out for an hour, then returned; but no one in Paris knew there had been a strike until he read of it next day in the papers — he just thought that the service was a little rottener than usual. But if the telephone system is awful, the Paris subway is the best in the world — after you have learned how to use it, which I never had any desire to do. I shall be a long time underground; while I live, let me live on top of the world and see and enjoy the sights of Paris.

THE FIELD WHERE THE SATYRS DANCED

BY LORD DUNSANY

THERE is a field above my house in which I sometimes walk in the evening. And whenever I go there in summer I always see the same thing, very small and far off, the tiniest fraction of the wide view that one has, and not appearing until one has looked for it a little carefully — a field surrounded by woods, a green space all among shadows, which suggested to me, the very first time I saw it, an odd idea. But the idea was so evanescent, and floated by so like a traveling butterfly, that by the time I went again a few days later to look at the view at evening I barely remembered it. But then the idea came again, coming as suddenly as a wind that got up soon after sunset, bringing the chill of night a little before its time. And the idea was that to that field at evening satyrs slipped out of the woods to dance on the grass.

This time I did not forget the idea at all; on the contrary it rather haunted me, but down in the valley it grew to seem so unlikely that one put it away as one puts away lumber of old collections, scarcely counting it any more, though knowing that it was there.

And then one evening, the nightingale's song being over for many days, and hay ripening, it struck me that if I wanted to see the wild roses I must go soon or they would all be over, and I should have to wait another year to see what we can only see for a limited number of times; so I went up to the field again behind my house, on the hill. It is a perfectly ordinary field, even though at one end the hedge has run a bit wild and is one bank of wild roses. I do not know why one calls it an ordinary field, nor why one sometimes feels of another field that it lies deep under enchantment, yet ordinary it was; one felt sure of that as one walked in it.

On my way to the wild roses at the far end of the field, with my back to the view of the valley, I almost felt as though something behind me and far away were beckoning. For a moment I felt it and the feeling passed, and I walked on toward the wild roses. Then it came again, and I turned round to look; and there was the view over the valley the same as it ever looked, rather featureless from the loss of the sunlight and not yet mysterious with night. I moved my eyes left-handed along the far ridge. And soon they fell on the field where the satyrs danced. Of this I was certain: they danced there. Nothing had changed in the view; the far field was the same as ever, a little mysterious around its edges and flat and green in the middle, high up on the top of a hill; but the certainty had grown and become immense. It was just too far to see if anything moved in the shadows, too far to see if anything came from the wood, but I was sure that this was a dancing ground for those that lurked in the dark of the distant trees, and that they were satyrs. And all things darkened towards the likely hour, till the field was too dim to see at that great distance, and I went home down the hill. And that night and all the next day the certainty

remained with me, so that I decided that evening to go to the field and see.

The field where the satyrs danced was some way from my house, so I started a while before sunset, and climbed the far hill in the cool. There I came by a little road scarce more than a lane that ran deep through a wood of Spanish chestnut and oak, to a great road of tar.

Down this I walked for a bit while the twentieth century streamed by me, with its machinery, its crowds, and its speed; flowing from urban sources. It was as though for a while I waded in a main current of time. But soon I saw a lane on the other side of it that ran in what should be the direction of my field; and I crossed the road of tar, and soon I was in a rural quiet again that time seemed scarcely to bother about. And so I came to the woods that I knew surrounded the field. Hazel and oak they were and masses of dogwood, on the right, and on the left they were thinning down to a hedge; and over the hedge I suddenly saw the field.

Ahead of me, on the far side of the field, the wood was dense and old. On my right lay, as I have said, oak, hazel, and dogwood, and on the left, where the field dipped down to the valley, I saw the tops of old oaks. It was an idyllic scene amongst all that circle of woods. All the more so by contrast with the road of tar. But the moment I looked at the field I realized that there was nothing unearthly about it. There were a few buttercups growing in a very sparse crop of hay; dog daisies farther off and patches of dry brown earth showing through, and unmistakably over the whole field an ordinary air of everyday. Whatever there is in enchantment is hard to define, or whatever magic is visible from the touch of fabulous things, but amongst these buttercups and dog daisies and poor crop of hay it certainly was not.

I looked up from the field over the tops of the oaks that grew on the slope of the valley, to be sure by looking across that I had come to the right field. If I could see, and only just see, the field of the wild roses, then this field and these woods must be the ones that I sought. And sure enough, I saw the unmistakable hills from which I had come, and the woods along the top of them, and above these woods a field. For a moment I could not be sure. So strange it looked, so haunted, — not by shadows, for the sun was long set, but by a certain darkness gathering under the hedges while the gloaming still shone on its centre, — that I did not immediately know it. And, as I watched it and recognized it by many landmarks as my very ordinary field, the mystery deepened and deepened, until before the gloaming faded away it was obviously touched by that eeriness that is never found far from the haunt of fabulous things.

It was too far to get there to-night, and I looked once more at the field by whose edges I stood, to see if anything lurked at all of the magic that it had had. No, nothing; it was all gone. At this moment a rustic boy skipped out of the wood and came over the field towards me. And something about him made him seem so much at home in that field and so knowing of all its neighboring shrubs and shadows that, clinging still to a last vestige of my fancy, I hailed him, and he pricked up his ears. Then I asked, just as I might have asked if the buses were running: 'Do the satyrs dance here to-night?'

'Here? NO!' he said with such certainty that I knew for sure I was wrong.

I mumbled something like that I thought they were going to.

'No,' he said, shaking his head and pointing away to my field of the wild roses, gleaming only faintly now, a dim gray-green before nightfall, 'they are dancing there to-night.'

THE FARMING BUSINESS

BY ROBERT STEWART

I

AGRICULTURE is a mode of living, a business, or something for the politicians to talk about. If farming is to be regarded purely as a mode of living, it then becomes strictly an individual problem and the individual has a perfect right to choose that form of existence if he cares to, and there is no real farm problem as it affects the public welfare in this country. If farming is a business which is in distress, it is a matter which vitally concerns us all, since there are ten million people gainfully employed in farming and twenty-eight million who are dependent on agriculture for their livelihood. Anything which reduces the purchasing power of this vast group vitally affects the prosperity of the entire country, since they normally consume large quantities of manufactured goods. Farming as a business is subject to the same economic laws as other types of business. If agriculture is sick it ought to be possible to determine what ails it and apply the necessary remedies.

In the early days of our national life farming was purely a mode of living. The farm produced all of the requirements of the farmer and his family in the form of food, shelter, clothing, and fuel. The industrial revolution of the past two hundred years, however, has created new conditions the like of which have never existed before. The industrial revolution was made possible because of the development of modern machinery whereby the manufacture of goods has been taken from the home of the farmer and artisan and concentrated in the city. The growth of the modern factory and the marked development in modern methods of transportation have permitted concentration of consumers of food products in large centres of population. The modern city is the result of this development and has had a marked influence upon farming conditions by offering a market for farm products.

As a result, farming has slowly evolved from a mode of living into a business proposition. It is no longer a self-sufficing unit. The farm supplies the farmer with some of his necessities, but many are purchased from outside sources. The farmer is, therefore, interested in markets, methods of transportation, interest rates, taxes, and the tariff as they affect his business. It is now a manufacturing industry in which the farmer uses raw materials from the soil and air and converts them into finished food products. In the evolution of farming from a mode of living to a business proposition, farming has also been markedly influenced by the growth and use of farm machinery. There has been greater development in the use of power machinery on the farm during the past fifty years than in all the previous history of the world. Farming as a business, however, still labors under serious handicaps. It is just now having severe growing pains. The farming industry lacks dignity in

the eyes of most people. To many people the farmer is still a 'hick' and a 'hayseed,' as the cartoonist often depicts him. The banker looks askance upon requests for farm loans, as he is not sure of the stability of this investment. The banker feels that the risk is great, and consequently farm loans bear a high rate of interest. Farming is regarded as a gamble with very uncertain returns. Capital for the farm business is not available in such quantities and at such rates as it is available for almost every other type of industrial endeavor. The sale of share stock in farming enterprises is practically unknown. Without this device for raising capital in other industrial operations, they also would have been seriously handicapped and their growth retarded. The great growth of the Bell Telephone Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad System, or any other industrial organization that might be mentioned, has been dependent upon the raising of large-volume capital in this manner by the sale of common and preferred stock and the issue of bonds. Owing to the lack of dignity, the great risk assumed to be present in the farm business, and the lack of management in farming enterprises, capital in this form for the growth and development of the farming industry is practically unknown. Farming is largely, therefore, a one-man affair where the individual farmer labors under serious handicap; while he is an excellent laborer himself, he frequently lacks capital and frequently is not a good manager.

A high executive in the General Motors Corporation recently said that efficient management was the rarest and most difficult form of labor to secure. It is therefore unreasonable to expect that the majority of the six and one-half million farmers in the United States are in possession of this rare attribute so necessary for success in any business proposition. Working under the direction of another or in someother occupation, they might be highly successful, but as managers of a business proposition they are woefully lacking.

Food is one of our most essential requirements. Its production affects the welfare of every single individual in the country. It is of vital importance to all that the production of this commodity be placed upon as stable and sound a basis as other industrial pursuits. There is no greater risk for capital invested in the farm under able management than there is in any other well-organized business. There is just as great an opportunity for good returns for capital invested in this type of business if that investment is placed under as careful a management as it would be, for example, were it to be invested in the production of automobiles. Whenever, and as soon as, this fact is recognized by the financial interests of the country, there will become possible a real solution of the farm problem that now confronts us, and its solution will not be of a political nature at all, but will be found on a purely business basis.

II

Instances are abundant throughout the country of successful farming enterprises being carried on as business propositions. One such instance is that of the Campbell Farming Corporation in Montana.

When the United States entered the Great War in April 1917, Thomas B. Campbell, a graduate mechanical engineer, offered his services to his country. Secretary Lane of the Interior Department, knowing Campbell and recognizing his ability as a mechanical engineer, suggested to him that he could best serve his country and the cause of the Allies by using his mechanical

ability in helping to increase the food supply for the Allied armies.

Campbell's imagination was fired by the suggestion and it was at first thought desirable that the farming operations be established in northern Africa, in Algiers, but the difficulty of transporting farm machinery through the danger zone to that country was finally recognized as being so great as to prohibit the undertaking. Secretary Lane then suggested that Campbell endeavor to develop and use the unused land on the Indian reservations in the far West. A modest beginning was made on the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana in accordance with this suggestion. At first seven thousand acres were planted to wheat, and Campbell in various ways raised a million dollars in capital to finance the undertaking. During the war period he was successful in producing much wheat which contributed in a measure to the success of the Allied forces.

After the close of the war, Campbell was so interested in the proposition of wheat production as a business matter that he took over the holdings and formed the Campbell Farming Corporation. This corporation now farms ninety-five thousand acres of land, largely in Montana, with some small holdings in North Dakota and California. The corporation owns and operates one hundred and nine tractors, which develop five thousand horsepower and are capable of ploughing one thousand acres of land per day. Not a horse or a mule is present on this vast holding. A few chickens and pigs are found on the farm, but they are used purely as a means of producing eggs and pork for home consumption. They are regarded as a nuisance rather than a vital part of the equipment.

The Campbell Corporation owns one hundred planting machines capable of planting three thousand acres a day. It has eighty binders capable of cutting from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres per day. It has six combined harvesters which cut, thresh, and sack three hundred acres per day. The corporation also owns eleven threshing machines capable of threshing twenty thousand bushels of wheat a day. It owns and operates big fleets of cars and trucks for use in transportation of commodities to and from the farm. It has fireproof steel storage bins for holding the wheat until such time as it can be disposed of at the elevator or shipped to other points of consumption. It is reported that in 1927 the Campbell Corporation threshed a million bushels of wheat.

Twenty per cent of the stock of the Campbell Corporation has been distributed as a bonus to the skilled labor upon the farm. While the average farm laborer commands three dollars a day, the Campbell Corporation pays a minimum wage of six dollars a day with a bonus. This bonus consists of ten cents a mile for every mile which the worker's machine travels per day. This makes the average wage paid by the corporation about eight dollars a day.

The Campbell Corporation is producing wheat in exactly the same manner that other large industrial corporations are producing other types of commodities and with equal success. It has now been a going concern for ten years, meeting with a larger measure of success each year.

When an inquirer expressed astonishment at the high wages Campbell was paying his farm laborers and suggested that in the event of a marked decline in the price of wheat Campbell would be forced to make a serious cut in wages, Campbell made a characteristic reply. 'No,' he said, 'we will raise wages and cut our operation costs.' Thomas Campbell is a real captain of the farming industry.

III

The possibilities in farming, when it is conducted along the lines of a real business enterprise, are clearly demonstrated by the actual experience of two small farmers in a good farming section of Indiana. They are neighbors, their farms being separated only by a fence. The soil is identical and their opportunity should be the same. They owned the same-size farms, eighty acres, had the same soil, rainfall, market prices, and other conditions. They differ only in their managerial ability. Yet at the end of the year one man, Earl Foster, found that his farm had paid him $1676, while the other, John Peterson, found that he was in debt $198! The difference in the returns of these two small farms, $1874, was due entirely to the exercise of good business management on the part of Foster, just as the success in any type of business enterprise is largely due to efficient management. When the records of the two farms were studied it was found that the same general type of farming was followed on both. Each had about the usual amount of live stock. Crop yields were about the same. The farms differed largely in the methods of feeding the live stock.

Foster's live stock paid him $2.12 for each dollar's worth of feed, while Peterson's stock returned only $1.02 for each dollar's worth of feed consumed. Peterson would have been better off had he sold his crops and not attempted to feed live stock. The two cents above the value of the feed did not go very far toward paying costs in connection with the live stock, such as labor, shelter, taxes, interest, and veterinary services. It would have been necessary for Peterson to receive at least $1.30 for every dollar's worth of feed he fed his live stock to break even and, as he got only $1.02, he lost money. Foster, however, got $2.12 for each dollar's worth of feed his stock consumed, so he made money on his business. Foster was enabled to do this simply because he used a balanced ration well supplied with protein. He used soy beans, tankage, and linseed meal as supplementary feed. Peterson did not use either one or the other.

By the exercise of good management Foster made money on his farm in 1924, while Peterson lost money because of lack of management and a desire to skimp along on what the farm produced alone as feed. The businesslike records kept for these farmers by aid of the Extension Service enabled them to detect the leaks in the farming enterprise, just as similar cost accounts in any other line of business enable the successful manager to detect leaks. There is not much of a farm problem for Foster, but I have no doubt that Peterson thinks there is something vitally wrong with things in general.

Perhaps seventy-five per cent of the farms of North Dakota are in favor of some form of government farm relief to get them out of their difficulties, and most of the local banks in North Dakota are in difficulty because they cannot realize on the commercial paper taken from these farmers.

John W. Scott of Gilby, North Dakota, however, is not concerned with the various proposals for farm relief. He owns nine hundred acres in the Red River Valley of North Dakota. While eleven bushels per acre is a good average yield of wheat for his neighborhood, Scott's fields average twenty-one bushels per acre. Every year during the past seven years of agricultural distress, except one year when hail destroyed his crop, Scott has made good money in farming. In 1922, a most trying year for the farmers of the wheat belt, Scott made a good profit. In 1923 the total income from his farm was $6000. How does he do it?

He has a diversified farm, which includes live stock. Live stock in the wheat belt! Each year he has wool, barley, potatoes, live stock, and cream to sell. He keeps up the fertility of his soil by the abundant use of manure and also by ploughing under legumes and all crop residues. By the use of legumes, rotations, and live stock he has been able to make good money, while his neighbors, who have adhered to a one-crop system of farming, have been in serious distress and have been loud in their demands for farm relief.

Scott has two well-defined systems of crop rotation. One runs for six years and consists of wheat, oats or barley, clover for pasture, and corn. The second rotation consists of clover or alfalfa, two crops of wheat, flax or other grain, and finally potatoes. The alfalfa is cut for hay, the clover is pastured, and the corn used for silage so as to have green succulent feed for his live stock during the winter.

He buys five hundred Western ewes each year from which he raises and feeds two carloads of lambs. The sheep furnish him two cash crops — wool and mutton. He clips his sheep once a year and ships direct to the woolen mills at top prices. He also ships his own potatoes, barley, wheat, and live stock. A surplus of the commodities does not concern him at all, as his individual cost of production is much lower than that of his neighbors because of his high yields, due to his efficient farm management.

IV

Frank I. Mann has been farming in Illinois for nearly a half century. Mann is a college graduate, majoring in Greek. While at college he was on the staff of the college paper. Newspaper work became his first love, and after graduation he and his brother, Jim Mann of Congressional fame, started a weekly newspaper at Chenoa, Illinois. At the end of a year they were so badly in debt that Jim quit the newspaper and went to Chicago to study law and later became one of the outstanding leaders of Congress. Frank sold out his interest in the newspaper business and went back home, where he bought his father's five-hundred-acre farm, Bois D'Arc, near Gilman, Illinois. The farm was badly in need of drainage and soil improvement, and as a result was not producing good crops.

Frank drained the farm the first year he owned it and planned a definite system of rotation, including clover, corn, wheat, and oats. Like Scott in North Dakota, Mann was a firm believer in the value of clover as a means of building up the productive capacity of his soil. He used it both for live-stock feed and as green manure for his soil.

During the first few years of life on the farm, Mann had a large number of live stock, including colts, hogs, and cows. At one time he had the second largest herd of pure-bred Holsteins in the State of Illinois. But when the price of pure-breds became so low that there was not much difference between them and grades, Mann sold out his herds. Since then he has had only a few cows, horses, and hogs and has produced wheat, oats, and corn for the market.

He follows a definite system of crop rotation, including corn, oats, wheat, and clover hay. He makes a liberal use of limestone and raw rock phosphate for improving the productive capacity of his soil. He constantly plans to return to the soil more plant food than his crops remove from the soil each year; he does this at a low cost of $2.50 per acre per year, and has more than doubled the crop yields of his farm. His average yields are fifty bushels of wheat per acre, seventy-five to eighty bushels of corn, eighty-five bushels of oats, and five to six tons of

clover hay! His wheat yields have been increased from twenty-one bushels to fifty-four bushels per acre and the increased yield has cost him only seven and one-half cents per bushel!

A recent government survey in the wheat belt of Kansas, North and South Dakota, showed that it cost farmers of that district from $.85 to $8.40 per bushel to produce wheat. The reason for the high cost was the low yield of wheat per acre. How can the farmer in North Dakota who produces wheat with an average yield of eleven bushels per acre hope to compete with Frank I. Mann in Illinois who produces wheat with a yield of fifty-four bushels per acre?

Mann's method of soil improvement is very simple. He has a definite rotation of corn, oats, wheat, and clover. He spreads from two to three tons of finely ground limestone over his entire field, leaving a check strip untreated so as to obtain information as to the effect of the treatment. One ton of finely ground rock phosphate is applied every four years to the treated soil. In addition he ploughs under clover and all crop residues. This simple treatment is his whole system.

During the first four years of experiment the untreated soil gave a yield of twenty-six bushels of wheat per acre, while the treated soil yielded thirty-four bushels of wheat per acre. During the second rotation period the check strip yielded twenty-five bushels per acre, while the treated soil gave a yield of forty-two bushels per acre. After the third application of the soil treatment the yield of wheat went to forty-eight bushels per acre, while the untreated soil yielded only twenty-one bushels. The treated soil is rapidly increasing in productivity, while the untreated soil is slowly decreasing in productivity and is approaching the normal yields obtained by a majority of the wheat growers of North Dakota.

One year his treated soil gave a yield of sixty-three bushels of wheat, for which he received a gold medal for producing the highest yield of wheat per acre ever recorded in Illinois.

He has also produced a yield of oats of one hundred and fifteen bushels per acre and of corn one hundred and six bushels per acre. The average yield of corn, oats, and wheat in Illinois is as follows: corn, thirty-four bushels per acre; oats, twenty-six and five tenths; wheat, eighteen bushels per acre.

The world's average yield of wheat is ten and one-half bushels. Wheat will never sell high enough so that the farmer who produces only the world-average yield of wheat can make a profit. No agency on earth can do anything for such a farmer. He must do as John Scott in North Dakota or Frank Mann has done. He must plan a definite system of economic soil improvement whereby the yield of his crop must be increased so that a profitable return may be obtained. Frank I. Mann is an efficient farm manager; he is another real captain of the new farming industry.

Arthur J. Mason is another Illinois farmer who is making good money at farming by reduction of production costs on his farm at Flossmoor, Illinois. Mason also is a university graduate, his major being mechanical engineering. His method of approaching the problems of the farm was somewhat different from that of Mann. Like Mann, however, he believed thoroughly in improving the productive capacity of the soil. He does all that Mann does to increase the productivity capacity of his soil, but goes further in reducing production cost by the use of new and better farm equipment.

He believes also that clean cultivation of the soil, as practised in corn cutting, is wasteful of the soil, as the

loss of the soil by erosion is too great. He prefers growing sod-producing crops such as alfalfa. He has solved the problem of successfully growing alfalfa in the humid regions by the perfection and development of special machinery and methods for harvesting alfalfa hay, whereby the costs of production are materially reduced and the element of human labor largely eliminated. He produces alfalfa on six hundred acres of land and he obtains from two thousand to three thousand tons of alfalfa hay per year. His average yield is about four and two tenths tons per acre. The average yield of alfalfa hay in Illinois is two and seventy-one hundredths tons per acre. Mason produces hay fifty-five per cent above the average of his neighborhood.

Mr. Mason does not follow the traditional method of harvesting hay. He has designed entirely new machinery for harvesting his hay crop. The special type of mower has an elevator attached which delivers the green cut alfalfa to trucks which accompany the mower. The green alfalfa is taken at once to a dryer, where it is dried by artificially heated gases, being mechanically unloaded on to a moving belt which transports the green material contrariwise to the current of hot gases produced from burning coal. Forty-five minutes after the alfalfa is cut, it is dry, finished alfalfa meal, of very superior quality. It is very high protein, making it a high-quality stock feed which commands top prices in the markets of the country.

The cost of installing such a plant as Mr. Mason has devised for producing alfalfa meal is approximately $21,000, under Illinois conditions, for a six-hundred-acre alfalfa field. The cost of operating such a plant, including labor, coal, power, land rental, and maintenance, is $22,250 annually. With an annual average yield of hay of twenty-five hundred tons, the production cost is only nine dollars per ton. Alfalfa meal of this type finds a ready market on the Atlantic seaboard at thirty-eight dollars per ton. Even when the cost of marketing and transportation to the seaboard has been deducted from the sum, there is a good profit left for the producer.

Of course such a method of producing hay is not adapted to the traditional small farm in America. It requires at least six hundred acres. But money can be made in such an operation, and when this opportunity in the farming industry is fully realized capital will be attracted and become available for such farming just as it is available in other types of business operations.

In fact this process has been adopted by the Walker-Gordon Milk Farms of Plainsboro, New Jersey, which supply New York City and northern New Jersey points with high-grade certified milk. They have a sixteen-hundred-cow dairy farm and require large amounts of concentrated feed. They formerly imported alfalfa hay from the West, but now produce it all on their own farms by the Mason process. Arthur J. Mason is a real pioneer in the new agriculture which is slowly evolving out of the present slough of depression.

V

Out in California an interesting plan has been perfected for making capital available for agricultural production under efficient management. Twenty-eight professional men of San Francisco, Berkeley, and Reno who are interested in farming have banded themselves into an association for the production of olives. Each member of the association owns his own tract of land and may treat or sell just as he pleases. Their holdings are adjacent and the owners are associated to reduce

the expense of cultivation, irrigation, and general care. The whole tract is operated as a single orchard under one management.

The Berkeley Olive Association thus controls five hundred and two acres of olives. The members of the association are by this means enabled to secure efficient management for their tracts and to have them cared for more economically than would otherwise be possible. In fact, it would be impossible for them to handle their individual tracts in any other manner. Assessments for the normal care of the orchards, such as irrigation, cultivation, and pruning, are made on an acre basis, distributed throughout the year, and are divided into twelve payments of two dollars and fifty cents per acre per month.

Out of these assessments the association has, during the fourteen years of its existence, constructed its own farm buildings, including a ranch house, barn, and machine sheds, and has also acquired teams, tractors, ploughs, cultivators, trucks, and other equipment necessary for the successful care of an orchard of this sort.

By such an arrangement the association has accomplished all of the objects ordinarily sought by industry in the issue of share stock. Capital is available for production and efficient management is obtained to direct the expenditure of the capital. The orchards of the Berkeley Olive Association are now valued at over one half million dollars. The association also processes and packs its finished product, the ripe olives, for the market. This is done by a subsidiary organization, the Wyandotte Canneries. Since this is a coöperative farm organization, it is enabled to take advantage of the provision of the Intermediate Credit Banking Acts, which provide for the loan of money to such groups on warehouse receipts at a low rate of interest. The successful effort of this group of men marks an important milepost in the development and growth of the new agriculture.

VI

The few illustrations of successful farmers presented here are not isolated instances, but are typical of hundreds of thousands of similar successful farmers in every part of the United States. Farming is now a business enterprise, subject to the same economic laws that affect other types of industry. When capital is available in sufficient quantity and able management can be obtained, the rewards in farming are comparable with those obtained in other, manufacturing lines. John Scott in North Dakota, who produces twice the yield of wheat obtained by his neighbors, and Frank Mann in Illinois, who also produces better than twice the yield of wheat produced by his neighbors, are not alarmed by the cry of surplus production.

They realize fully that we have produced a surplus of wheat every year during our national life, except in 1836. During all this time the farmer who produced wheat efficiently at a low production cost always made money. The bugaboo of surplus production has no terror for the efficient producer of farm products by good business methods.

With the increasing demands of a rapidly growing population, also, it will be only a few years until the surplus we now produce will be a thing of the past. A surplus of farm products is no more significant to the farming industry than is the surplus production in any other industry.

The efficient producer will become successful and make money, while the inefficient will fail and slowly disappear from the field of competition.

AMERICA AND SCIENTIFIC LEADERSHIP

BY WILLIAM M. JARDINE

I

In the United States, containing less than seven per cent of the population of the world, there are more college and university students than in all other countries put together. American institutions of higher learning have more living graduates than have similar institutions in all other parts of the globe. One great American university boasts of nearly fifty thousand alumni.

Further, the average American is possibly better educated, in the conventional sense of the term, than is the average citizen of any other country. He possesses more information about a greater number of things. That is worth while, especially in a country that upholds a system of popular government. It means a certain degree of solidarity.

It does not, however, mean leadership, or even marked progress. The average person participates in progress, but the discoveries and the impulses which are responsible for progress come from leaders, men and women who are notably above the average and who utilize their superiority for the purpose of aiding the advance of the race.

A great deal of modern progress is based on science. It is science, more than anything else, that has transformed the world in which we live. It is science that in the immediate future will still further alter the circumstances of human life, and of civilization.

With all our educational institutions, with all our university students and graduates, how do we of the United States stand in respect to scientific progress?

In applied science we stand very high. 'Yankee inventions,' for one thing, are proverbial and respected the world over. Our factories have attained a remarkable degree of efficiency. We have devised not only new machinery, but new processes, new methods, and new systems of management. In agriculture we have made advances that have no parallel in the history of any nation. We have accomplished our results in industry, agriculture, and other fields by applying the conclusions of fundamental research.

When we come to consider that fundamental research itself, our record is not so flattering. The awards of the Nobel prizes in science since their establishment in 1900 suggest that European nations are preëminent in this field. These prizes are awarded for outstanding achievement in physical science, in chemistry, and in medical science or physiology. Of the eighty awards made to date (November 12, 1927), American scientists won only five — three in physics, one in chemistry, and one in medicine. In 1907 A. A. Michelson received an award for his work on the length of light rays. Five years later a prize was given to Alexis Carrel in recognition of his achievements in the suture of blood vessels and the transplantation of organs. Theodore Richards received

the 1914 chemistry prize for his researches on the atomic weights of elements. The most recent awards to citizens of the United States went to R. A. Millikan for isolating and measuring the electron, and to Arthur H. Compton for the discovery of the Compton Process. These achievements won physics prizes in 1923 and 1927 respectively.

The record of a number of other countries is much more impressive. For the same period, twenty-three of the eighty prizes went to Germany, twelve to Great Britain, eleven to France, six to the Netherlands, five to Sweden, four to Denmark, three to Switzerland, three to Austria, two to Russia, two to Canada, two to Italy, and one each to Belgium and Spain. On the basis of population, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland received one prize to every million inhabitants; Austria, one to every two million; Germany, one to every two and a half million; France, one to every three and a half million; Great Britain, one to every three and a half million; Canada, one to every four and a half million; Belgium, one to every eight million; Italy, one to every twenty-one million; Spain, one to every twenty-two million; the United States, one to every twenty-three million; Russia, one to every seventy million. Among countries that won any awards, only Russia ranks below the United States.

II

These figures, of course, should not be taken as implying that no fundamental research of high quality is being carried on in the United States. Such a view would be far from the truth. There are devoted, capable scientists in this country carrying on investigations of great importance. The fact remains, however, that our nation, when it comes to scientific achievement of the highest grade, ranks below many of the nations of Europe. What is the reason for this situation?

Partly, the reason is to be found in our emphasis on the average. Our college and university courses are designed chiefly for average boys and girls. The exceptional young man or woman can obtain high grades and the prestige of scholarship with very little effort; the stimulus of competition on the part of a large number of equally gifted students is lacking. This fact, coupled with the common ideal of merely 'getting by,' makes for indifferent attainments on the part of a great many who under more favorable auspices might develop a really fruitful scientific interest.

This condition is not found to the same extent in the graduate school as in the undergraduate college. Even in the most reputable graduate schools, however, it exists in some degree. Moreover, the habits and ideals formed in undergraduate days are likely to be carried over into graduate work.

As I have pointed out before, I am no disbeliever in the education of the average boy or girl. The average student should obtain as sound and useful and extensive an education as he has the capacity to absorb. This does not mean, however, that he should be allowed to hold back the exceptionally able student. There are no insuperable obstacles in the way of providing the right instruction, the right competition, the right atmosphere, for the student who has the capacity and the ambition for genuinely productive scholarship.

After all, however, our emphatic desire to serve the average boy or girl does not constitute the most important cause for our relatively low position in fundamental science. Our practice of valuing everything according to the amount of money it will bring is a

more significant factor. Not only is the youth urged to enter occupations that afford opportunities for immense profits, but the view is constantly held before him that success in any occupation can be measured in economic terms. The price which a painting brings on the market, the probable financial saving to be obtained through a scientific discovery, the amount of money which a university president adds to the endowment fund of his institution, are emphasized by press and public as measures of real success. Some of the very men engaged in these supposedly noncommercial occupations lay stress on such financial achievements in the autobiographical sketches which they submit to *Who's Who in America* and similar publications. It is not surprising that even such young people as are looking forward to intellectual careers are turned in the direction of an economic evaluation of success.

When the young man gets into his career, the economic motive is even more powerfully presented to him. Specifically, the young scientist, if he has shown ability and promise, will be strongly tempted by offers from great corporations, or from organizations supported by great corporations, for industrial research. The National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences lists nine hundred and ninety-nine industrial research laboratories in the United States. What these institutions want, for the most part, is immediate, or near-immediate, returns. Which, from the commercial standpoint, is proper enough. The application of science to immediate industrial ends possesses undoubted value. The point is, it should not be confused with something altogether different — namely, fundamental research.

Not as much as this can be said for those corporations and organizations which profess to engage in fundamental research, while in reality they simply are collecting data for advertising and propaganda. In such institutions a scientist seldom is given opportunity to carry on research to a scientifically sound point. The effort, moreover, is not to discover, but to prove something already believed — the negation of true research.

A further reason for the failure of the United States to make in pure science the same progress that it has made in applied science is that this is a relatively new country. In any new country there are immediate demands for applying science in opening up undeveloped lands and other resources. Moreover, the concentration necessary for fundamental research is favored by a stabilized condition of society. In the past the constant influx of immigrants from abroad, the great shifts in the population, and the common changes of occupation have produced the opposite of stabilization.

No doubt there are some who will say, 'What of it? What good does this fundamental research do? Have n't we got more money, more automobiles, larger factories, bigger newspapers and magazines, than any of these countries that waste their time on what you call fundamental research?'

Persons who raise these questions are actuated in their thinking by strictly economic motives, and the only answer that will convince them is a strictly economic answer. Such an answer can readily be given.

Every application of science is dependent on science available to be applied. For example, the law of gravitation is basic to many modern inventions. The law of gravitation, itself a discovery in pure science, is in turn dependent upon other discoveries in pure science going back ultimately to Apollonius of Pergæus, who lived in the third century before Christ.

Apollonius worked out the laws of conic sections solely as a contribution to pure mathematics. Indeed, for nearly two thousand years the curves which were the subject of his study were merely objects of mathematical curiosity. Suddenly they became of the utmost importance to our knowledge of the universe when Kepler identified them with the orbits of the planets. On Kepler's discoveries Newton based his determination of the law of gravitation.

The purification of water supplies by chemical means, resulting in the saving of untold millions of dollars and countless human lives, dates back to a discovery made by Karl Wilhelm von Nägeli in his studies in pure botany. In studying the life processes of Spirogyra, he found that one part of copper in fifty million parts of water was sufficient to cause the death of the cells. This phenomenon, which he described as the oligodynamic effect of copper on Spirogyra, opened the field of the selective physiological effect of dilute poisons, on which the modern processes of destroying bacteria and other organisms by means of copper or chlorine solutions are based.

A more modern example of a discovery in pure science, the applications of which have paid large economic returns, is the phase rule, enunciated by Dr. J. Willard Gibbs. This rule enables one to ascertain what conditions of temperature, pressure, and volume determine the solid, liquid, and gaseous phases of matter.

The rule is applied industrially in a vast number of ways, since all the operations of chemistry concern states of matter in solid, liquid, or gaseous phases. Among processes in which the rule is applied are the manufacture of metallic alloys, the separation of mixtures of various liquids (such as gasoline, kerosene, and other products of the petroleum industry) by fractional distillation, the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, the crystallization of potash salts from complicated mixtures for use as fertilizer, the manufacture of soap, and the vulcanization of rubber. Innumerable industrial processes are thus simplified and improved. Were it not for this rule, the effect of changing temperature, pressure, or concentration in heterogeneous systems would have to be considered a special industrial problem for every system investigated.

III

The examples which I have presented are, of course, only a few out of a vast number. Fundamental research has been going on since man first began to display intelligent curiosity, and the progress of our civilization, at least so far as material accomplishments go, is based on the scientific discoveries that have been made. Stop fundamental research, and you stop material progress. A striking recognition of the economic importance of such research is found in the fact that a committee under the auspices of the League of Nations is now endeavoring to work out a plan whereby the discoverer of a scientific principle shall have rights to his discovery comparable to the privileges bestowed by patent and copyright.

From the standpoint of the highest interests of the race, however, research in pure science requires no economic justification. These interests are intellectual and spiritual interests — the broadening of our horizons, the banishment of superstition and fear; the mastery of ourselves and our mental environment; freedom and happiness for our spirits. The attainment of knowledge itself is an intense satisfaction to the enlightened, civilized man. Indeed, no nation can rightly call itself enlightened

unless it is concerned with additions to the sum of human knowledge.

Primitive man is governed primarily by his fears. A long list of taboos, based not on knowledge but on ignorance, determines his conduct. An individual of a primitive tribe might be persuaded to live in a modern house, to drive an automobile, to make use of all sorts of inventions, but his fundamental attitude toward himself and toward the world might be changed comparatively little. We are superior to primitive man, not chiefly because we have better material surroundings, but because we have a sounder understanding of ourselves and our environment. We are governed less by fear and more by confidence in our ability to control our own destiny. This comes largely from our increased knowledge of fundamental facts in the sciences. These facts are applied, on the one hand, to improve our economic welfare; on the other, to enlarge, clarify, and intensify our mental life. Both are important, but the latter ranks higher.

Manifestly, progress in fundamental research is essential to the economic and spiritual welfare of the world. We cannot properly, we cannot honorably, refrain from contributing our share, as a nation, to this all-important work.

The problem of extending fundamental research in the United States has two sides. On the one hand, there must be adequate physical opportunity for the research worker. There must be better financial support for research that has no industrial connections. Research in pure science must be put on so solid a foundation as to dispel completely the common feeling on the part of investigators that practical applications must be shown in order to ensure the continuance of the work.

This adequate physical opportunity means laboratories and other equipment. It includes the necessary funds for carrying on the research. It involves sufficient salaries for the investigators. The true scientist is not interested to any great extent in money, but he does expect adequate support for himself and his family. Further, a suitable physical environment for the scientist embodies freedom from duties that distract from his main interest. Teaching is to many, though not all, research scholars a distracting obligation. Executive work is such to practically all genuine scientists. There are few customs more absurd than the practice, common both to universities and to commercial organizations, of rewarding success in research by promotion to executive positions in which research is no longer possible.

That the physical opportunity necessary to the growth of fundamental research in the United States is impossible of attainment I do not for a moment believe. I believe that, living in an industrial age, we have jumped too readily to the conclusion that interest in other than industrial matters does not exist or cannot be developed. Increasing sums of money are being devoted to encouragement of the creative arts, from which no economic return is expected. This is the result of education in the significance of the arts to civilization. Similar education in the importance of pure science will provide both the funds and the point of view which are essential elements in a favorable environment for fundamental research.

The second part of the problem of extending research is the human side. The right environment for research is useless without competent scientists to work in it. Such scientists cannot be provided by modern methods of mass production. These methods turn out flour, soap, automobiles; they may perhaps be applied in education to the extent of turning out standardized

accountants, printers, salesmen. When applied to the problem of supplying research workers, mass methods are a total loss. Certain inborn qualities — notably curiosity and imagination — are essential to the real scientist. All that education can do is to develop and utilize these qualities. As I suggested earlier in this paper, American education should provide a better competitive environment for boys and girls who give promise of achievement in science, just as it should for those who give promise of achievement in other fields of great human importance. Also, it should uphold more vigorously than it now does the ideal of intellectual and spiritual, as distinguished from financial, attainments. In referring to education, I mean not merely the schools, but the homes, the press, the Church — in short, every institution which has an educational influence on the thinking of our youth.

The problem of fundamental research in the United States is thus at bottom a question of our point of view. The only thing that will provide either adequate environment or adequate personnel for investigations in pure science is the development of a conviction, not merely a conventional theory, that intellectual progress is at least as important as economic advancement and that in intellectual progress pure science plays an essential part.

THE SHERMAN ACT TO-MORROW

BY JAMES HARVEY WILLIAMS

I

In the March issue of the *Atlantic*, in a paper entitled 'The Sherman Act To-day,' I made an effort to point out some of the baneful effects of our so-called antitrust laws, due almost wholly to the perverted economic philosophy that has been set up as a basis for the administration of these laws. Chief among those effects was a direct responsibility for that prevailing 'profitless prosperity' so amply disclosed by official statistics, and for furnishing the incentive for a large part of the increasing tendency toward 'horizontal' combinations of capital that would otherwise be unnecessary. It is therefore the purpose of this present discussion to focus attention more fully upon the type of remedy needed, and to consider the principal objections that have heretofore been advanced against efforts to bring about this long-delayed solution.

Perhaps this delay has in no small measure been occasioned by the fact that until lately this question has been generally treated as primarily a legal one, and therefore as a question involving that nicety of definition, based upon the heritage of legal lore, into which the economist or the lay practitioner of business may not safely venture. It is perhaps for this same reason that most of the remedies that have been suggested have failed to find substantial favor, even with those who have most

felt the need for relief, since they have usually been based upon existing legal tradition rather than upon the demonstrated experience of the past or upon their probable economic consequence in the future. There is therefore a distinct prophecy of hopefulness in this pungent statement from the 1927 report of the American Bar Association's Committee on Commerce: 'The Sherman Law is economic legislation. It can only be helpful if it is subservient and not in opposition to economic laws,' for recognition of this fundamental fact by the legal profession, and hence by public opinion, will be essential in accomplishing a form of relief dictated by economic requirements.

It is a self-evident fact that men of business have no greater right to enter into discussion of the mysteries of legal technique than they accord to the legal fraternity to settle complicated questions of economic import. But just as lawyers, in common with all other elements of the social fabric, have a right to insist that the laws under which business operates shall not destroy the incentive to business efficiency, so has business, in common with these other elements, a similar right to insist that the laws shall be so drawn and interpreted as to be clear and unmistakable in their meaning, for one thing, and to be such in their effect as will afford protection to the 'reasonable' requirements of business thus efficiently conducted rather than to the so-called nonconformist or disturber of sound business conditions. For it is the latter who is either unaware of or disregards the established principles of prudent business conduct in favor of the consumer's temporary interest and 'volume without profit,' and at the ultimate expense of himself and the future of the entire industry to which he belongs. As the cartoonist would say, 'There is one in every industry.' With overcapacity still rampant as a war relic, fortunate indeed is the industry which counts but one.

Upon this theory, then, it would seem clear that further attempts to cure prevailing ills by tinkering with the existing structure will continue to be abortive. What is needed is not so much a change in the law as a change in the economic philosophy underlying the law. We shall therefore be forced sooner or later to let experiment give way to experience, complexity to simplicity, and to abandon reluctantly, but nevertheless definitely, the fetish that the consumer is entitled to his cut-rate bargain before either capital or labor *efficiently conducted* is entitled to its fair wage; either that or definitely to adopt for the 'land of opportunity' the principles of regulated monopoly applied to industry and distribution, where management will become exclusively the hired servant of absentee capital and the worker will always be known as No. 44,688. Having consumed itself in catering to the consumer, the 'industry' will then, of course, be in position to commune with itself and arrive at a price that will at least ensure the maximum profit allowed by law — without undue concern for the efficiency required. In the intricate, although relatively simple, problems of railroad and utilities, supervision can find no parallel for the many commissions that would be necessitated to attempt the regulation of the myriad forms and problems of industrial activities. Subject only to tariff protection, our chief problem as workers will then be whether we wish to take our prosperity in our envelopes or at the market place! Chain manufacturing and chain distribution, followed presumably by chain financial control, arrived at last at the goal of

monopoly — regulated, to be sure, but without the stimulation of intelligent competition.

II

If only as a 'straw man' for the shooting gallery, let us therefore consider, before it is too late, one alternative the underlying philosophy of which has at least withstood the assaults of the consumers of all other civilized lands but ours, and which bids fair so to continue to do.

1. Retain in a new law the antitrust and antimonopoly provisions of the Sherman Act.

2. Change the phrase 'restraint of trade' to 'unreasonable restraint of trade,' and define the latter as a case where 'the restraint upon one party or upon the public interest is greater than protection of the other party's interest requires, giving due weight to the interests of capital, labor, and consumer.'

3. If it be necessary to retain the Clayton Act rather than merge it with a new Sherman Act, change 'substantially lessen competition' to 'unreasonably lessen competition' under the above definition.

4. Adopt the principle of the Australian Industries Preservation Act, which would transfer the burden of proof from the plaintiff to the defendant in case, upon receipt of complaint, the Federal Trade Commission feels justified in summoning the party or industry complained of to show cause why it is not guilty of an 'unreasonable restraint of trade' as above defined.

5. Provide that 'the punishment fit the crime' in accordance with the findings (giving consideration both to the effect and to the intention), which may result either in a warning to 'cease and desist,' a penalty, or even a criminal suit.

6. Repeal, not amend, the Sherman Act. Oil and water will not mix.

Whether or not the legal machinery could be simplified by including in one 'Business Regulation' or 'Industries Preservation' Act the business purposes of the present Sherman, Clayton, and Federal Trade Commission Acts; whether and how the triple damage, labor phases, and other present provisions should be tied in with the courts — these are, of course, purely legal and social questions that would have their proper consideration in the reduction of the changed philosophy to its legislative application. The vital thing is that past interpretations of the undefined provisions of the antitrust acts, past shadings of doubtful meaning, past perversions of the intended purpose, would all go overboard together; a definite, fair, and workable economic philosophy would be established upon which a governmental business body could gradually build anew as changing times and conditions in the uncharted future might necessitate. It is a significant corollary of such an undertaking that this business body would necessarily be mandated by this new philosophy to surround its hearings with an atmosphere of sympathetic neutrality toward the legitimate aspirations of industry such as has not often characterized similar occasions in the past.

Not the least of the benefits of this new Magna Charta for business would be the permanent scrapping of the present illogical practice of definitely proscribing an action that is often capable of beneficial effect, without even permitting consideration of either the actual or the probable extenuating consequence of the act thus outlawed. For, to quote again from the Bar Association's Committee on Commerce: 'The facts constituting unreasonable restraint of trade cannot be

catalogued. What is clearly an unreasonable restraint of trade in one case may in another case be a reasonable restraint.'

One example of varying circumstances will serve very clearly to illustrate the truth of that statement. The meat packers, owing to the nature of their business, require a profit margin of only something like 2 per cent upon their sales in order to net 10 per cent to 20 per cent on their capital, such is the possible frequency of their turnover. Many other industries require heavy investments relative to volume of sales and can do little, if any, better than one turnover of capital per year; thus each sale has to bear the same percentage of profit as is fair for the annual return upon capital invested. The question, therefore, that such a government business commission would have to decide is whether any price that might be questioned is extortionate in the light of the particular conditions affecting that industry, and whether the act complained of is contrary to a broad view of the true public interest.

Another evil of growing tendency would also be avoided by such a broad remodeling of the Sherman Law — the necessity for perpetuating and extending the list of exemptions. The truth is that the law as enacted has been recognized even by its parents to have been so unworkable as to have required a number of specific exemptions. Recent modifications by the houses of Congress have granted exemption from its workings to the following privileged classes: railroad corporations financially interested in competing water lines; labor, producers of farm products, and associations of farmers; national banks in respect to their foreign operations; American steamship lines; persons and corporations conducting an exclusively export business. And many other classes of interest have sought similar exemptions.

With the problems of the coal and oil industries pressing for solution, the necessity for additional legislative exemptions for the special benefit of these industries has been suggested, and if granted others would inevitably follow. Therefore the wisdom of revamping the entire structure of the law all at once can scarcely be doubted. It is possible, as has been frequently said, that mere relaxation of the 'restraint of trade' provisions of the Sherman Law will not suffice to solve the coal problem. Where such a degree of maladjustment exists and so radical a deflation is required, it may well be that additional measures will be needed, but it is at least certain that no substantial solution can be accomplished without the inclusion of this precise relief, since reduction of capacity and sacrifice of property require mutual and voluntary concessions that are clearly inhibited by that law. And the same thing applies to-day to every industry where overcapacity exists; therefore the law must be broad enough to permit each case to be dealt with on its merits, for only chaos would result from an attempt to frame an all-inclusive list of 'unreasonable' restraints of trade. That has already been sufficiently demonstrated by our experience with 'interpretations' even where no nice distinction between 'reasonable' and 'unreasonable' was involved.

According to this changed philosophy, then, there would be no broad or general prohibitions in the new Sherman Law other than antitrust, antimonopoly, and 'unreasonable restraint of trade.' Just as in our social lives, within broad limitations, this new law would let conscience be our guide, with the Government assuming the prerogative of determining whether

conscience guides us within limits compatible with the public interest — this prerogative, of course, supplying the necessary deterrent against willful or detrimental abuse of the freedom conferred. And since in the solution of this question economic demands so far outweigh legalistic considerations, it is meet again to observe what simplicity of definition, fact finding, and enforcement underlies the objectives of a law so conceived.

III

In view of the cumulative effects of the workings of mass psychology that have been building for a generation past upon a false hypothesis which was never intended, and certainly never demonstrated by proof, it is not to be expected that such a philosophy can be advanced at this late day without encountering objections of no small proportions. To many, especially to the more recent accretions to the ranks of economic thought, such a programme will inevitably seem like harking back to the limbo of forgotten things. It would, however, require only a steamer trip — in almost any direction — to permit a first-hand inspection of that limbo operating to the general satisfaction of even the omnipresent consumer. 'Ah, but that would not be workable as we are organized in America' is a familiar refrain — although one has yet to hear a convincing reason why. That our forty-eight states without tariff or racial barriers, one against the other, afford us a primary market which permits mass production, that we have carried machine power to its greatest development, that the combination of these facts has permitted us to secure the greatest production at the lowest cost while paying the highest wages known to civilization, and that these wages have in turn further enlarged our consuming power as a result of the highest standard of living existing anywhere — how can any or all of these facts alter either the dictates of economic law or the uniformity of human nature the world over? Are not these accomplishments as applied to America merely 'children of a larger growth'? Must we, because of the very ingenuity and natural endowment which caused this growth, choose now between 'profitless prosperity' and 'consolidation,' or both? If so, will someone plausibly tell us why?

Again, it is said — and by lawyers, too — that the conception of the Sherman Law which brings forth so widespread a demand for revision no longer exists in fact, that the more liberal construction recently given to the law by the Supreme Court makes further relief unnecessary. Most all alert business men are, of course, keenly aware of every crumb of comfort that a sympathetic court is permitted to cast upon the waters. But when almost in the same breath the court tells one crowd of 'conspirators' that the nature of their agreement 'looks good,' to use the vernacular, but that they are 'out of luck' for agreeing at all; and then, at the same time that they liberalize further, they are careful to point out to the 'defendants' that they must not 'reach or attempt to reach any agreement or any concerted action with respect to prices or production or otherwise restrain competition,' regardless of the reasonableness thereof, one may be pardoned for assuming the court's prerogative of a 'reasonable doubt' as to how this liberalization is going to retard either 'profitless prosperity' or the capital consolidation incentive!

This same liberalization with respect to the recently extended scope of permissible trade-association activities

has led more than one official and semiofficial spokesman for the governmental philosophy to point to the further development of the trade association as a necessary condition — precedent to any logical expectation of legislative relief on the part of business. The promotion of 'more intelligent competition' through trade-association activities is the suggested panacea, on the ground that 'a preponderance of producers and distributors do not know, *or at least do not take cognizance of*, their costs. It is the continuance of this unintelligent competition that is responsible for most of this business mortality to-day.' The italics have been inserted to emphasize the very reason why legislative relief is so universally needed. Again, 'there is one in every industry' — or more. It is the 'will to volume' that causes even some of the cost-knowing to disregard their costs. Those who do not know their job costs should know them at least collectively through their profit-and-loss accounts. But the combination of overcapacity in the industry, of misleading information from the purchaser, of inability under the law to verify such information, of absentee capital relying upon the excuses of the very management which often created the existing price levels complained of, of oversanguine hopes of 'outsmarting' competitors, and of learning just enough about cost-keeping to think every additional job an overhead burden reducer regardless of price — all these factors together are simply far too strong for human nature in most industries.

As a closely related phase of the same subject, how few managements in industry to-day realize what their service to their customers should be worth in relation to the skill and risk involved in their particular industry, the need for reproduction and improvement of their equipment, and the various other reserves which prudent management and assurance of survival require, and then act upon that knowledge by figuring a profit sufficient to cover such charges over and above taxes and a moderate dividend! Again the cartoonist might well wonder 'what some managers think about'!

There is therefore a very obvious confusion of thought in the suggestion of the development of the trade association as a panacea for industry's troubles under our present laws. The trade association can do much toward reducing costs for the industry by research often too expensive to be conducted by an individual unit; it can do much to increase markets, to improve and unify cost-finding methods, and to function in other respects that will constitute a public benefit, and to that extent an industry benefit in improving the position of the industry relative to other competing processes — as, for example, coal versus oil versus gas versus electricity; but, as that cooperative benefit necessarily accrues to the entire industry, it must inevitably be passed on to the public. In a sense, therefore, it will not improve the earning capacity of that industry except indirectly, as stated. For this reason trade associations under existing law are not, and never can be, a cure either for increase of the capital consolidation incentive or for that 'profitless prosperity' which means satisfactory volume of sales for an industry at prices yielding little, if any, profit; and it is therefore difficult to understand how the contrary can be claimed by anyone acquainted with their workings, notwithstanding their ample justification along other lines than those concerned with distribution. This distinction as to the possible accomplishments of trade associations cannot be overemphasized and is

one flaw in the philosophy so prevalent at Washington.

IV

What industry desperately needs, therefore, is protection for the efficient leading units in the smaller industries — the companies which spend money to know and to reduce their costs and insist that no sale is worth making that does not yield a fair profit, which will not only pay a reasonable return to the shareholder consistent with the risk and skill involved, but will also provide a surplus profit for necessary reinvestment in improved facilities, research, and such other requirements of conservatively managed companies as will ensure their survival in business for the future service of the public. This fair margin of profit is to-day denied to most industries because the law encourages the selfish or inefficient unit instead of the industry. If it were the fact, as is casually supposed, that these low prices are usually the reflection of a greater efficiency that enables a fair profit to be realized at a price level with which the less efficient cannot compete, then there would be no economic justification for any complaint on the part of those who might find themselves in that unfortunate position. Nor would it be in the public interest to permit artificial interference with the law of survival of the fittest.

But 'profitless prosperity' is not the complaint of the defeated competitor; it is, on the contrary, in many cases the complaint of an entire industry, whose members without exception are suffering identically and almost equally from an excess of supply and a shortage of competitive information that give an unwarranted advantage to the consumer, as represented by the organized buyers. It is also quite commonly the complaint of the more efficient units, who can make the product just as cheaply, or more so, than the 'volume without profit' devotee, but who are not willing to work without a profit, because they know that to do so can serve no useful or permanent economic purpose. The complaint against 'profitless prosperity,' therefore, is that those who create and perpetuate this condition are invariably the very ones who fail to show earnings. Is the existence or perpetuation of this condition in the public interest? And is it a sufficient answer to cite the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, if in the eliminating process the efficient are thus denied a fair reward for their efficiency — except as the gradual attrition of the offending units may be termed a reward?

It is sometimes asserted by the advocates of the prevailing 'exclusively consumer' philosophy that to permit financially independent competitors to do together what they are permitted to do immediately they pool their financial resources would result in 'profiteering,' for one thing, and also in undue protection of the 'high cost' units. This might be true if it were economically practical, but obviously it is not. The efficient have never yet conceded that the world owes a living to their less efficient brethren, and it is safe to say that they never will do so voluntarily. Nor are either the efficient or the inefficient anxious to keep prices up to a point so far above cost that new capital will be attracted to the competitive opportunity. These factors would of themselves constitute a slow but sure balance wheel to rapacity even if the 'public interest' were not the concern of the law. On the other hand it is well to remember that the law itself compels the competitor of outstanding low-cost efficiency to beware

of giving too much of this benefit to the public, lest his competitors be unable to follow him and he therefore become a monopoly, and hence a menace instead of a benefactor. This, it will be recalled, was the dominant factor in the United States Steel Corporation dissolution suit.

How do the exponents of 'competition — the life of trade' reconcile these antithetic hypotheses which prevail in to-day's philosophy? And why did not the Steel Corporation lose all incentive to further progress, since it was not permitted to use its lower costs to put its competitors out of business? For the obvious reason that the more it can reduce its costs, the more it can earn, and the better it can protect its prestige and enforce its power to control its own policies, should survival so require at some time in the future. And that is exactly what any other outstandingly efficient unit in any other industry will continue to strive to do whether prices are uniform or not. In sum, if the advocates of *laissez faire* are right in their reasoning, then Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, the majority of economists, and the thousands of business men who have had practical experience of these conditions in industry in all countries, are so eternally wrong that compelling proof of their error should be a simple matter.

It would therefore be not only enlightening but of vital interest to business generally to be informed of truly valid objections to this broader economic philosophy that can be founded just as fully upon the demonstrated experience of the past as upon that confusion with the trust question with which exchanges of information and 'agreements' have heretofore been surrounded. But, given a system of law embodying prohibitions of trusts, monopolies, unreasonable restraints of trade, as well as unfair trade practices, and making detriment to the public interest the yardstick by which specific acts are measured, it is difficult indeed to imagine, even should a few short-lived abuses occur, how a law so conceived could possibly work as adversely to the public interest as has this 'Sherman-Consumer' Law for these many years.

With every reason to assume that a proper settlement of this question is one of the chief concerns of business interests to-day, how can that long-desired result be brought about? Obviously only by the pressure of public opinion induced by a campaign of public education. The percentage of individuals who are familiar with the effects of to-day's conditions is small indeed. Various means of bringing the facts out from the cellar of prejudice into the sunlight of truth have been discussed for years, but without result, chiefly because such plans have contemplated the random voluntary contributions and efforts of the inadequate few.

If, then, only leadership and faith in the justice of conviction be required, should not the larger basic commodity associations, representing such staples as oil, coal, steel, wool, cotton, rubber, lumber, and the like, whose sales run into billions, assume their proper initiative in organizing a national trade-association sponsorship of a movement for revision of our antitrust laws, to be accomplished by a widespread campaign of education and based upon a suggested remedy adopted in advance? If in this way the facts could be sufficiently spread abroad to receive the light of sunshine, misunderstanding and prejudice would have to give way to the facts — and economic law would be crowned king.

A PREMIUM FOR MEDIOCRITY

BY MURRAY T. QUIGG

I

COMMITTEES of civic organizations, bar associations, and what not are sitting to consider the abolition or amendment of the Federal antitrust statutes. It is said that the Sherman Act was passed to save the little man from the power of big combinations, and that it has not done so. It seems, therefore, that something must be done. The little man must be saved.

Whatever the purpose of the Sherman Antitrust Act and subsequent legislation enlarging the antitrust laws may have been, the wise effect of these laws is that no one may lawfully fatten behind the protection of price-fixing agreements, boycotts, and discriminatory practices which coerce the market places, or set an artificial burden upon any trader, or erect an artificial barrier against him. Whereas before the passage of these laws men might stay in business or increase their business by the aid of agreements fixing prices, allotting territory, discriminating against retailers carrying competitive articles, or by the employment of interlocking directorates and the ownership of stock by one corporation in a competing corporation, by underselling and by boycotting raw-material dealers or retail dealers trading with competitors, these practices are now unlawful. The business which would now succeed and grow must prepare to meet competition in a market that is not coerced. Otherwise, the effect of the antitrust laws has been to leave business alone.

Of course, those organizations which, either by the genius of an individual leader or by the merger of several enterprises under the single control of men of superior ability, are able to produce more cheaply than their competitors have taken a large part of, if not the entire market, in their respective lines. It is wholly reasonable that the producer who can prosper on a low price should wax strong at the expense of those who cannot profit so well at so cheap a price. A good profit at a low price means a large turnover, a large enterprise, and bespeaks superior business leadership. This is what the country needs. This is what the laws should encourage.

Yet now it is said that the man who cannot produce so cheaply, but who wants to stay in business for himself, should be allowed to fix prices with others of his kind. The people are asked to pay a premium for the support of the five to ten thousand dollar a year self-employer, in order to help him compete with the fifty to one hundred thousand dollar a year large-scale corporation industrial leader. This is, of course, both bad economics and bad law.

II

To say, as it has been said, that it is necessary for the photo-engravers' union to force their employers to charge a fixed price for photo-engraving, because otherwise the competition among

them will drive them all out of business, is merely to say that there are too many people and too many dollars trying to make a living out of the photo-engraving business. Why the consumers should go to the rescue by passing a statute which would permit the photo-engravers to fix prices and enforce their agreement is hard to imagine. If the present photo-engravers are so ground down by competition that they cannot make money, it means, of course, that too many of them are bidding for the work. Shall they be artificially protected in the right to earn a definite return upon the labor and capital now employed simply because it is employed, and regardless of whether it is economically employed or not? Shall any photo-engraver in the future offering improvements and leadership to his industry, which would permit him to make a handsome return and yet reduce materially the cost of photo-engraving, find himself entangled in the mesh of a price-fixing agreement based upon existing costs? With such a situation, a man who tried to reduce the costs would be driven out of the business at all hazards, for what impulse could there be to seek or accept improvements when reasonable profit is ensured upon an uneconomic basis?

It is said that something must be done to permit the bituminous-coal people to get together and take measures against the ruinous competition which is destroying all values in the coal industry, and is keeping the unhappy coal miner on starvation wages. The facts, of course, are that nothing in the law prevents mergers of bituminous-coal properties and their management upon a more economic basis than at present. Much saving in the cost of engineering, selling, and management could be effected. Several of the large coal companies are the results of mergers, and from time to time mergers are effected. But most of the mergers which have been discussed have failed, not because of the force of the antitrust statutes, but simply because, after an appraiser had gone over the properties to be merged, the total assets of the properties did not equal the total debts. There was nothing to merge but minus numbers. Yet it is solemnly proposed that bituminous operators be permitted to make, and presumably enforce, an agreement to sell coal only upon a basis which will permit of fair return upon their investment.

Their investment, of course, is based upon the expansion of the business to meet the coal traffic of 1918, some sixty to a hundred million tons over and above the subsequent needs of the country. Their proposal to permit price fixing, if it could be made workable, is nothing more than a proposal that the consumers of coal shall pay a return of seven or eight per cent on the value of millions of dollars once employed to produce a hundred million tons which are not now needed. Certainly the solution of a bad economic problem is not to permit mediocre business leadership to lay a tax upon the American consumers intended to support one hundred dollars in an industry where only seventy-five dollars are needed.

Again it is said that it is a queer world and an unjust one in which Cadillac, Buick, Pontiac, Chevrolet, and Oldsmobile may combine under the broad shelter of General Motors and fix the prices at which they shall sell, whereas Nash, Chrysler, Dodge, Willys-Knight, and Hupmobile, standing outside of the combination, may not fix prices and must compete, not only with General Motors, but with one another.

This may be queer, but wherein is it

unjust? It does not presently appear that any of these independent motors are not doing well, but even if they could fix prices among themselves, how would that reduce the competition which they must meet with General Motors and Ford? And if, with or without price fixing, they cannot meet the competition of General Motors and Ford, what will happen under legalized price fixing if Ford and General Motors decide to agree upon prices? If the element of price is to be taken out of competition in the automobile trade, and agreed price charges are to be legalized, based on existing costs or any other criterion which may be good today, of what value in the future is business leadership in the automobile industry?

The second-grade manager protected in his share of the trade by a price agreement is just as valuable to the investors and the employees in his industry as a first-class manager who might double the business for his investors and employees in an unprotected market. Such a stroke might go hard with his competitors, but surely in the long run the country is better off with more and cheaper cars than with fewer expensive cars.

III

There are, of course, those who contend that a situation in which only a very small number of large corporations are earning profit, and thousands of little ones are earning no money or losing it, must be bad for the country. It is not clear, however, that because a small corporation is not showing profits it is not a profitable business. There are thousands of small corporations which are owned by the officers. They are careful to see that the profits are entirely absorbed by the salaries paid. No one would be more surprised to find them earning profits than the revenue officers.

The statement so frequently made, that it is bad or unfortunate that the law should permit large corporations to absorb an increasing share of the business of the country at the expense of small corporations, is not demonstrable. It is purely a question of opinion, upon which at present there are not sufficient data to form an intelligent opinion. Business enterprise is in a state of tremendously rapid evolution. It is to be remembered that the discovery of how to utilize steam and electricity has changed the environment of man in the past one hundred years more radically than it was changed in any thousand years of history before the commencement of the nineteenth century. The changes of the last twenty-five years are most astounding of all. We do not know, and we have not yet the data to form an intelligent opinion as to what business should be large and what should be small for their most efficient management.

But we do know that it is unwise to protect the control of existing management if more efficient management is to be had. To allow somebody who finds himself in straits to impose a price or any other condition upon the industry, on the ground that the price or condition is 'reasonable,' is merely to block the course of business evolution by an opinion which is probably out of date by the time it is uttered. The law cannot justify the erection of any such barrier against change. The alleged business man's right to 'self-protection' should not be converted by law into a right to charge the public for his mistakes, or to deny the public the advantages of business evolution which develops most rapidly in a competitive market.

Through trade associations, business men are free to collect that information

which will permit them to make their plans with a knowledge of the conditions which they must or are likely to meet in the immediate future. Through trade associations and the Federal Trade Commission, the honest man may protect himself against fraudulent practices to a greater degree than heretofore. Now, because the market is not as good as it was, or as it might be, he should not ask the Government to allow him to shift the burden by assuring him a definite return on the necessary minimum of business. We have enough tax collectors.

Society does not owe every man a wage every day, no matter at what he works. It does not owe every dollar interest no matter how it is employed, and regardless of the current demand for its services. Yet the plea for legalized price fixing proceeds upon the notion that capital should be allowed to do anything it can which may tend to ensure that it will at least make its expenses, including, of course, interest on bonded debt, taxes, depreciation, salaries fixed by the receivers thereof, and what not. But why should the consumers allow business to be rigged to impose this burden on the minimum demands of the consumers when, as a matter of fact, the business may be grossly overmanned, overcapitalized, and managed without vision and courage?

Either way the question is examined, the solution of a bad economic condition is not to give it protection. The solution of a bad economic condition is to open it to the severities of competition in which wise and courageous leadership will be free to function.

The necessity for great mechanical power and a high degree of mechanization in industry makes large-scale operation in an ever-widening field of industry imperative. The savings of many thousands of people must be pooled, and the labor of many thousands of people must be brought under one direction, in order to advance enterprise upon an economic basis. For the great tasks implicit in this situation, the country is in need of business genius. The law should encourage it by offering a reward for able leadership. The most dangerous thing that could be done is to discourage forethought, courage, and intelligence by offering a premium to mediocrity. Every suggested amendment to our antitrust laws would lay freedom of enterprise open to attack, or grant a protective tariff to second-class management.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CAPITAL LETTERS

'WORDS which are spelled with a capital letter,' says Joseph Wood Krutch recently in the *Atlantic*, 'are peculiarly dangerous to thought.' But less dangerous, I submit, with the capital than without. The effect of writing 'Nature,' as Mr. Krutch does, is to mark the word as designating what he wisely calls 'a complex of ideas which has never been adequately analyzed,' whose 'meaning varies from age to age as well as from person to person.' However dangerous such a complex may be, to be warned is to be forearmed. 'Stop! Look! Listen!' cries the capital. Here, admits the capitalizing author, stepping modestly aside, is a large, dangerous word of unknown limits, of two-edged content, whose boundaries vanish in mist and star dust. Handle with care!

This use of the capital is, perhaps, of recent evolution. There was a time — still surviving, it may be, in literary hinterlands — when the capitalized word was hurled as a crusher and clincher. 'Against Nature' was supposed to end the argument. At present this is n't being done — at least, among Those who Know. (It must have been the humorists who started the capital's *dégringolade*.) We have to do with a meaning which varies from a recent age to this, and from the less to the more literate. The initial capital, aside from mild burlesque, now denotes not arrogance but humility. Its writer no longer triumphs in the bigness of his word; he apologizes for its complexity. He desires not to bludgeon his reader, but to bow to his idea.

The bludgeon words of the present are ostentatiously uncapitalized. They avoid upper-case display as strictly as those poets who eschew all capitals — missing an effect of humility by the same wide margin. For the capital offense (pardon!) is not a device of punctuation, but a state of mind. It is using an unanalyzed complex to stifle thought. It imposes on the reader's conscious ignorance a blanket authority which he has no means to question. 'Against Nature' no longer cows us. We have seen too many things that were against Nature. But 'contrary to biologic fact' — who are we to question the alleged findings of unimagined laboratories? We share the meekness that once dared not question the priest. How could it? He knew Latin! In our days biology has put on the black cap — but not the capital — Theology used to wear.

We beat the devil around a stump. 'Defiance of God's will,' 'against Nature,' 'contrary to biologic fact' — they all mean exactly the same, don't they? Each enunciator believes he has the universe behind him. So he has — up to a point. But the Universe is so big! And always around that stump slyly grins the devil of Thinking we know What we do not know. I'm not saying the biologist does n't know, — or the Theologian, — but that they try to make me think I know when I don't. They play upon my ignorance, and they play the same tune. (The tune? Oh — 'There is none great but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.')

The menace of capitalism (in letters) is deadliest when implicit. It is a rattlesnake that does n't rattle. We

step on it unaware in the fair fields of speculation and receive in our veins the venom of assumptions unproved by — or to — ourselves.

What can we do about it? We must speculate, and we cannot, alas, know everything. We can spot those gliding, reptile words and hit them on the head with a capital. Here, we may admit to ourselves, is a word that means I-Don't-Know-What. Or a collocation of words as unsubstantial (to me) as a cloud-castle. It is an unheroic gesture, I know. It lacks altogether the careless sophistication and gallant bluff that sit so well upon us. But should n't we be humble where we are vague? Is n't Truth painfully and doubtfully wooed?

Moreover, the capital letter is a two-edged sword. Along with reverence cuts burlesque. If we must be painfully humble toward Truth, we must also be painfully perky toward her ministers. Against the prophets of skepticism we ungraciously turn skepticism. We remember that a Biologist is only a man; and a Psychoanalyst as psychic and analyzable as another; and the behavior of a Behaviorist as truly behavior as any.

No longer the sign of a closed system of thought, the capital letter now symbolizes refusal to accept a closed system. It is a fool's cap and an altar to an Unknown God. It is mockery and genuflection, and, in the heart of each, it is challenge.

THE LEMMINGS

MAN has always been advised by his prophets to meditate upon the stars that he may know the true measure of his strut and fret. He has walked by the sea when his trouble seemed larger than the universe, and in vastness he has sunk the mote of his desires. Yet these were the rare experiences, the unusual moments. For the most part he went about healthily concerned with his own deeds. Alexander, contemplating infinite space too long, would never have issued out of Macedon; the greatest of our poets would have remained dumb, in perpetual surveyal of the wind. The moralists of the past urged an occasional shuffling off of identity because every mortal was so founded upon himself.

But there are other magnitudes than those of space, not comparable in size, but almost as awful. I am thinking of the machine, and the overwhelming complication of its cogs. We know that the derangement of one of them would bring chaos upon us, and we live in their presence daily. In other words, our prevailing mood is the one formerly reserved for occasional chastisement and humility. Daily it becomes more evident that the individual counts for nothing, that the race itself counts for little, that we move in the shadow of a monster beyond any one man's control.

Do not generalize; notice the small but unmistakable symptoms of our thralldom. Watch youth — who should be striding freely over his own earth, occupied with his own thoughts — making his way down a city street: the pausing, the colliding, the slinking, dodging, and dashing to safety and another block. If he rides, he may appear more arrogant, but he is no less distracted. He has surrendered a very ancient right — the right to collect himself, to take stock of his ideas, while he is traveling. Few occupations leave the worker time to think, and therefore the passage from place to place has been man's prime opportunity for inviting his soul. In giving up this chance he has admitted, to all intents and purposes, that his importance as an individual is at an end.

The scoffer may well remark that the

slinking and dodging arose from the highly individualistic instinct for self-preservation. Of course; but, if that is to be our main concern, we have returned to palæolithic conditions. The mind of ancient man saw the world about him as a constant menace, partly imaginary, partly real. His identity was exercised only in self-preservation, and, curiously enough, he was thus impelled to seek his fellows and to form a herd, for he dared not face the terrors alone. As an individual, ancient man was almost negligible.

We too are living in the presence of powers which forever dwarf us, even though we have created them ourselves. All is vanity! — of that fact we need no memorandum now. We should be reminded that the human unit is of some importance. Like our remote ancestor, we dare not stand alone even for an instant. Commercial conditions may partly account for the rush to the cities, but an equally strong, though profound, cause is the panic that strikes us in the face of our ungovernable world. For, though the stars chastened the spirit of the egoist, they did not momentarily threaten to fall on him. The huge machine of our own making trembles in its place like a rocking stone, and we know that with one second of relaxed vigilance we shall be crushed beneath it.

Though the observation seem trite and perhaps ludicrous, I have noted, as a periodic visitor to New York, the increased momentum of this blind power within the last few years. Even a superficial mind must feel the horror of streets run amuck and individuals flung hither and thither like wheat beneath the flail. When the tides of traffic are held back for a minute, we feel that a miracle has occurred. They were just held back, and soon, possibly the next time, they will only pause — then, no longer answerable to any power known to man, will rush forward of their own volition, driven no more, but driving crazily forward like a migration of lemmings toward no goal whatsoever. This seems too fanciful? But watch. The motion still ceases, but ever less willingly. And ever the pace mounts.

Who are you in this pandemonium? How many hours in the last week have been your own to devote to your own interests — not to money-getting, of course, for that is the pulse of the monster, but to your own identity, without which you are only part of a species? How many hours have you spent consulting your own desires and your own ambitions? Do you even know what they are? A little while before going to sleep you have dreamed vaguely, and your fagged brain has distorted your ideas more and more and finally braided them into darkness.

The dearth of great men is generally bewailed, and eugenists write books about it. But who would dare lay hands on even the smallest wheel when by so doing he might bring down the whole fabric from continent to continent? Who can emerge to greatness when all men live perpetually in contact with forces that are only just kept in control by the mass effort of the whole race and bid fair to break loose altogether? We shudder into a herd, dressed alike, thinking alike, breeding alike, because, like prehistoric man, we know that if we detach ourselves the terror will be upon us.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

In 1924 **Ralph Linton** was sent by the Field Museum as leader of an ethnological expedition to determine whether the Malagasy — the native tribes of Madagascar — were of Asiatic origin. The striking resemblance of peoples of the Pacific to those of Madagascar, despite the wide separation of these regions, has constituted a problem in racial science. During his stay on the island Dr. Linton discovered evidence of an Asiatic migration which he believes took place at least two thousand years ago, the movement originating in the region of Java and Sumatra. His paper is printed through the courtesy of the Field Museum of Natural History. **Francis Bowes Sayre** is professor of law at Harvard University. It will be remembered that as Advisor to the late King of Siam he conducted an extraordinary and successful fight for that nation's sovereignty, the account of which appeared in the *Atlantic* for November 1927. ¶Up to the time of his death, **Colonel Charles à Court Repington** was the foremost military critic in Europe. To his contributions to the London *Times* and *Telegraph* he brought a singular knowledge of military science and men, and during the war this, together with his close liaison with Continental statesmen and soldiers, made him a potent if unofficial agent for the Allies' success. The present excerpts from his diary mark the occasion of a 'goodwill' visit to the Continent in 1924. ¶The wife of a history professor, **Lucy Wilcox Adams** has more than a personal interest in the past. 'My literary experience,' she writes us, 'consists chiefly in four years spent in London working for Mr. Francis W. Hirst on his Jefferson and on his life of Morley, as well as on his various economic and political writings.'

* * *

A few papers yet remain of that store which during his lifetime endeared the **Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers** to more than a generation of *Atlantic* readers. ¶This being a month of many church conventions, there is special timeliness in the analysis of church life made by the **Right Reverend Charles Fiske** of the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York. **Dorothy Leonard** tells us that she is 'what used to be called a "home body," and has no record except three children.' But we also know that her home has always been the 'Oneida Community.' ¶For forty years a prominent member of the English department at Wellesley, **Vida D. Scudder,** now professor emeritus, is inviting her soul in Italy. ¶Winter and summer **Henry Beston** is at home in a secluded cabin on Cape Cod. ¶'The golfer's suffering is long drawn out,' writes **Bernard Darwin,** critic of the London *Times;* 'it may endure from the first tee shot to the last putt and there is no swift movement to make him forget it . . . there is probably no game in which temperament plays so important a part.' Amen!

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Dr. William H. Woglom is the secretary of the Association for Cancer Research and assistant director of the Crocker Institute for Cancer Research of Columbia University. **Valeska Bari** writes 'purposeful things' for the State of California and the Government of the United States; for us she writes stories drawn from her experiences in Porto Rico. Here is her guaranty of the present narrative: —

The village which I have called Acouji is Loiza, and the little green god was shown to me by a missionary who stayed in the district some time and who was most tantalizingly close-mouthed about the African drumming and dancing which she saw there. Gloria in the story is known to me personally, as is her family. The dodger advertising a long list of voodoo charms I sent up to Washington along with many other bits of local color. The soldier was sent to Porto Rico by the Veterans' Bureau and his allotment was sent to him through the Red Cross.

Rosalie Hickler helps to persuade one that babies and poetry are not so incompatible as most people seem to think. ¶In the May *Atlantic* **A. Edward Newton** told of the adventures which he and Mrs. Newton shared in Scandinavia. In Paris his adventures are even more enviable. **Lord Dunsany** submitted his manuscript on the occasion of a recent visit to Boston.

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Dr. Robert Stewart is Dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nevada. ¶**The Honorable William M. Jardine** is Secretary of Agriculture of the United States. ¶A manufacturer of drop forgings, **James Harvey Williams** is president of the company bearing his name. In the March *Atlantic* Mr. Williams made a critical analysis of the Sherman antitrust laws, and in so doing voiced the dissatisfaction prevalent in many industries. In a postscript to his argument he suggests a concrete solution of the problem. Of an opposite economic persuasion, **Murray T. Quigg** is a member of the League for Industrial Rights and the editor of *Law and Labor*.

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This sensitive and interesting letter has been forwarded to us by Dr. Carl Seashore, whose article on 'The Musical Mind' appeared in the March *Atlantic*.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

DEAR DR. SEASHORE: —

I have just finished reading your article. I have been deaf since about eight years of age, totally so, but have never lost my love for music and can enjoy a concert better than many who can hear, and it is the only thing that thrills me so I fairly have goose flesh or the thrills run up and down my spine though I cannot hear a sound, and the pitch of my feeling largely depends on the piece played or the player.

The last time I heard music was some forty years ago and I do not remember a piano tone, but can often tell, possibly by instinct, if a piece is suitable for piano or organ. In my younger days I had friends who talked music to me as though I could hear and often took me with them when selecting music at the stores.

Time has dulled my feeling by touch, but I still enjoy touching a piano when one is playing; but alas, so few I know play the piano these days and I am unable to feel the vibrations of the radio to any extent. Years ago I tried to get the Edison Laboratories to experiment with something that would enable a deaf person to hear music by sense of touch, but they wrote back it was impracticable in connection with the phonograph.

I am always hearing music, if you can call it that. It is in the wind, the water, the rhythm of a train or steamer. To me the leaves still rustle, the limbs sough, the rivulet seems to make a tinkling sound. Josef Hofmann calls it Mental Music, which I suppose is the same as your Mental Imagery.

I have had music teachers laugh when I said I could enjoy music even though I could not hear it. I have my own, and was it not Keats who said, 'Music that is heard is sweet, but music unheard is sweeter'?

When I get the music hunger I have my own concerts, and sometimes I play an imaginary violin or a piano or sing or lead an orchestra.

I often think I would like to plan a concert and show some people what a deaf person imagines music is — the only drawback being that the people who sang might not sing the way I would sing. Some are too mechanical. They look as expressive as a music box.

I used to be a typist and was often annoyed because there is no rhythm on a typewriter. I would write pages and not know what I copied, for one cannot dream and be practical too.

Many times I have tried to find a person who would tell me when a deaf person felt a jar and when a sound. It may not be connected with music, but I imagine some people hear music as I feel a jar. There is a vibration, but no sound.

My mother was always singing or whistling when I was a small girl. My grandmother sang old hymns in a quavering voice which I can still hear. Music must be born in us, as I have had friends who were deaf yet had heard music wonder how I got any pleasure out of it.

This is a very poor way of expressing myself, but possibly there are some who can understand how a person who is totally deaf can have a natural love for music — by which I mean Mental Music and music conveyed by the eye and not the ear, since I can sit so far from the musician or singer I get no vibrations except mental ones.

I would be glad to act as a subject for research were I only nearer New York or wherever a musical laboratory might be.

LEONORA HOAR

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The modern American premise.

NEW YORK CITY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

SIR: —

Mr. James Truslow Adams has so lucidly set forth the faults and follies of our ancestors that

he must be heard with respect when he intimates in your April number that we are faultier and more foolish still. But there is perhaps more excuse than he would admit for the present confusion in political thinking, the grafting of Jeffersonian principle on Hamiltonian practice.

From past history Jefferson deduced that the poor were trustworthy; Hamilton, that the rich were on the whole less untrustworthy. Surely it is not too much to say that to the notion of our time both these doctrines have been completely exploded. If any lesson can be learned from history, post-Jeffersonian and pre-Jeffersonian as well, it is that no class, rich or poor, small or numerous, will prefer the general interest to its own. So we find ourselves enjoying a condition without a theory; we are living a conclusion (Hamiltonian, as it happens) which is justified by no major premise at all.

What then are we to do? Well, the English have managed to get along tolerably well without a major premise, but they are a utilitarian race, devoid of our lofty idealism! Your true American can no more live without a major premise than without a car of this year's model; and those who seek a starting point for political thinking may find guidance in other departments of thought. The major premise of contemporary American theology and economics is that whatever is comfortable, and agreeable to the contemplation, must be true. God is, because we need Him; prosperity will endure forever because we should not know what to do if it did not. Our political thinkers thus follow respectable precedent in taking over the Jeffersonian major premise; for surely it is more agreeable to believe that all men can be trusted than to reserve confidence for a few.

It is true, as Mr. Adams says, that our principle is Jeffersonian, our practice Hamiltonian; and that this antinomy may make trouble for America in the future. But surely the cardinal dogmas of Americanism are that principle need not square with practice, and that we can leave the future to Divine Providence.

I am, Sir,

ELMER DAVIS

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Regarding a letter from Mrs. Leonard Wood which appeared in this column, stating that 907 out of every 1000 Hindu girls marry between the ages of five and ten, a correspondent refers us to the official census report of 1921, Volume I, Part I, page 159, in which it is stated that 907 Hindu girls out of every 1000 pass the age of ten unmarried, and 600 out of every 1000 do not marry before 15.

The census would seem the best available authority.

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We are sorry to have done unthinking injustice to the largest Protestant body in America; which, aside from its traditional opposition to Calvinism, touches but lightly upon contentious theological questions. The *Atlantic's* incidental remark was based upon the attitude of certain Mid-Western Methodist congregations which seemed to the editor quite at odds with the prevailing spirit of liberalism in the Methodist Communion.

WORTHINGTON, OHIO

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

In your March issue there is a statement which implies that you believe Methodists to be opposed to the scientific hypothesis of evolution. I am at a loss to account for such an impression. I have been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for thirty-three years. In that time there has not been a single official pronouncement against evolution, and during all of this time in the conference courses of study and in the curricula of our theological seminaries the theory has been accepted and the interpretation of our Christian doctrines has been based thereon.

It may be that you had in mind the Dayton, Tennessee, three-ring circus. In all likelihood, most of the laity and many of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South stand against the teaching of evolution. South of the Mason-Dixon line thought seems to advance very slowly.

In both the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South the Fundamentalists have not been able to muster a sufficient following to make any impression whatever on the two General Conferences. I was a member of our General Conference which met in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1924. Of the eight hundred and fifty delegates, lay and clerical, from all parts of the world, I am certainly safe in saying that not more than one hundred and fifty could have been induced to vote for any proposition which would restrict freedom of speech on any point. The Methodist Episcopal Church is almost the only evangelical denomination which has not recently been torn and rent by the Modernist-Fundamentalist controversy. These questions were settled long ago by us in official declaration. The General Conference of 1872 declared against the verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture. The General Conference of 1884, twenty-five years after Darwin's *Origin of*

Species, officially accepted the evolutionary hypothesis.

I do not recall ever having seen an error in the editorial parts of the *Atlantic Monthly* before. I therefore am greatly comforted in finding that even in Boston human weakness may occasionally be manifested.

Very sincerely yours,

E. R. Stafford

Minister, Worthington Methodist Episcopal Church

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The advantages of American citizenship have seldom been more genuinely expressed than in the copy of this letter forwarded by a friendly reader. 'It was transcribed,' he explains, 'directly from one written in a cramped hand by an uneducated Lithuanian who, after many wanderings, came to the United States and is now employed as a mechanic in one of our shops. It has been my privilege to be of some assistance to this man, who is bringing up a large family, with an abiding respect for the United States and what its institutions have made possible for them. His letter is in acknowledgment of one of advice which I sent him.'

East Moline, Illinois

Highly Esteemed Dear Mr. ——:

Accept my sincere thanks for your kindly, generous answer, advice, suggestions of 8th inst.

Need not to say, I am complying with your wise advise, am writing to my niece all about it — in fact, I am enclosing to her your wonderful letter, with instruction to study blessed English or ask somebody that speaks that great, grand language to explain to her.

I am sorry I am bothering you, dear Mr. ——, great, good man, with such unsurmountable problems. Your wisdomful answer is of inestimable. It says, almost: 'Impossible to do it.' And yet in my life happened what seemed absolutely *impossible*. Too many to write here, it would take a volume. I was denied schools or anything that my children take for granted here, such like printed matter. One can pick here all he wants to for nothing. And yet, in addition, I had many setbacks, such like aiding others, compulsory army, five years services, etc., and succeeded in that I liked to study, to act, to investigate, and, most of all, to be honest, truthful, industrious.

It is true what prophet in Old Testament wrote and in New was confirmed: 'The rock that masons threw away as good for nothing and yet became corner stone of the temple.' And another truth: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy.' I am not Bible bug. My popular writer probably is most unpopular — Dante with his 'Inferno.' I shall confess, last summer, after forty-seven years, or since 1881, absence from that unfortunate Lithuania, for curiosity's sake, I made a trip there. Now, who likes to have a picnic in a cemetery, or rest with the dentist, or wealth in jail, or conversation advice from insane maniac, only that would read my 'Inferno' about Lithuania. So, dear Mr. ——, to spare torment, I will refrain to write what is there.

Seeing those foreigners here disobeying laws, degrading themselves by gambling, drinking, bad company, etc., I believe not only what Abraham said to the Lazar's brother, but also if Abraham had lifted him to heaven he would in few days or weeks forgotten all about his experience and made his worst to make the heaven into hell.

True we have here some unemployment, even some poverty, hard labor, cheap wages, etc. But nothing could be in slighter degree compared to what I saw there. I often go to the shores of the Mississippi River, and on that shores piles upon piles of driftwood, excellent fuel for cooking food or warming shanty, take all you want to free. Even railroads with proper arrangement would give away old rotten ties. Even in big cities factories and wrecking companies are giving away free wood. Land companies and others are giving empty lots to those who desire to spade and have a real good garden of vegetables. Even unemployment: Any man, woman, girl or boy who would work hard ten hours a day for only lodging and meals, and perhaps few cents, always would have that job. Nothing like that in Lithuania. Why? It is not so overpopulated like China or India. True, there are no mines or factories, but I saw other lands with no mines, or factories, and yet people not so poor, nor impoverished to great extent. I was also in Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia, and yet there not so bad. It is because while agricultural implements are ancient, primitive, neglected by the government, politicians and clergy are modern. Not having good roads, they buy expensive automobiles with public money. Not having own gasoline or oil or any metal, yet they buy military airships, guns, cannon. Have no own textiles, and yet uniforms of soldiers, police, and clergy are much more imposing and brighter than English or American. Taxation on everything, and high; while population have no bread and go hungry, yet government, for government revenue, does encourage whiskey drinking, cigarettes smoking and, third and worst evil — IDLENESS. Then, politicians, clergy, and officials treat people without any charity or mercy.

For the smallest business one has to go to few officials and each one official, to show his authority or expecting a bribe, makes one to waste day or two and come again and again, etc., etc.

Dear Mr. ——, seems like writing drifted to my 'Inferno.' Forgive me kindly for much writing and much bothering your noble mind.

Very respectfully thanking you much, I beg to remain,

Your humble and obedient servant,

P. J. R.

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'People of Refuge' might be an apt shingle for the Country Lawyer as described by Mr. F. Lyman Windolph in the April *Atlantic*.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If Lyman Windolph, attorney, feels that by such men and women as his farmer-client he, and his like, are saved hourly, one wonders with what 'celestial light' was not he appareled to the farmer.

Would the farmer have 'passed the time of day' in his lawyer's office unless he had felt sure that here he might bring his weariness, or his trifles, for consideration? A. S. M. Hutchinson has spoken about such People of Refuge. The aching thing in life is not to have where to take your weariness. Let who will receive your triumphs; to whom a man can take his heartache, that man walks near the Godhead! No. The farmer did not save the lawyer. Like all blessed redeemers, Lyman Windolph saves his universe — and himself — merely by being in it, so great is his charity.

And one may be sure that there is an unpassing glory about him and the world that he lives in. When his client went out of his office and touched April soil again, there had not passed away a glory from 'meadow, grove, and stream' because there was not the same steady satisfaction in his friend.

No 'beauty of human relationship' is at all possible where there is not a great charity in the heart of him, or her, who sits at the desk, be he lawyer, banker, doctor, or whonot. The writer recalls with deep gratitude the swiftness and concern with which a young trust officer pushed her into a private office: he was going to spare her the ignominy of weeping in public.

'It's the set of the sail,' as the old saying goes, that determines the course of the ship. Likewise, the profession has less to do with the character of any relation than the temper of soul in the persons involved. A colleague of mine insists that there's no difference between a dentist and a barber. And yet I have remembered for years various quiet conversations with my dentist — yes, actually — who has great art, certainly, but a greater charity.

The late Dr. Root of Oberlin College told me of a colored man who walked into his library and asked for a book on architecture. Instead of showing him the card catalogue, or being indifferent to his request, Dr. Root asked him what phase of architecture he was interested in. Cathedrals, or public buildings? Imagine the shock he had when the man stammered that he wanted to build a henhouse! Yet the wonderful Dr. Root did not guffaw; instead he brought him a book on poultry.

If, when all things apparently have worked together for evil and one is suffering from the arrows of a particularly outrageous fortune, he has where to take his problem — real or imaginary (it's very real to him) — then things again make sense. Consultation about a plough, a tooth, or an investment may be sacrament,

To remember for years,
To remember with tears —

and who shall say how far either person is from the Vision Beatific?

Yours very truly,

RENA C. HARRELL

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Tolstoy and death.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Robert Keable may have been reading Tolstoy! In chapter twelve of his *Confession* occur the following words: —

'Then I looked at myself, at what was going on within me, and I recalled those deaths and revivals which had taken place within me hundreds of times. I remembered that I lived only when I believed in God. As it had been before, so it was even now: I needed only to know about God and I lived: I needed to forget and not believe in him, and I died.

'What, then, are these revivals and deaths? Certainly I do not live when I lose my faith in the existence of God; I should have killed myself long ago, if I had not had the dim hope of finding him. "So what else am I looking for?" a voice called out within me. "Here he is. He is that without which one cannot live. To know God and live is one and the same thing. God is life."'

Very truly yours,

IRVING HARRIS